THE DECLAMATIONS OF Quintilian,

BEING AN *EXERCITATION* or *PRAXIS* Upon his XII. Books, CONCERNING

The Institution of an Orator.

Translated (from the *Oxford* Theatre Edition) into *English*, by a Learned and Ingenious Hand.

With the Approbation of several Eminent School-masters in the City of London.

Whose Testimonies follow in the next Page.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. R.* for *John Taylor* at the *Globe* at the West End of St. *Paul's Church-yard*. 1686.

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Imprimatur,

Joh. Battely R^mo. P. D^n
Wilhelmo *Archiep. Cant*
à Sacris Domesticis.

Ex Ædibus Lambeth.
Oct. 31. 1685.

JUN 23 1916

Worthy Sir,

ACcording to your desire, I have acquainted my self with your Tranation of *Quintilians* Declamations; 'Tis piece that is worthy of the Publick, and ou have done it right, who have reach'd he sense, Design and Acumen of the *Orator*, whereby some Life will be put into the atentive English Reader, which may justly ive a price to the Book, in the opinion of

Sir, Your Servant

John Goad.

Worthy Sir,

Have always admired *Quintilian* in his own Language, and I do not dislike him yours: Your Translation appears to be vejust, and answers, in all its proportions, e great Original, from whence you drew I am

Your Humble Servant

John Hartcliffe.

Worthy Sir,

I Have, with a great deal of delight and ſatisfaction, read over your Tranſlation of the firſt of *Quintilians* Orations; and if a judgment may be made of the goodneſs of the *others* by the excellence of *this*, I make no queſtion, but your labour in this kind will prove very uſeful to a great many, and acceptable to all. For ſince Tranſlations are now come to be ſo much in *vogue*, and received with a general ſatisfaction, I know no reaſon, why *this* of yours ſhould not lay claim to, as it juſtly deſerves, a general acceptance and kind entertainment: Eſpecially ſince it is don with ſo much Judgment, and ſo fully and clearly expreſſes the ſenſe of the Author,

I am Sir,
Your humble Servant,
Tho. Walker.

Good Sir,

AS for other Kindneſſes, ſo particularly I thank you for the Peruſal of your Tranſlation of *Quintilians* Orations: I muſt confeſs, I always took *Quintilian* for the beſt of the *Roman* Orators; and I am glad, that he can be read in our Mother tongue; and with more clearneſs, than in his *own Native* Language: Many places in the Latin ſeem difficult, which you have rendred plain: In my opinion, you would do well to pleaſure thoſe, that are not acquainted with the Latin Tongue, with more Tranſlations of yours:

Sir,
I am, Your affectionate and Humble Servant.
William Bolton.

To the Ingenious *and* Hopeful *Young* Gentlemen, Samuel Rolt *Esq*; *and Mr.* Thomas Rolt *Sons of the deservedly* Honoured, *the* Lady Rolt *the* Younger, *of* Milton Erneys *in the* County *of* Bedford.

Gentlemen,

SInce the *Dedication* of *Books* is so much in fashion, you may *justly* claim *this* of *mine*; For the *Ichnography* of this *Translation* was drawn by me, at the *sweet* and *delightful Habitation* of your *Virtuous Mother*, in *Milton* aforesaid, while she was pleased to make use of *me* to *preside* over your *Educations* for a *season*, till *better Help*

could be procured : I *preſume* therefore to *prefix* your *Names* before this *Tract*; *partly* out of *Gratitude* to your *moſt Worthy* Mother; and *partly* too, as an *acknowledgment* of *your* perſonal *Reſpects* to me; and *alſo*, as a *farther Encouragement* to your *ſtudies*, wherein I *hope* and *believe* you have *already* made ſo *great* a *Progreſs*.

Yours

In all Offices *of* Reſpect *and* Service.

John Warr.

The

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE Reader.

CONſidering that many Claſſick Latin *Authors have been made* Engliſh *by ſeveral* Ingenious *Perſons*; Authors, *both* Hiſtorical, *as* Plutarch, Tacitus, Suetonius, *&c. And alſo* Ethical *and* Philological, *as* Tullies Offices, Seneca's works, Eraſmus Colloquies, *and*

ſeveral others: Encouraged by ſuch Great *Examples, I have ſpent ſome time in Tranſlating* XIX *of the Declamations of* Quintilian, *Printed apart in Latin at the* Theatre *in* Oxford, *for the uſe of* Schools. *The* deſign *then being to* gratifie *thoſe, who do* yet militare ſub ferulâ, *I hope the Great* Maſters *of* Eloquence *will not only hold me* excuſed, *but alſo be my* Compurgators, *if I have not* Paraphraſed *or made any* Conſiderable *deſcants on them, but rendred them ſo, as to make them* intelligible *to the* meaneſt *Capacities; only the* Latin *is ſo* full, *and* conciſe *too, that it requires* ſome interſertions *here and there, and alſo a few* marginal *notes, for the* clearing *of the* ſenſe.

As for the Author *of them* M. Fab. Quintilianus, *he was a great* Maſter *of Eloquence in the Roman State, and*

and juſtly deſerves that Elogy *given him by the Poet* Martial,

The Glory of the Roman Gown.

And accordingly he had ſeveral Youths *committed to his* Education *and* Care: *To* thoſe, *who were of the* Supream Claſs, *and had attained to ſome* ripeneſs *of* reaſon *and* underſtanding, *he was* wont to *propound* Subjects, fictitious *or* real, *for them to* exerciſe *their* Wits *upon*, Pro *and* Con, *in* vocal *Orations*; *which being done, he* ſelected *the moſt* nervous *Arguments, and* florid *Expreſſions out of all* their *Speeches, which he* afterwards lick'd *over into one* terſe *and* polite Diſcourſe, *here called a* Declamation. *I mention this, as an* Encouragement *to the* Ingenious *to peruſe theſe* Orations,

tions, *in regard they are the* Cream *and* Product *of the most* promising *Wits, cull'd out and* polish'd *by the* Second *hand of the* Master. *For by* reading *these Exercitations* in Scholis Trivialibus, *the Wits of* Youth *may be excited and made more* capable *to* manage Logical Exercises, when *transplanted* thence *to the* University; *such* Velitations *and* Traverses, *as these*, whetting *their* Inventions, *and* Edging *their* Spirits *for* greater *Conflicts*, *both in the* Physical *and also the* Theological *Schools*.

And besides, *I was* further *encouraged to the* Translation *of* this *Piece, because some of our* English *Schools, even of the very* First *Magnitude, do not* disdain *to suffer their* Youth *sometimes, to pronounce* vocal Orations *in our* Mother-Tongue:

Which

Which Practice, why may it not be juſtified, *yea* commended *rather, in* them, *in regard it tends to the* poliſhing *of our* Youth *in* our own, *as well as the* other *parts of their Diſcipline do* accompliſh *them in the* Latin *and other* Learned Languages.

One favour I deſire of the Courteous Reader, *that if*, in all *paſſages, I have not had the happy* Genius *to* arrive *at the* Authors *meaning, he would pleaſe to* impute *it to his* Obſcurity, *whoſe* ſenſe *ſometimes lies ſo* deep, *not only at the* Bottom, (*to ſpeak* alluſively) *but even in the very* Sand *below it, that it is very* hard *to* fiſh *it out.*

Whereupon being Conſcious *to* myſelf, *both of my own* Tenuity, *and alſo of the* Difficulty *of* this Author, *I obtained the* Favour *of ſome* Great

* The Maſters of Merchant-Taylors, and of the Charter-houſe Schools.

Great *and* Eminent*Orators, *to give me their* Cenſure; *and, as far as* they *thought fit, their* Reviſals *and* Approbations: *Whoſe* Teſtimonies, *as they were* directed *in* Letters *to myſelf, at the* Bookſellers *deſire, who undertakes the* Impreſſion, *are* Printed herewith *verbatim.*

J. W.

The

THE ORDER AND NUMBER Of the SEVERAL DECLAMATIONS.

DECLAMATION. I.

PAries Palmatus, *or, The wall all-bloody with the Track of an Hand.* Pag. 1, 2.
For the *Blind Son* againſt his *Step-Mother.*

DECLAMATION II.

Cœcus pro Limine, *or, The Blind Son ſtanding at his Chamber-door.* 25, 26, 27.
For the *Blind Son* againſt his *Mother-in-Law.*

Decla-

DECLAMATION III.
Miles Marianus, *or, A Soldier under* Marius. 55,56.
For the *Soldier* againſt his *Colonel.*
DECLAMATION IV.
Mathematicus, *or, The Aſtrologer.* 77,78,79.
For the *Son* againſt the *Father.*
DECLAMATION V.
Æger Redemptus, *or, The ſick Son Ranſomed.* 105,106,107.
For the *Father* againſt the *Son.*
DECLAMATION VI.
Corpus Projectum, ſive Anus Cœca. *A Corps thrown into the Sea, or, The Blind Old Woman.* 138,139,140.
For the *Father* againſt the *Mother.*
DECLAMATION VII.
Tormenta Pauperis, *or the Poor Mans Rack.* 170,171,172.
For the *Poor Man* againſt the *Rich.*
DECLAMATION VIII.
Gemini Languentes, *or the dying Twins.* 190,191,192.
For the *Mother* againſt the *Father.*
DECLAMATION IX.
Gladiator, *or The Roman Gladiator.* 220,221,222.
For the *Son* againſt the *Father.*

De-

DECLAMATION X.
Sepulchrum Incantatum, *or The Inchanted Sepulchre.* 251,252,253.
For the *Wife* againſt her *Husband.*
DECLAMATION XI.
Dives Accuſatus Proditionis, *or A Rich Man accus'd of Treaſon.* 263,264,265.
For the *Rich Man* againſt the *Poor.*
DECLAMATION XII.
Paſti Cadaveribus, *or Citizens (in time of Famine) devouring one another.* 280,281,282
For the *Citizens* againſt their *Envoy.*
DECLAMATION XIII.
Apes Pauperis, *or The Poor Mans Bees.* 321,322,323.
For the *Poor Man* againſt the *Rich.*
DECLAMATION XIV.
Odii Potio, *or The Hate-procuring Potion.* 347, 348.
For the *Young Man* againſt his *Miſs.*
DECLAMATION XV.
Odii Potio, &c. 362,363.
For the *Miſs* againſt the *Young Man.*
DECLAMATION XVI.
Amici Vades, *or Two Friends, one ſurety for t'other.* 382,383,384.
For the *Young Man* againſt his *Mother.*

Declama-

DECLAMATION XVII.
Venenum Effuſum, *or Poyſon ſpilt on the Ground.* 397,398,399.
For the *Son* againſt the *Father.*
DECLAMATION XVIII.
[redacted]nfamis in Matrem, *or A Son Accus'd of Inceſt with his own Mother.* 425,426,427.
For the *Wife* againſt her *Husband.*
DECLAMATION XIX.
Infamis in Matrem, *or, a Son Accus'd (by his Father) of Inceſt with his own Mother. The Argument is the ſame with That of the former Declamation.* 451,452.
For the *Husband* againſt the *Wife.*

ERRATA.

P. 45. l. 1. dele *he.* p. 318. l. 18. for *many* read *may.* p. 363. l. 8. for *ever* read *never.* p. 401. l. 4. for *in* read *a.* p. 430. l. 17. for *Houſes* read *Nouſes.* p. 439. l. 31. dele *not.*

Mal-punctations and other *literal* miſtakes (if any be) the Courteous *Reader* is deſired to *correct* with *his Pen.*

Paries Palmatus:

OR,

The Wall all Bloody with the Track of an Hand.

DECLAMATION I.

The Argument.

There was a Gentleman who had a Blind *Son, whom he had made his* Heir, *but marrying a* Second Wife, *He made an Apartment for the* dark Youth, *in a remote part of his Houſe. The* Father *was Murthered in the night, as he was lying in Bed by his* Wife *in his own Chamber, and the next morning his* Son's *Sword was found in the Wound, and all the Wall, from his* Son's *Chamber to* His, *was bloodied with the Print of an Hand.*

The *Blind Son* and the *Step-Mother accuſe one another of the* Murther.

For the Blind Son againſt the Step-Mother.

IF this Innocent Young-man (*my Lords and Judges*) would *uſe* the Motive of his ſad diſtreſs, he might allege, that, together with his *Eyes*, he had loſt all his wild unruly *thoughts*, but when he has a mind to declare his Innocency rather by his *Manners* than his *Miſeries*, he cannot bear ſo great a reproach to be caſt either on his duty or his Conſcience, as not to be thought to have committed this Murther only upon the account of his *Blindneſs*. And therefore he doth not deſire that you ſhould think him *Pityable*, unleſs alſo he be found *Innocent*, neither would he have you Releive his afflicted Condition, unleſs he proves himſelf more unhappy in loſing his *Father* than his *Eyes*. Set then (*my Lords*) an eſtimate upon this *Young-man*, by thoſe accompliſhments, as you would do if he had his Eyes, I mean by his Converſation, by his Modeſty, by his Duty to his *Father*, which if they can be made appear, as we ſhall undertake for them all in his behalf, no *Indictment* will daunt him. And tho' this wicked *Woman* (forſooth) hath pourtrayed our Calamity by blooding the Wall, yet we are not *abaſhed* thereat, for by how much the more diligent and careful ſhe hath been, that ſhe might not be diſcovered, ſhe hath thereby given a moſt certain indication, that (to be ſure) *ſhe* wanted not her Eyes. Gramercy

mercy, *Dame*, for bringing over the Arguments of thy too laviſh ſuſpition to our ſide, it would have been harder to evince, that the *Blind-man* had not committed this Villany, unleſs all things had been ſo perſonated, that ſuch a *Blind-man* might *ſeem* to have committed it.

And therefore (*my Lords*) I may fairly hope, that thoſe *Pleas* will be juſtly ſuſpected by you, which are ſo Nonſenſically *forged* againſt the poor *Blind-Youth*.

As *firſt*, that the large ſpace of the Houſe, which lay in the midſt between the *Son*'s Chamber and the *Father's*, was full of Blood, ſo orderly drawn along even to the poor Youths Chamber, as if indeed the *Parricide* had been afraid, that he ſhould *not* have been diſcovered. *Next*, the Night was principally choſen out for the Villany, at which time no *Husband* is ever found abed without his *Wife*. Then in a Murther, no man ever uſes his *own* but rather *anothers* Sword, yet here, whoſe, but the Young-man's Sword, was left in the Wound? That ſo the *Step-mother* might not want this *Argument* againſt him. *Laſtly*, The Murther was compleated at one Blow, (as if it fell *pat* into the groping Hand of the wandring Youth.) And yet againſt ſo many unlikely things, the *Mother in Law* hath nothing to plead, but only her Husbands laſt *Will* and *Teſtament*: She would have *that* to be the *Motive* of the Parricide, that ſo by a ſtrange Abſurdity, ſhe might prove him to have *Murthered* his *Father*, even becauſe he did not in the leaſt deſerve to be *Murthered* by his hands. But if that be a Crime, that the Young-man was left

ſole *Heir* to his Father, we acknowledge it. If when the poor Old-man was yet alive, This his *Will* could have come out, and have been *known* in the Houſe, you know which of the Two had moſt reaſon to take Pet: And whereas ſhe urges, that the *Son* was ill-reſented by his *Father*, if we ſhould own it, whoſe fault (think you) was that, but the *Step-mothers*? And ſhe thinks ſhe can prove, he was ill-reſented, becauſe he was laid up in a remote part of the Houſe, not as a *beloved* Son, but as an *hated Blind* one: By this Plea ſhe craftily enough endeavours to cloak her Envy. The *Father*, who diſpoſed of his Blind *Son*, in a ſecret Apartment of his Houſe, did thereby take off ſome *pleaſure* from the Eyes of the *Mother-in-law*. For ſhe, thinking to come into an empty Houſe, and reckoning that a *Blind* Son was as good as *none* at all, the indulgent *Old-man* deviſed a Way, how his poor Child might be (as to himſelf) in the *ſame* Houſe, and (as to his Step-mother) in *another*; if the Youth had never ſo fain, he could not have cull'd out a *ſecreter* place for himſelf. If you would know the *Old-man's* intent herein, you may go *ask* his *laſt Will*: Neither can I beleive, that the prudent *Father* would crack of his *Will* to his Son, how he had made him his *Heir*; you cannot reaſonably object it againſt him, 'twas *ſhe* rather, 'twas *ſhe*, that by ſome diſcoveries, or by ſome cunning Womaniſh ſuſpicion or other had worm'd out *the ſecrets* of her Husband, and then ſhook hands with all Conjugal Duty. For where you Love for hope of gain, *there your diſappointed hope, and your pretended love end together.*

'Tis

'Tis true, the Young-man had a Sword in his Chamber continually, either becauſe he got it before he fell Blind, or elſe becauſe it is a comfort to one that is *Dark*, to have an Utenſil belonging to one that can *See*. This is certain, his *Father* was never afraid of it, neither did his *Step-mother* ever object it to him before; The Sword lay expoſed to the veiw of all, it was known all the Houſe over. You are ſenſible, *My Lords*, that a guiltleſs Conſcience keeps a Sword more regardleſsly, than another; you are ſenſible alſo, that a thing, which cannot be uſed, may be retained without any ſuſpicion: Innocence many times occaſions, that a Sword may be taken away, even from one that *Sees*: Whether then any one of the Servants was privately dealt with, as may be rationally thought on ſo fair an occaſion; or whether the *Mother* her ſelf was ſo bold as to take it away, which ſhe might eaſily do, tho' her Son-in-law were in the Room: Without queſtion (which doth moſt convincingly diſcover, who was the Murtherer) That *Aſſaſſin*, that would leave a Sword behind, would rather uſe *another* man's than his *own*.

What ſhe further alleges, *my Lords*, if it had been poſſible to have been done, yet what would it amount to? Here is a *Blind-man*, without any Guide or Leader, pretended to have blundered along, with a Sword in his hand, from a diſtant part of the Houſe, I had almoſt ſaid, from *another* Houſe, through a long Reach, through ſo many ſtumbling threſholds, and through Servants that kept Watch; and then to have entred his Fathers Chamber, turning to nei-

ther hand, but going on as directly as Eyes could guide a man; and so to have come to his Bed gently and without any noise, not falling on it by chance, or arriving at it sooner than he himself thought. I beseech you, *my Lords*, Judge what a Tumult such a Criminal would have made, from the Nature of the things themselves. An *Old-man* fast a Sleep, whom a *Blind Assassin* groped after, would have been sooner *awaked* by the bustle, than *found*. They add thereto *Pleas*, much more incredible, as how he Murthered his *Father*, and yet medled not with his *Step-mother*; how he finished the *Parricide* at one Blow, which they can scarce have the hap to do, who take Aim by the *Eye*; that here was no need of Eyes, but a man about to strike at *Random*, fortunate enough, if he had hit any part of the Body, in our Case lighted upon the very *Heart*, and presently perceived, that he had given a *Deaths-Wound*. *My Lords*, it is the office of our *Eyes* to tell our *Hands* what is done. It had been the only security of a Blind Murtherer to strike often: Besides, the Step-mother says, that she perceived none of all this, tho' she lay by her *Husbands* side, neither doth she inform us, whence the *Ground* of so great an Astonishment should arise. If the *Father* had been killed at one Blow, and his *Wife* fast a Sleep, the *Murtherer* could not have left the Sword with Security. As to their other Allegations, they are too too Suspicious, and Impudently forged; Here is a very spacious Wall, and a large side of the House, full of Prints of Blood, which the Hand of him, in his return, might seem to have left.

left. Oh! How *finely* can Eyes Pourtray what they have a mind to. I ſhould extreamly wonder, if any man can beleive, that her *Step-ſon* could do all this in the Night: 'Tis pretended, that he left his Sword in the Wound, juſt as the Step-mother could wiſh; A Sword, which he could not deny, but that it was his *own*; next, what did he Print upon all the Wall? That the *Parricide* had drawn along his *Fathers* Blood even unto his own Chamber, and ſo had left a plain Path for any one to trace him: Would any man do ſo, that had a mind afterward to deny the Fact? I congratulate thy good fortune, *Poor Youth*, if thou couldſt not perpetrate the Murther, but thou muſt leave a proof of thy Blindneſs behind thee, thou couldſt not chuſe but be *Innocent*.

I am therefore determined ſo to Plead the *Cauſe* of this poor *Young-man*; As firſt, to defend him, who is only Accuſed, *not Guilty*; and when I have ſufficiently cleared his Innocency, I will then begin my charge againſt the *Mother*. You ſhall view them both by their Manners, and their Caſes reſpectively and ſo you may the more eaſily diſcharge *your* Conſciences in paſſing a Righteous Judgment. For tho' the *Tryal* takes Cognizance of them both, yet I will handle their Caſes in ſeveral. And firſt, I will ſuppoſe the *Young-man* had his Sight, and that the Efforts of his Mind were not a jot weakned by any Infirmity of Body. I will demand, what debauched, what flagitious, what impious Fact he committed before this, by which he might give ſome previous Specimen, that at length he would mount to Parricide. You know, Innocency recedes nor from a man, but

by certain *degrees*; and leſt Audaciousneſs might be Faint-hearted in the higheſt Villanies, it gathers Courage time after time in ſmaller ones. No man ever *began* at that height, to which it is ſcarce credible, that ever he ſhould have arrived at all. His Accuſer muſt tell, what Grudges had paſt between *him* and his *Father* before, and how great a Breach had intervened between the deep engagements of thoſe two ſacred Names; Beleive me, *Woman*, even for thy own ſake, for if it be an eaſie thing for a *Son* to Murther his *Father*, it is much more eaſie for a *Wife* to deſtroy an *Husband*.

A VVord now concerning his ſad Infirmity of *Blindneſs*. All our wildneſs and courage are *daſhed* by the diſaſter of our Body, and the briskneſs of our Spirit is palled, if it be not ſeconded by the ſervice of our Corporal Members: Deſtitution obliges only to mourning and ſolitude. That countenance, which is invelop'd with a continual night, and fearful beſides, cannot ſo much as deſign a Villany, which is not practicable without Eyes. He ſtill troubles himſelf, leſt he ſhould miſs his way and ſtumble, he is ſolicitous about the difficulty in going and coming. There is a great neceſſity for the Innocency of *that* man, who knows, that no man can be diſcovered ſooner, than *he*: Miſerable men are always watchful over themſelves, fearing they may ceaſe to deſerve compaſſion; And who ever hath loſt his Eyes, anxiouſly labours, that he might not ſeem to deſerve ſuch a loſs. What leſſon can a poor Dark man learn, but to fawn and beg? When I hate a man, I am the worſe

worſe *to ſee him*, and it makes no ſmall Acceſſion to ones Fury, when he beholds him with his *Eyes*, whom he abominates in his *Heart*. As for a *Blind-man*, he is more to be *pitied* than hated, and he is more cautious than to hate.

Beſides, 'tis *that* hath often ſuggeſted cauſes of *Parricide* to unnatural Children, which they did behold with their Eyes: For, the Eye is the *Inlet* of Vice to the Mind. Luxury hath put a Sword into ſome *Childrens* hands to Murther their *Fathers*, now Luxury is a Crime of ſuch as have *Eyes*. The love of ſome *Courtezan* hath done the like for others, when ſhe demanded an unreaſonable *Largeſs*, but *Love* hath the Eyes for his Centinels. But in our Caſe, what! doth an unhappy *Blind-man* kill his *Father*? His *Father* being killed, who ſhall now *lead* him by the hand with ſecurity? Whoſe *Shoulders* could he lean upon more eaſily? Will any one *chaſtiſe* the reproaches of the Servants more ſtrictly than the *Father*? Will any one protect ſuch and ſo diſtreſſed a condition, and ſo ſubject to abuſe, with greater tenderneſs? Wiſhes go at another rate amongſt Children in miſery; a Blind *Son* prays, that his *Father* might ſurvive him.

And now, I would fain know, what they will ſay, how ſo difficult a Fact could be accompliſhed; did a *Blind-man* ſay you, Plot *Parricide*? With whom did he lay the *Plot*? Whoſe Eyes did he truſt? When he was to go through the whole Houſe, whom did he chuſe for his Guide? He that was alone in his own Chamber, I take it, can deliberate with none but himſelf; tis enough, he conſults with a nimble companion, for why ſhould

ſhould he deſire anothers privity to his Deſign, who needed no Information of any thing? *Firſt*, he can tell, when 'tis Night, *then* he can look carefully, whether all the family be aſleep? He knows how to tread ſure and yet ſoft, and to turn about his careful Viſage towards that ſide, whence the leaſt fear might come: *In a ſtate of fear, 'tis proviſion little enough to have our Eyes.* What! Did he not ſay to himſelf, 'tis true, I would fain Murther my *Father*, but how ſhall I do it? Who ſhall guide my hands? I will get me out of my Chamber by Night, alone by my ſelf, but when ſhall I get thither? Do you think, that our Chambers are next one another? Nay, the whole Houſe is between the *Fathers* and *Sons* Lodgings: How eaſily may I miſtake my way? How long ſhall I be about it? I muſt grope through a huge Reach, ſcarce to be footed over. Thou Nonſenſical *Blind Fool*, what art thou going about? 'Twill be broad-day before thou can'ſt perfect thy Deſign. Again, what would you ſay, if he ſhould be awake? Nay, what if the Mother only? Go too, I'le warrant you, I'le find the Threſhold, I'le open the Door without Creaking, I'le enter into my Fathers Chamber, while he is faſt a ſleep; I'le Stab him in that Condition, one Blow ſhall do the *Deed*; my Step-mother ſhall not ſtir a Wink, I'le go out ſecurely, I'le return, and no living Soul know it.

Theſe are the wiſhes, (*'tis true*) but of ſuch as have their *Sight*. A *Blind-man* would deſpair, even though the Night did promiſe her aſſiſtance in ſo many Circumſtances.

In the next place, I muſt needs ask, what could

the

reaſon be, why the Son ſhould uſe none but his own Sword in this Fact? *Ah*, this came into his mind that he was to leave it behind him, for if he had left a ſtrangers Sword in the Wound, ſome Queſtion might have been made, Who was the *Murtherer*: But the *Wiſacre* uſed his own, that ſo, if he ſhould have eſcaped, his Sword might have betrayed him; Ay, but you'l ſay, Why then did he keep any Sword at all in his Chamber? I will tell you, firſt, becauſe he had always one by him; and next, becauſe he never intended to uſe it. *Ironic.*

What? Did I provide a Sword for Parricide ſo many years before? And was I innocent ſo long, tho' the Sword was at hand, wherewith I threatned to kill my Father? Was I ready *in my Spirit* and with my *Sword*, and yet ſuffer'd ſo many Nights to ſlip over my head? You know, I had made you familiarly acquainted with the ſight of the Sword before, it was known alſo to all the Servants; it hung careleſsly and diſregarded in the midſt of my Chamber, as a *Witneſs of my Innocency*; yea it hung ſo openly, that any body living might have filch'd it away. No guilt of Conſcience did conceal it, 'twas as *ſure* known as the *blindneſs* of its Owner: *He that prepares a Sword to commit a Murther doth keep it ſo cloſe, that he may deny it to be his.*

Set now before your Eyes the Act of the Murther, and you will find the difficulty thereof. I'le grant, that he went out of his own Chamber, and that he deceived the Servants, whom his Father had allotted to attend him; that after much ado he found the Old-man's Chamber, then the

Wall

Wall ended, and could no longer guide the Murtherer, the door opened without creaking: VVhat does he do then? Does he go round about the Wall of the Bed-chamber, or does he venture into the middle of it, and flouriſh his Sword in the dark Room? VVell, now he finds his *Fathers* Bed, and ſtretching out his head, overhears them both Breathe, as they were aſleep; tell me, how ſhall he know, which way he ſhall take his Ayme? Or VVhich of the Two to ſtrike? VVell, did he grope out the face and the breaſt right againſt him, did he ſeek the ſhorteſt Cut to let out his dying Soul? What a *dead* Sleep was that, that could not perceive all this? But ſhe ſays, I did not perceive it my ſelf neither. I reply, you ſee what a bad Cauſe you maintain, which you can defend but by *one* Plea, and that an *incredible* one too; ſay you ſo, was your *Husband* Stab'd whil'ſt he lay in your arms, and you never the wiſer? Thy Husband is ſlain by thy ſide, and thou not awak'd, as if thy Son-in-Law had diſpatcht thee firſt: What was thy Husband Slain by his *Blind Son*, and yet not ſtruck by him? Me thinks, if the noiſe of the Blow could not, yet his warm Gore might have awakned thee?

But how manifeſt is thy *Guilt*, which puts thee to this ſhift, that when thou wouldſt have it beleived, That, thy Son-in-Law Murthered his Father, art conſtrained to ſay, *Thou perceivedſt nothing*: We *have enough*, and to ſpare, the Cauſe goes on our ſide, we are clearly Innocent. What! VVhen thou wert in the ſame Bed with him that was Slain, and perhaps didſt embrace him, doſt

thou

thou profeſs ſo deep and ſound a Sleep? How came it then to paſs, that thou didſt eſcape? What good fortune withheld his wrathful hands from ſhedding *thy* Blood? To be ſure, thou wert a Sleep to purpoſe, thou perceiv'ſt nothing of all this. Did thy *Son-in-Law* let thee eſcape, becauſe he did not fear to be apprehended? Did ever Son Kill his *Father* and ſpare his *Step-Mother*? Could he commit the *greateſt* villany of all without regret, and did his heart immediately fail him in *the Leſſer*? Had he *violated* all the Rights, ſo Sacred amongſt men, and yet durſt he not make bold with a Life ſo odious, as thine? It is an incredible thing and againſt all reaſon, that he ſhould ſpare a *Mother-in-law*, when you dare accuſe him for Murthering his *own Father*? What ſay'ſt thou, *Young-man*, did thy heart miſgive thee to ſhed that Blood? Did ſhe more paſſionately entreat thee to ſpare her Life? Hereby thou haſt loſt the Plea, that ſhe perceived nothing, that it was Night, all huſht, there was time enough to commit alſo another Murther. If it had been poſſible for thee to Commit the Parricide, thou could'ſt have Slain thy *Father* upon no other account, but that thereby thou might'ſt have opportunity to Kill thy *Step-mother* too. Neither do I ſee any reaſon, why he ſhould ſpare her, unleſs he would have her live, that ſhe might ſeem to have acted that wicked Fact. Craftily enough contriv'd, but this ſhall preſently be *overthrown* by another evidence. Theſe things do not well hang together, to ſpare the *Step-mother*, that ſo *ſhe* may be accuſed, and to leave the Sword behind, that ſo *Irenæ.*

he

he himſelf might be diſcovered thereby. I have often occaſion to make uſe of the Argument from Blindneſs, and in this place eſpecially, where we come to treat of the *Wound*. For certainly; if a *Murtherer* had entred who had his ſight, yea, and had carried Lights before him, yet he could never ſo happily have levelled his blow, for tho' the darkneſs had not cauſed him to miſcarry, yet *fear and guilt, which are always witneſſes to great Villanies*, would have put him to a loſs. A Common *Executioner* ſeldome ſtrikes but *once*, even altho' he fit the Neck for the Block, yea tho' his practiſed hand came but *newly* from giving the like Blow, as his ordinary Trade: But it ſeems, the *Blind-man* hit ſo right, as immediatly to let out the Heart-blood. Upon my Conſcience, I wonder he did not hit his *Mother*, when he aimed at his *Father*; the firſt Blow of the Parricide doth but only ſhew his intent and reſolution: Alas! He quivers, he is thoughtful, he Colours for it, and is but one degree on this ſide Innocence, he only makes way by the Firſt, ſo as to give a ſtronger Blow the ſecond time.

Ironic. And now let me ask, what reaſon the *Young-man* could have, to leave his Sword behind him? Oh! the Good-man, forſooth, would not have his *Mother* defamed; he hath barr'd all Apology, he hath Confeſſed himſelf to be the *Murtherer* by leaving his Sword in the Wound. If he had thought the *firſt* Blow had not done the deed, he would have given *another*, but if he had beleived the *firſt* had diſpatched him, he would have taken away all means of diſcovering his Guilt. But why do I go about to demonſtrate a thing, which

which is evident of it ſelf? *My Lords*, if you would know, who left the Sword behind, think with yourſelves, whoſe *intereſt* it was it ſhould be found, where it was.

Oh, but you'l ſay, The wall was Bloodied with the Print of an hand even to the *Sons* Chamber. In the firſt place, *My Lords*, conſider, That he was no *Simpleton*, no Impolitick fellow, who tho' he were Blind, would attempt a wickedneſs, which was difficult even for one that had his Eyes? What! Did he not think with himſelf, when he put his Bloody hand to the Wall, that he ſhould leave the Print of his *Parricide* behind him? Whereas he might eaſily have wiped that hand (that guided him) in his Clothes, and ſo got away without leaving any Print behind him, yet he thought good to Blood the Wall all along, and ſo every where to leave ſome *Memorial* of his poor Father? He did not conſider in the leaſt, what would follow the next day after, what a great Hubbub would be rais'd thereupon at Day-break, but he laid a Train beyond all poſſible miſtake, that ſo his Mother might trace him even to his very Chamber door. Wonderful hap! what, was not the Blood all waſted till then? Let us here conſider the very Nature of the thing it ſelf. The Wall was found ſo Bloodied with the Print of an hand even to the laſt, that the entire hand, and every finger thereof, were exquiſitely imprinted thereon. Surely he would have exhauſted all the Blood in his hand at 2 or 3 of the firſt Prints. Suppoſe his hand was Bloody, and thereupon, (to gratify our Adverſary a little) dropping wet,

ſup-

ſuppoſe alſo the length of the way, and the long Reach of the Wall (for he could not get to that fartheſt part of the Houſe in a little time.) That part of the Wall next the Fathers Chamber muſt needs have more Blood; the next to that, leſs; the third, as good as none; the laſt none at all: For the Blood, as often as it was Clapt to the Wall, ſticks there, or elſe drys up in the warm hand of ſuch a ſlow-pac'd Creeper. Now what ſhall we ſay to this, when the Print of the Blood, (would you think it) doth begin at both ends? A plain Bloody hand at the one end, and at the other. How could his hand carry along that, which it left behind? No, no, 'twas the *Mother*, the *Mother* with all her Eyes about her, ſhe drew all this, 'twas her Right-hand took the poor mans Blood, and ever and anon dipt and renewed the Print. We find that the Bloodied Wall hath ſome void ſpaces, it is not beſmear'd all along, but here is a perfect Print of an hand *every where*; Now a Blind man would have trayled his hand all along.

I Demand next, how he could have ſo much Blood in his hands? All the Blood doth then guſh out from the Body, when it Iſſues after a Sword that is newly drawn out of a Wound, but when a Wound is cloſed with the ſame Sword that gives it, 'tis but a dark diſcovery can be made by the *Blood*, in that Caſe.

Add, that no Blood can come at that part of the hand, which gripes the Sword-hilt and ſelf clutches it ſelf up whilſt it holds the Weapon; the Back of the hand only muſt needs be Bloodied, but our Wall is Imprinted with the

he

hollow of an hand, to which no Blood could come? 'Tis your part, *My Lords*, to lay all these things together, and to weigh them seriously. The reason, why a Judge should shew more discretion in *finding* out a *Villany*, than the offender did in *Committing* it, I suppose, is this, because he later is thoughtful only for *himself*, but the former for *both parties* indifferently.

Thus have I defended the poor *Young-man's* Cause: I pass now to the *Step-mother's*, and what more certain Evidence of Conviction may reach Her. I omit that thred-bare and well-known *Topick*, concerning the *Comparing of Persons*. Another man would say, that *Husband* and *Wife*, unless endear'd one to another by having Children at first, are not mutually cemented by the strongest tyes of *Conjugal* Union. But I shall rather insist on this; Thou, *Good Woman*, wert deceived in thy expectation, thou thoughtest to come into a *Clear* house, forsooth, an house without an *Heir*. Thou expectedst, that the *poor Youth* should have been expell'd the *House* even upon your *Wedding* day, and that his *Father*, cajoled by thy flattering embraces, should have sent his desolate *Son* to seek his Fortune, and so have made provision, that the *dismal Misfortune of his Body* might not offend the Eyes of his *Coy New-Bride*. But on the contrary, thou foundest the *Good Old man* affectionately tender of his *only* Son, and for that reason thou despairedst of all conjugal affection from him. Miserable is that *Husband*, who brings in a *Step-dame* over his *Son*, because his Wife can never think he will love them both.

In the *first* place therefore, I demand, where your *Husband* was ſlain? In his Bed-chamber, ſay you! Go too! Before thou wert Marryed, thy *Son-in-law* had no need of this defence; was the *Old-man* ſlain in his Chamber? What! Was not the *Murtherer* afraid of his *Wife*? How durſt he, that was *Blind*, enter into a private Marriage Chamber, and approach the ſolitude of a Matrimonial Bed, eſpecially with a *Murtherous* intent? where can an *Husband* be found alone without his *Wife*? Again, who ever choſe the night for the *Villany*? The night, *good Madam*, was *your* time. Beſides, what if thou hadſt another advantage for thy Deſign? Thou needſt not come from the *further* part of the houſe; * Thou need'ſt not Traverſe all the Blind places thereof; Thou need'ſt not trouble thy thoughts, how to hold up the Door ſo gingerly on the Hinges, that it creak not in the opening; You lye *pat* for the occaſion, your Deſign is eaſily accompliſhed without ſtirring a Foot: You need not fear, leſt any body ſhould ſnap you. Moreover the Servants lodged far off, and great ſecreſy is afforded you by the very *Genius* of the place; you may ſtrike when you liſt, you may know whether he be a Sleep or no. The night time, a Sword at hand, and a Snoring Husband, who can deſire more to do a *Villanie*? We know the *poor Old-man* could have been Murthered, when you had a mind to it.

* *Tota penarium Sacra peragenda. Quære, Annon potius legendum* peragranda.

But, ſays ſhe, how could the Sword, that was my *Son's*, come to *my* Hands? Here we are put to it indeed; A ſhrewd point to be anſwered

Alas.

Alas! Who will beleive me, if I ſay, that the *Dark-man* loſt his Sword; his Eyes, cloſed with a perpetual night, could not keep it ſafe. I ſhould then be thought to deviſe a thing of mine own head to ſerve my purpoſe, and ſhamelesly to lament a want of proof, which is too too manifeſt. To ſpeak Truth, his hand was always clapt on his Sword-hilt, it was his care day and night; do not pride thy ſelf, as if by thy craft thou hadſt out-witted a lurking cunning *Banditty*; no, no, it was our circumſtances made the way eaſy for thee. It fixes the ſuſpition more upon thee, becauſe the *Old-man* was killed at *one* Blow. Thou hadſt opportunity to prepare his body for the Stroke, even whilſt thou ſeemedſt to *hug* him. Thou with a gentle hand couldſt grope over his breaſt before hand, and ſo find by the conſtant beat of the Pulſe, where the panting Soul reſides, where a deaths-wound might be given preſently, and where, by the working Blood, the beſt place was to give the fatal Blow. Beleive it, my *Bed-fellow* can kill me at *one* Blow.

I come now to the *Prints* of the bloodied Wall, which I have urged upon thee ſufficiently before in the defence of the *Young-man*; now follows what I have hitherto kept in further *reſerve* againſt thee. When thy *Husband* was ſlain in thy Chamber, thou well kneweſt, there could be no *Plea* left for thee, if thou hadſt not acted ſomething, which it is likely *Blindneſs* might have done, and therefore thou didſt put the Blood on that part of the Wall,

where thou wouldſt have the *enquiry* to be made, that ſo the next day the whole *Chaſe* might be guided by the *trail* of the Blood which was laid before. Thou layeſt all on the *Young-man*, his Calamity hath been thy *Counſellor*. Thou kneweſt, that he could not otherwiſe enter without a *Guide*, but by conducting himſelf all along by the VVall, and therefore thou mad'ſt as if thou wert Blind, and to compleat thy Villany, thou haſt plai'd pretty *tricks* with thy *Husbands* Blood: All theſe things were contrived and counterfeited by thee *at pleaſure* and in all ſecurity, that ſo thy craft might lay the *Guilt* on another. For now, forſooth, thou art innocent, becauſe thy *Son's* Sword was found in the Wound, and becauſe the *Wall* was bloodied: Didſt thou think, that either of thoſe *Indications* were ſufficient to diſcover *the Murtherer*? But with how eaſy a touch *of a Ballance*, are the *Iſſues* of a Cauſe turned? For he is often found to have committed a *Murther*, who accuſed another for the ſame; But, ſays ſhe, he had Cauſe and Provocation *enough* to commit the *Parricide*, becauſe his incenſed *Father* had packed him away into ſome remote part of the Houſe. Know, *Woman*, that might perhaps ſeem *an ignominy* to a more happy *Son-in-law*, but it is a *priviledge* to blindneſs, to have retirement allotted to it. Oh! The *worthy* and *ſingular* affection of the *good Old-man*! How kindly did he ſhut up his poor *Son*? How carefully did he keep him from the *Eyes* of his *Wife*, that might have rejoyced over him? How did he provide for the baſhfulneſs of the poor man

f I had been a more happy *Father*, ſays the *Old-man*, I would have given up the *whole* Houſe to thee, but now ſeeing thou art dark Blind, (*Poor heart*) poſſeſs that part, where none can ſee thee, and whither none, but my ſelf, can come: Thou ſhalt have faithful *Servants* about thee, none ſhall hear thy groans, nor *glad* themſelves with thy doleful miſeries. And thou haſt no reaſon to be troubled for the loſs of the families converſation. The *receſs* granted to thee, *Poor Youth*, is therefore granted, that thou mighteſt be leſs ſenſible of the loſs of thine Eyes. Did ever any *Father* hate a Dark *Child*, and reſt contented only with this revenge, to aſſign him a quier, a remote, and even the beſt part of his Houſe: Ay but, ſays ſhe, I underſtand it as if he had diſinherited, as if he had diſowned, him; what doth the peiviſh *Old-man* keep his Youth in his cloſeſt embraces, *doth he remove him farthest from the paſſage out?* I demand, when he ſeparated you *two* the length of the Houſe; *Thee*, luſty and in good health; *him*, poor, blind, ſubject to reproaches, obnoxious to injuries, was he angry with the *Son*, or with the *Wife? Son*, ſays he, I would not have thee make uſe of the pleaſanteſt part of the Houſe, leaſt the gaudry thereof ſhould affect thee, becauſe thou canſt not ſee it. Who is ſo fooliſhly angry with a *Blind* Son, as to think it material to him, in what *part* of the Houſe he is bid to dwell? Nay, *Dame*, of the *Two*, he rather removes *thee*, he raiſes up an object of *Envy* to *thine* Eyes, He ſays to *thee*,

thou haſt room over and above, thou haſt the greateſt part of the Houſe, think *him* to be abſent, leave at leaſt a corner to a *poor Son* in his *own Fathers* Houſe: That *Father*, who, in the reign of a *Step-mother*, aſſigns a ſecret part of the *Houſe* to his *Son*, doth plainly tell his *Wife*, that he cannot caſt him off.

The *Mother* comes now to another kind of *Plea*, That ſhe had no cauſe for the Murther, ſeeing the *Son* was found *Heir Apparent* of all his *Fathers* Eſtate: For who elſe ſhould, that ſo he might take the ſhorteſt Cut to his *Inheritance*. Ay, but a *Son*, once made *Heir* expreſly, does not fear, That his *Father* will alter his *Will*. You confeſs he was left *Heir* of all his *Fathers* Eſtate; Well then, you ſee, that his *Father* was not angry with him, when he allotted him a remote part of the Houſe. Surely, *contrary* Pleas can never advantage thee, thou wouldſt object the ſame thing to this *Defendant*, if he had been *Diſinherited*; chuſe which ſide thou wilt, if he knew he was *Heir*, he ought to love his *Father* the more; if he did not know it, he had nothing to hope for, by his Fathers death.

It remains now, that we conſider, which of you two would *moſt* want the Murthered *Old-man*: I wis, the greif goes nearer to thy heart, *Good-woman*, Thy *ſadneſs* hath almoſt made an end of thee, but ſtay awhile, the black cloud will ſoon blow over, thou wilt quickly change thy Mourning *Vail*, fitted for thy purpoſe, for a new * *Bridal Tire*. But the

Ironic.

* *Flammeo reverten-te.*

Poor

Poor Youth, if he compare his *preſent* miſeries with thoſe which were *paſt*, begins now, rather than before, to be really *Blind*. For what hath not the poor *Youth* loſt in his Aged *Father*? Whilſt he lived, he was his *Dearly beloved*; his *Fathers* Eyes were ready at his ſervice to guide him, whitherſoever he pleaſed. The *Saucy* Servants durſt not mock him for his unhappy blindneſs, nor durſt they in ridicule (which is the higheſt contumacy) deſire him to play the *Maſter* amongſt them. But now, *Good God*, how many *Taunts* muſt he undergoe? Blindneſs and deſolateneſs fall to his ſhare both at once. For, *Poor Youth*, what good can an *Inheritance* doe thee, which thou enjoy'ſt only by *Hear-ſay*? What's *Mony* to thee? What Pleaſure canſt thou have to enjoy it? All thy pleaſure is, that thereby thou wilt be an eaſier Prey to the *Pillager*. But how carefully did thy *Fathers* Eyes keep up all for thee? Oh! how eaſily may'ſt thou now be deceived? How quickly ſtript? How ſoon chouſt? How ſuddainly be made not worth a Groat? 'Tis thy *Fathers* Death, that *Diſinherits* thee. What canſt thou now expect, but perpetual Mourning and Abhorring even of *Life* it ſelf?

This *Poor Youth* hath loſt at laſt even his very *Tears*, neither can his *Eyes* bear a part in Mourning for his *Father*. Now thou wanteſt the *Sword* to be uſed on thy ſelf; Lo, he ſeeks for it, he gropes after it, give it me again, *ſays* he, it was innocent as long as it touched no hands, but *mine*. If I muſt needs dye, I

make it my choice to fall upon it. That burden'd and unhappy Soul did long ſince utter ſuch complaints as theſe; Where is now the ſtrength, that you talk of? Where's my ſprightlyneſs and effort? Where is my Arm, formerly (as you ſay) ſo ſpringy? At one Blow, I beleive, I can hardly now kill my ſelf.

Cactus

Cœcus pro Limine :

OR,

The Blind Son ſtanding at his Chamber-door.

DECLAMATION II.

The Argument.

A Young Gentleman ſnatcht his Aged *Father up in his Arms, and carryed him out of his Houſe, when it was all on Fire. And running back to ſave his* Mother, *he could not find her, but had his own Eyes burnt out. The* Father *Marries again. His* Wife *comes to him one day, and tells him, that his* Blind Son *had a deſign to* Poyſon *him, and that the*

the Poyſon was hid in his Boſome, *withall informing him, that he had promiſed her one moyety of the* Eſtate, *if ſhe would undertake to adminiſter it. The* Father *hy's him preſently to his* Blind Son, *and demands, whether this were true? Upon his denyal, he ſearches, and finds the* Poyſon *about him; whereupon he asked him, for whom he had provided it? The* Youth *made no anſwer. Out goes the* Father, *alters his* Will, *and makes the* Step-mother *his* Heir. *The ſame night there was a great Hubbub in the Houſe, all the Servants ruſh into their* Maſters Chamber, *where they find him ſlain, and his* Wife (*the* Step-mother) *ſnoring by his Corps, as if ſhe had been faſt a Sleep; and the* Blind Son *was ſtanding at the door of his own Chamber, his Sword, all to be Gored with Blood, being laid under his Pillow. The* Blind-Son *and the* Step-mother *accuſe one another of the* Murther.

For the Blind *Son againſt his* Mother *in Law.*

I Am ſenſible, (*My Lords*) that this baſhful *Youth* is much agreived, not that he is guilty of the *Parricide* in the leaſt, but that he is put to clear his *Innocency* againſt his *Step-mother*. I know alſo, that much of the Reverence due to our *Blind Defendants* Virtues will be loſt, when he urges no other *Plea* for his Superlative Duty, than what would bring off another man, as well as himſelf. And therefore in the firſt place, be it known unto all affectionate peſons, that our *Client* ſcorns to make uſe of the Argument of his *Blindneſs*; he, of all men living, will not allow himſelf the priviledge, to be thought more unlikely to have committed this *Murther*, becauſe he was *Blind*, than he was, when he had his *Sight*. This *Youth*, one of the moſt innocent that ever Virtue made an object of Pity, proclaimed to all the World, he could not deſign the Murther before his *Father* was ſlain; and that you may not think him unconcern'd in this days Solicitude, he act-ed ſo, that the higheſt wickedneſs in humane Life might not be beleived, no not in another. Pardon the *Young-man*, I beſeech you, *My Lords*, if he ſcorn to be acquitted, only in *com-miſeration* or guerdon of his woful condition; *Son*, that ſaved his *Father* out of the fire with the *loſs of his own* Eyes, tis an in-tolerable abſurdity to think, that he ſhould be innocent of *Parricide* only upon this account, be-cauſe

cauſe he was not able to *Murther* him.

As for the *Woman, My Lords*, who hath no *Plea* to defend her ſelf but this. That the *Blind Son Murthered his Father*; I had rather ſee her put to ſo impudent a ſhift of accuſing another, than if ſhe had only denyed the *Fact*. Let him look to it, who thinks it to be her *Confidence* in the goodneſs of her Cauſe, that ſhe charges the Blind man with the *Fact*; No, no, the *Impudency* of the Woman is clearly diſcovered hereby, who can by no means be *Defended*, but by the ſuggeſtion of things wholly *Incredible*; he that accuſeth a *Blind-man*, when *he* himſelf is ſuſpected, muſt needs be the *only* Perſon, Guilty. She ſtood in need of other manner of proofs againſt ſo great unlikelyhood, a *Dark-man* ought not preſently to be *ſuſpected* in a *Parricide* upon every blind Suggeſtion, no, he muſt be *taken* in the very Fact. And therefore, *Good my Lords*, look upon theſe things to make highly for the Young-man, which are ſo ſolicitouſly pack'd together, as a nimiety of Proof againſt him. There is nothing can contribute more to the *Blind-mans* Innocency, than that ſo many things are to be framed and forged againſt him. There is ſufficient Evidence of the *Piety* and *Harmleſneſs* of the Party, who was to be attaqu'd with the *Probability* of a Parricide. Weapons, Gore Blood, Poyſons, are all amaſſed againſt his woful condition, and whatever elſe might not argue any neglect, but where there is ignorance. For there is no man, I ſay, no man, *My Lords*, that ought to have a more heedful regard in acting a Wickedneſs, than he that can Murther his *Father*,

ther, wanting Eyes. This *Young-man*, of whom the monſtrouſeſt Crime in Nature is pretended, bore always ſuch an affection to his *Father*, that none of us can hardly expect the like even in our *Own* Fleſh and Blood. When the Houſe was all of a flaming Fire, and no hopes of ſafe-guard for the *Poor Old Folks*, this Young *Gentleman* ran full into the midſt of the Flames, with as much haſt as we uſe to run out from them. In what a great hazard was he then, with ſuch extraordinary *Piety* to his *Parents*? Whilſt he was long doubting, through aſtoniſhment, caſting his Eye on them both, and running from one to 'tother, his equally-poiz'd *Piety* had almoſt coſt him his *Poor Father* and *Mother* too. But at laſt, when the Fire drew near and encloſed the *Old Couple*, (let the *dutiful Youth* hear this, tho' againſt his will) he choſe the *Father*, and tho' he equally loved them *both*, as they were a burning, yet his hovering affection pitched on *Him* firſt. He had ſcarce ſet the *Old-man* down, (it being indeed a miracle, that even *He* was preſerved) but away he goes back, and breaks thro' the *Flames* again; and being engaged in the thick *Globes* of Fire, cloſing and ſtreaming round about him, without queſtion he had been Burnt, but that he loſt his Eyes a little before. 'Tis obſervable, *My Lords*, that his great undertaking had not that ſucceſs to reſcue his *Mother*. Yet he had done leſs in *Both*, except his Eyes had been burnt out. Let them look to it, who moſt admire the *Son* upon the account of that *Parent*, for whoſe ſafety his Face was disfigured, and his Eyes loſt; For my part, I am of opinion, that he

he obliged his *Father* (principally) by his Blindneſs, who ſpent his Eyes in queſt of his *Mother*, that he had, juſt then, left behind.

I know, *My Lords*, you don't expect any *Apology* for the *Old-man's* Marrying again, it was done at ſuch a time, when 'twas evident he could not manage his Eſtate for his *Son's* uſe. Nay, I might lay a wager on't, that it was don by the Young-mans *own* advice. That his *Father*, whom the Fire had bereaved both of his *Mother* and *Himſelf*, might eaſe the remainder of his years by a *ſecond* Marriadge, and that the Houſe, which held only an *Old Father* and a *Blind Son*, might have the Servants watch't over and kept to their duty, by a *New Bride*. 'Tis ordinary, *My Lords*, for Stepmothers to deceive honeſt Sons-in-Law with a great deal of eaſe, and yet hate them nevertheleſs. To how many Treacheries, to how many Artifices is a *Blind* innocent perſon expoſed? A Woman, to whom the weakneſs of her *Son* in Law, and the Old Age of her *Husband*, gave hopes to invade the Inheritance, underſtood well enough, that was the only thing wanting to the occaſion of the Villany, That the *Blind* Son ſhould firſt be blemiſhed with the Accuſation of *Parricide*: When this then was perceived by *her*, that the Young-man thought himſelf in the condition rather of an *own* Son, than of a Son in *Law*, ſhe told the *Father* of the *Poyſon* that ſhe had ſtole into the Poor *Youth's* Boſom, as if he himſelf had provided it to *Murther* him. And becauſe the *Cheat* might eaſily have been diſcovered if ſhe had named any *Complice*, ſhe laid the whole train of the *Accuſation*

ſo,

ſo, as to have it beleived, That one *Moiety* of the Eſtate was promiſed to *Her*, if ſhe herſelf would have adminiſtred it. You ſee, *My Lords*, by what previous ſteps ſhe made her approaches to the laſt Will and *Teſtament* of her Husband, a Woman that, he beleived, would not take ſuch a part of his Eſtate to Poyſon him, muſt of neceſſity be ſo rewarded, as to be made his *Heir*. O how much otherwiſe ſhould that *Parricide* be proved, whoſe Author is now clearly diſcovered. A Woman that ſaid ſhe was made privy to the wickedneſs, did not firſt deſire the *Father* to demand, who got the Poyſon for the *Poor Youth*? Or, who gave it him? Nay rather, where ſhe knew the greateſt *Intrigue* of the *Queſtion* to lye, ſhe contrived, that the innocent *Youth* ſhould be interrogated on a ſudden, and was ready to charge his *Trepidation*, as if he had been taken in the *Fact*, whether the Party had held his Peace, or had denied it? The *Old-man*, being brought to his *Son*, told him what he heard; was it ever known, *My Lords*, that a man of ſuch plain-hearted innocency would deny the Fact? The *Youth* durſt not lye before Her, who diſcovered the Poyſon, and knew where it was. But when the *Poor Youth* perceived, that his *Step-mother* puſh'd on the thing, and was urgent that his boſom ſhould be ſearch'd, then he was all in a *Quandary*, and wofully aſtoniſhed and perplexed in his thoughts, for now he underſtood, that was her deviſe to lay the *Poyſon* there, where it might be found. Whereupon the *Young-man* in great haſt felt all over his Body, and thruſt his hand deep into his Boſom, ſearching and groping

ing every part that might be suspected, till he found the *Poyson* first himself. *My Lords*, I commend the Innocency of our *mute Defendant*, I commend his confidence, that, being Interrogated, For whom he had prepared it, thought it needless to ward himself against the heynous Accusation of *Impoysoning*. He acted the part of such an one, as knew his *Father* could not believe it, and (such is the great resolution of Innocency) he would not rebate the *Old-mans* Belief by any kind of *Excuse* whatsoever. Alas! This was far from a guilty *Trepidation*, neither was it any thing of a silent *Confession*: He that deals in *Poyson*, is as well provided of a ready answer too, in case he be discovered.

Upon this, the *Old-man* acted so, as if he had not been at all concerned in what he had found. He did not put the Servants of his *Blind* Son to the *Torture*, and in a Villany, wherein there must needs be more *Accomplices* than the *Parricide* himself, he did not enter upon a *Formal Examination*, but, which is more than to Acquit, he did not call the *Young-man* to his *Defence*. Now whether it were, that afterward, when he understood the *Craft* of the wicked *Woman*, he was willing to protect *his Son* by Disinheriting him, and other while intending to dispose of his *Estate* with more deliberation, in the Interim made use of the occasion, that the *Step-Son* should not seem to stand in the way, as a Bar to *her* desire; or whether it were not far more easy for her to obtain the disinherison of the *Dark Youth* from a man, that she had cajoled to so many things before, I leave it, *My Lords*, to your

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Wiſdoms. I ſhall content my ſelf in ſaying This, *That he immediately altered his Will*, and hat you may not wonder at the *haſte*, preſent- y thereupon he was *Murthered*. Judge you, *My Lords*, whether it concerned the *Young-man*, hat his *Father* ſhould live, who now died with nother *Heir*? Without diſpute it was not for is advantage, that he ſhould be ſlain.

My Lords, The whole *Houſe* was ſenſible of the *omicide*, which that very night was perpetrated their Maſters *Chamber*, yea in his very *Bed*; e- ery one thought, that he was upon the very *ace* of the Murther, only the *Step-dame*, for- oth, could not *Wake*, tho' in that place whence l the *noiſe* came. The whole Family ran, as ne man, in a trembling poſture and a very pi- ful taking, whither the *noiſe* led them, and ere they found the *Old-man* Kill'd and the *Step- ther* lying ſo cloſe to his Body, that they could t preſently ask, who ſlew him? At laſt, the ws was brought to the *Son*, who was not nd (which is a ſufficient *Plea* for his *Innocency*) his retreat from committing the *Murther*, but nding at the threſhold of his own Chamber, the ſame condition with thoſe, who had Eyes, d were running up and down.

Next, that the *Young-mans Sword* was inquired er, 'twas done by no other, but *Her* com- nd, who had cauſed the *Poyſon* to be ſought before. That the bloody Sword was found in Bed, I ſhall not be againſt it, *My Lords*, but you y think it no leſs an Argument againſt the *nd-man*, than that *Poyſon* could be found about n, in a ſuſpicion of *Parricide*. A Sword bloodied

all over ought to be the *laſt* not the *only* Proof.

Pardon us, all you that are aware of unlucky haps, pardon us, I ſay, you that know how obnoxious mans Life is to infinite dangers, That we begin the *Defence* of our *Client* with tears and groans. Alas, the Poor *Youth* hath loſt his aged *Father*, and ſuch a *Father* 'twas, that his kiſſes and embraces did as it were foment the wounds of his Eyes, and for whoſe ſake *alone* he was willing to live. 'Twas a miſerable ignorance, and an woful weakneſs, that thy *Mother* did not rather deceive *Thee*, and make thee drink the Poyſon, *thy ſelf*.

'Tis worth while, *My Lords*, to compare circumſtances, for thereby this *Parricide* will appear even paſt beleif. Do you think that *Nuptial* endearments, and affections that have their riſe from Emblandiſhments and Chucks, can avail as much with us, as the *Natural* reverence of our own Fleſh and Blood? For my part, I am of opinion, that no *Tyes* are knit with a looſer knot than *ſenſual obligations*, theſe later are the ſhorteſt-liv'd of all. And tho' I'le allow, that a certain reverence and grave reſpect accrews by little and little to a *Conjugal* ſtate, yet marryed couples may be *ſevered* with as much eaſe as they *came together*. A *Wife* is one, whom *Intereſt* both *joyns* and *parts* too. The reſpect of a *Female* ſeems only to lye here, that ſhe was ſought after for *Procreation's* ſake. We hear the ſquabbles of ſome *Married Couples* every moment, they part habitations every day, and run out of one *Bed* and *Embrace* to another; yea, tho' a Woman have *Children* by her *Husband*, yet ſhe

can

can fancy *another*; and we may perceive how *eaſy* Women are to all that's unworthy, in that ſometimes they love not their *Husbands*, even when they are alive; but what if you add the name of a *Mother-in-law* to the ſelfiſhneſs of the Sex? The Woman, that is brought in as a *Step-mother* over a former *Wife's* Children, can never look for the abſolute reſpect due to a *Wife*. O, how doth the love and reverence due to my Father, that begat me, ſurpaſs all leſſer endearments? The Affection between *Father* and *Son* ſeems not inferior to that, which unites the whole Frame of *Nature*, and knits the *Univerſe* together. Can *Fleſh* and *Blood* Stab that ſacred and venerable *Perſon*, which he ventured to ſnatch out of the Flames? And for whoſe ſake he thought his own Eyes well ſpent? I cannot ſee, *My Lords*, how we can ſalve *Filial* Reverence, it cannot be difficult at all for a *Wife* to Murther her *Husband*, if it be not far more difficult for a *Son* to cut off his own *Father*. Don't think, *My Lords*, that the *Debate* lies between a *Silly* Woman and a *Luſty* man, nor can the *Mother* advantage her ſelf on the account of her *Sex*, let me tell you, that the Infirmity of Blindneſs is a ſtronger *Plea* than any *ſhe* can have, for if a *Woman* thinks, ſhe hath cauſe enough to kill a Man, ſhe can find ſtrength to do it as well as the ſtouteſt *He* alive. Moreover, 'tis a plain caſe, that the Paſſions of Tears, Hatred, and Wrath, do with more facility ſeize and overpower the *Female* Sex, and becauſe they have not ſtrength enough to conquer the Vices of their minds, ſometimes even their very weakneſs

prompts them to miſchief. Ple grant, that *Women* are not ſufficient for ſuch wickedneſs, as requires much toyle and laborioufneſs in the Acting; But what can be more in a Womans power, than to *Murther* a man, lying by her ſide? To aſſault an Old man, who gave himſelf up to her Embraces? And who did order and watch every nod, he took. Another *Murtherer* may be diſcovered before he gives the Blow, but a *Wife* cannot be taken, but in the very Fact, nor before ſhe hath done the Do. 'Tis no ways incredible, *My Lords*, that a *Woman* ſhould Murther a Man, when a *Poor Blind-man* is accuſed upon the account. It may be ſo, *My Lords*, if we beleive Blind men to be innocent only out of *Neceſſity*, but there's more than that in the Caſe, the firſt incapacity of Blindneſs is, to refuſe a miſcheivous deed, when preſented to it: We are much miſtaken, if we think, that the loſs of Eyes reaches our *Bodies* only, not our *Minds*; the whole man is diſabled thereby, for if we diligently conſider all humane Acts, we ſhall find, men are at the diſpoſal of their Eyes. A Blind man is not ſo prone to chafe, to hate, or to covet, for ſeeing our Bodies draw activity from our Eyes, our Vicious *Paſſions* ceaſe too, when their Cauſes faile. To what purpoſe, I beſeech you, ſhould thoſe *Hands* be imployed upon any attempt, which are ſo long in venturing upon what is next? Thoſe *hands*, which cannot do their own buſineſs? Can that weak Body undertake any exploit, which is ready to fall every ſtep it takes? And who thinks every thing before him a Precipice, till he gropes

out

out the contrary ? Can he be guilty of a *Villany*, in which he can act nothing *himself*, but must trust wholly to *another* ?

But what will you say, if his *Blindness* came by Fire: In such a case, a Man loses more than his Eyes out of his Head; his whole Visage is defaced, while he is scorching, every step he takes failes him, neither can he hold up his hands to guard his Eyes, but he is fain to yeild them up to the Flames too, after his other Members are disabled. Even this is enough to argue a *Blind mans* Innocence, that tho' he may have strength and audacity, *yet* he hath not the *Confidence* to think, that ever he shall lye undiscovered. 'Tis not proper, *My Lords*, to Apologize for this *Young man*, by the same *Pleas* as would defend another *Blindling*: How incredible is it, that he should ever *Murther* his *Father*, that could not endure so much as the very thoughts of *losing* Him ? Pray what need was there of a *Sword*: What need was there of *Poyson* to make him a Parricide ? Might he not with more ease have saved his *Mother* ? Might he not have catcht her up, being the weaker of the Two, and less able to help herself ? By such a *trick*, thou mightest have committed *Parricide*, and yet have been accounted one of the *best* Sons in the World. Besides, you cannot but think, that his *Fathers* yernings were increased towards him after this disaster; The surplusage of his affection might now make up the loss of his Eyes, that were spent in his service; and that *Piety* must needs be boundless, when we love that, which we our

ſelves were the occaſion of: What ſay you, *My Lords*? Can a Blind *Young-man*, that the whole Town flocks about and admires, whom all *Children* love, and all *Parents* revere, can ſuch an one, I ſay, take encouragement from his *Father's* indulgence to do him a miſcheif? What, will he make himſelf a pattern of *Piety* and of *Villany* too? 'Tis eaſier to *Murther* a *Father* that ſaved *Thee*, than *a Father*, that *thou* thy ſelf haſt ſaved.

My Lords, we ſhould inquire into the Impulſive *Cauſes* of no *Parricide* more ſtrictly than of *This*. 'Twas *Covetouſneſs*, (ſays ſhe) that put the *Young-man* upon the *Fact*. If that be credible, much more if true, it may be conſidered, whether a *Woman*, made *Heir*, be not more likely to kill her *Husband*, than a diſinherited Blind *Son*, his *Father*? Such haſt, *My Lords*, may they make, whom nefarious Avarice doth excite, and love of Vice and Luxury doth precipitate dayly and puſh on. But to what purpoſe is an *Inheritance* given to a *Blind-man*, tho' never ſo deſerving? 'Tis our Eyes, our Eyes, I ſay, that make us impatient to bear a mean condition; 'tis to them, that we ow all our ſuperfluity: 'Tis they, that continually hurry us into all Vice, 'tis they, that open the door to admiration, to love, to concupiſcence; A man may ſooner fulfil and ſatisfy the deſire of his *Mind* than of his *Eye*. To what purpoſe are Riches to a Blind-man, who can make no *gay* diſtinction of any thing? Thô you ſurround ſuch a poor Creature with all manner of pelf and gawdry, yet he then *wants* moſt when he has moſt *plenty*; neither can you find a *defect* more ſweetly allied to *Poverty* than *Blind-*

neſs

ness is? A man that loſt his Eyes for his *Parents* ſake, will take more comfort in his *Eſtate* under his *Father*, than without him.

But what way of *Parricide*, I beſeech you, did the Youth pitch upon? 'Tis ſaid, he provided *Poyſon*, If that would do the deed, what need, I *Ironie.* pray, of a *Sword*? Doth *Impoyſoning* require an accomplice, an attendant, but a Sword neither? Or did it not come into his mind till afterward, what his *Hands* could do? And having found the *Poyſon* too weak, did he take heart and reſolve to try by dint of *Sword*? Beleive it, *My Lords*, there is no man living but knows, which way to *kill* another, if he have a mind to it.

My Lords, our *Step-dame* knew well enough, how *incredible* it was, that a *Dark-youth* ſhould temper *Poyſon*; and therefore ſhe makes up the matter by telling you, that ſhe was *tempted* to adminiſter it. I beſeech you, *My Lords*, let her relate what *tempting* words he uſed. Here's a *Mother in Law* and a *Step-ſon* caballing together about a *Parricide*. What? Might not *one* think himſelf to be tempted as well as 'tother. *My Lords*, pray ſpeak, what your thoughts are? Was there no other perſon in the Houſe that the *Parricide* could corrupt, but Her? To be ſure, 'twas more hard to truſt *her* than any body elſe. Might he not imagin that his *Father*, and all his Freinds, did whiſper in his ear, and give him this kind intimation firſt of all; *have a care of a Step-mother that hath power to deny Thee.* 'Tis not probable he would diſcloſe the *Parricide* to one, that he knew would betray him, unleſs he had obtained her *Conſent.*

I beſeech you, *My Lords*, compare diligently theſe *Croſs-Pleas* together. Here's a *Woman* ſays, ſhe was tampered with to have a hand in the *Murther*. Do you think, that a *Son in Law* would ever have done ſo, if he could have got any other *Acceſſory*? Oh! But, ſays ſhe, he had bought and tempered the *Poyſon* already; 'Tis impoſſible the *Blind-man* could do it of himſelf, tell us then, whom he intruſted to chaffer only for the *Implements* of his *Parricide*? And why did not the ſame perſon give it to the *Old-man*? Or if the *Husband* cannot be deceived but by the hands of his *Wife*, why then did he deſign the *Murther*, before he knew his *Mother* would conſent? And whereas ſhe alledges, That *half* of the Eſtate was promiſed to Her; that's no *Argument* as yet, till it be *proved*. A *Woman* ſolicited to a *Villany*, how doth ſhe caſt about, leſt her *Accomplice* ſhould leave her in the Lurch? Beſides, ſhe ſhould have provided her ſelf of Poſitive Proof, whether ſhe hearkened to the *Propoſal*, or rejected it. I ſhall add, 'tis a very plain Caſe, that the *Blind Youth* did not hate his *Mother in Law*, ſeeing he intruſted her with his *Deſign* againſt his *Father*, neither did he gape after the *whole* Eſtate, for ſhe her ſelf ſays, he promiſed her one *moiety* thereof. *My Lords*, no man living will ever commit a *Parricide*, that another is to have the benefit of. *Woman*, I ſhall put thee to it, who wert (by thy *own* allegation) an *Acceſſory* and a *Complice*, to bring clearer Proofs of the *Youngmans* Guilt. What need was there now, that the *Youth* ſhould have any *Poyſon* in the caſe? Come, come, produce the *Witneſſes* to the diſcourſe

ourſe betwixt you, and to the words pretend-
d to be ſpoken before ſome *Servants*, or ſome
reinds, or even in his *Fathers* own hearing. 'Tis
he eaſieſt thing in the world, to deceive the *Pri-*
acy of a *Blind-man*. Go to, *Woman*, make your
dvantages of the *Youth*, who truſted himſelf in-
rely to *your* Eyes, who ſpake not a word but
hat *you* did indite? And whoſe hands were but
our *properties*, to move as you pleaſed. Sup-
oſe, I grant, that he himſelf tempered the *Poy-*
n, and that he *himſelf* was to adminiſter it; ſup-
oſe likewiſe, I grant, that he ſolicited thee *a-*
ain for thy conſent, and that by *larger* proffers
an ever. Alas! The *Parricide* might have
een *diſcovered*, whilſt there was ſuch ado about
betwixt you *Two*. But, ſays ſhe, He was
ound with the *Poyſon* about him. A ſlight evi-
ence, *Madam*, and grounded upon as weak a
oundation; This is no *accuſation* againſt the *Blind*
outh, but a *Proof* only that he is *Blind*. A man
hat lies open to every opportunity, and is ex-
oſed to all kind of *Mockery*, whom his very *Fee-*
ng, and all things about him, cauſe to miſtake,
hat great matter is it, what you find *about* him?
Or in *what* dreſs you leave him, that you have
mind to betray? He from whom the *Mother* par-
ed but juſt now, whoſe Apparel ſhe had right-
d, whoſe Boſom ſhe had ordered, whoſe Limbs
he had put in equipage, he, I ſay, might have
oyſon about him, and yet he *himſelf* know no
uch matter; he might have it, and yet think it
ny thing elſe. Alas! If you had been ſo mind-
d, he would have ſhewed it openly; if you
ad but ſpoke the word, he would have hand-

led

led it before *Servants* or *Freinds*; and if you had not ſaid, *'Twas Poyſon*, he would have drunk it *all* up. *My Lords*, There is no *Argument* more Forceable to clear our *Blind-Youth*, than that, to all ſeeming, he was as it were ſurpriſed in the *Fact*: If he had a mind to have been a *Parricide*, and *ſearched* thereupon, he would have pretended to ſo much Innocency, at leaſt, as not to have had the *Poyſon* about him.

No wonder, *My Lords*, that the *Young-man*, being demanded, For whom he had procured the *Poyſon?* returned not a word in Anſwer. It proceeded not from his *Fathers* wrath, nor from his *own* greif, 'twas the thing called *Poyſon*, that the *Youth* was aſtoniſhed at; when ſuch crimes are objected to us, that we think impoſſible to be don, our very *ſpeech* is taken from us; and ſudden admiration ſtrikes wretched perſons, *Dumb*. No man can hold his *Peace*, when plainly *caught* in a Villany, he is every jot as ready with his *defence*, as he was to *commit* the Fact. 'Tis eaſier for thoſe who are *ſurpriſed* with falſe accuſations, to hold their peace, than for thoſe that are *really* Guilty. Pray, what would you have a *Young-man* doe, when his *Father*, whoſe life he had ſaved, propounds a *Queſtion* to him concerning a Parricide? For my part, I wonder he did not reply, *'tis true, I would have Poyſoned Thee, I am a Parricide*; I ſhould have thought, he had but upbraided an *unworthy* ſuſpicion in him, if he had thus anſwered: 'Tis well, the *Young-man* had not learnt the *Art* of denyal, 'tis well, he did not uſe ſo many *Put-offs* as the *Guilty* do. The *Poyſon* which the poor *Blindling* had about him,

n, would have been *His* indeed, if he had gon
out to *excuse* it.

But, says she, *he was disinherited by his Father*;
Lords, I should think *this* was a close and
p design of the *Old-man*, and not at all le-
ed *against* the *Son*, as if he would have the
thers accusation beleived. No, no, 'tis a
own and common custom, *My Lords*, that
ves are loved to the prejudice of *Children*,
l the affection of a *second* match ariseth from
abatement of Natural love to the Off-spring
the *First*. An Old-man that Marries again,
pitiful kind of Creature, for the more ar-
tly he loves his *New* Bride, the less kind he
o his *Children*; besides, that *Husband* must
ds love *his Wife* more passionately, who bad
lieu to his Son before: 'Tis very easy to be-
e a *Blind Son* guilty of *Parricide*, after you
e so far mistaken, as to put it to the Que-
n.

I would willingly know, *My Lords*, what the
l-man did, after he knew his *Son* was a *Par-
ide*. He did not prepare the * *Culeus* for him;
did not make him take the Poysonous draught,
self; he did not so much as turn him out of
ors: No, he only went and altered his *Will*,
d so, if he would be a *Parricide*, he would
ake him but a *Poor* one. I ask again, why
ch Post-haste? Who *spurr'd* him on? What!
ould he not have staid, till *next* day? No, no,
would never have done it, had it not been to
atify his Wife. Methinks he did it so calmly,
d so composedly, as if he had a mind to put
Trick upon *Her*. What say you in the Case, all

poor

* *A punishment in use in those days for Parricide, where the Offender was sew'd up in a Leathern Sack, with Serpents, a Dog, a Cock, and an Ape, and so thrown into the Sea.*

poor affectionate *Parents*? Here's a *Father* about to disinherit his *Son*? He calls none of his kindred, he sends for never a freind, he dispatcht the *Writing* without a Tear, and without any Out-cry at all: Alas, *Old-man*, the altering ones will must be done by good advice, especially if a *Son* be *Disinherited*, that deserves rather to be *pitied*; you must not think, *My Lords*, that the Schedule of the *Youths* Crime was not annexed to the *Disinherison*, because it was *apparent* without it. No, no man ever forbore to object *Parricide* to his *Son*, therefore, because he was sure of it.

I beseech you, *My Lords*, let's consider, how each of these *Two*, that are *indicted* for the Murther, did behave themselves the next night after the *Will* was altered? As for the *Youth*, Innocent or Guilty, he stands still *mute*, and 'tis hard to say, which troubled him most, if he had the Poyson for *himself* or for *another*. And for the *Step-dame*, she had a nice and tickliſh game to play. 'Tis very hard to defer a joy, which you know you do not deserve, she is quickly perswaded, that she is preferr'd before the *Son*. Now she expects, that her *Son* should plead his Cause the day after, and that *all* his kindred, nay the *whole* Town too, might find fault with the credulous *Old dotard*; and indeed, the *Mother* was sensible, that she was the *Heiress* only of *one* night? For no body living can beleive, but that mans *Will* is *suborn'd*, that was Murthered the *same* night, he Disinherited his *Son*.

My Lords, lets now compare circumstances of both sides, a *Blind man* cannot know, where the

Old-

Old-man lay, or whether he he were a ſleep or no; and was it not very unlikely he ſhould think, that his *Father* could be a ſleep, who ſo lately had ſuſpected, that his *Son* would have made him away? But you, *Woman*, can obſerve preſently when he falls a ſleep for heavineſs: Who tells a *Poor Blind* creature of any ſecret of day or night? You can alſo know, whether your careful Servants watch your Chamber-door, when you are both a bed together. You can *create* yourſelf an occaſion, being *Wife* and *Miſtreſs* too. A *Blind-man* perhaps might have wandred to the wrong threſhold; but you had nothing elſe to mind, but give the Blow. A *Blind-man* muſt needs have diſturb'd his *Fathers* reſt, in the very *Act* of chuſing, which part of the body he was to ſmite, but *you* could feel his *Gullet* and his *Breaſt* all over, eyen in your very embraces. After the *Murther*, we muſt fall to groping *again*, we are at as great a loſs, as we were before; as for you, you had nothing elſe to do, but to lay yourſelf down, and away preſently to ſleep again. Inward Plottings are not enough for one that would *actually* commit a Villany, there are ſo many *other* requiſites, that a man, with all his Eyes about him, can hardly fetch them in. I beſeech you, *My Lords*, of which of the *Two* is it moſt likely the *Old-man* was diſpatcht? Of the *Step-mother*, who took care to caſt the *ſuſpition* on another? Or of the *Young-man*, by whoſe *preſumptive* Guilt, he was to Dye, even tho' *another* kill'd him.

Conſider, I beſeech you, *My Lords*, the *Gate* and Treading of the *Parricide*. Such *ſhufling* ſteps

as

as *his*, what ſleep ſo ſound, but they would have diſturb'd? Blind *Buzzards* take many a ſtep, becauſe they cannot *ballance* their Bodies by poyzed and fore-eſſayed paces, ſo that being long a *faultring* they muſt needs make a deeper impreſſion on the *ground* they tread upon. Beſides night-repoſe and quiet cannot but be much broken hereby, for a *Blind-mans* hands are never at reſt, but are held before him to grope things out, ſo that they give notice when they are a coming. Soft ſteps to *nocturnal* Embraces cannot be made by a *Blind-man*, he would diſcover himſelf *ſtrait* by his rude and ſtamping noiſe: *Blindneſs* cannot avoid what lies in his way, unleſs by ſtumbling upon it firſt; If we would enter a Room, and walk up and down in it in the *night*, we ſhould view it firſt by *day-light*. In the next place, how many things were there to do, after he had arrived at his *Father? Firſt*, he muſt grope out the *difference* between them both, as they lay abed *together*: *Then*, he muſt feel their *Faces*, touch their *Mouths*, take off the *Bed-cloths*, that ſo he might find a fit place to give the Wound. Would not all this adoe *wake* one of the *Two*? I'le add, that the right hand of a *Wanderer* makes an heavier touch: Afterward the *Point* of the Sword is ſoftly to be directed to the *Breaſt*, and left a *Blow*, given at random, might miſcarry, the *hand* had need make way for the *Sword*. How, I beſeech you, ſhould a *Blind-man* have ſo much ſtrength, as to complete the *Murther* at *one* Blow? That *Wound* muſt needs be uncertain, whoſe *impetus* is not guided by the *Eye*: in ſuch a caſe, one cannot keep the *place* he aim

aims at, no not while he is drawing *over* to give the *greater* Blow. Now, did the *Young-man* presently *fly* for it, after he had given *one* Stab? How could he know, whether he had *fully* performed the Exploit? Should he not rather have ſtayed, that he might have felt by the *Carkaſs*, whether he had made ſure work, or no? And, as I ſaid before, when *all* was done, he muſt return with the *ſame* hazard; all things were to be eſſayed with as *much* danger as at firſt. Now I appeal to your Conſciences, *My Lords*, whether the very *Inditement* it ſelf, as it is laid, doth not make for us: If a *Blind Son* could neither *go* nor *come* without ſuch a noiſe, neither could he ſo act the *Murther*, that his *Step-mother* ſhould not know it. This Queſtion, *Woman*, I put to you again and again, what ſleep can be ſo *dead*, that the ſlaughter of one ſo neer would not diſturb? Men are quickly awake with a ſmall thing in the night; never ſo little a ſtirring, an uncertain ſound, afar off, yea ſomtimes *ſilence* itſelf, break our ſleep. Perhaps you may not perceive the *laſt Farewel* of thoſe, who dye for pure *Old-age* and weakneſs, but the end of a man, that is ſlain with a *Weapon*, makes a *buſtling* noiſe, and is like the *end* of one, where there is a violent reſiſtance: Beſides, 'tis evident, that *no* death can be more diſturbing than *that*, which is acted in a trice. Grant, he was ſlain when he was aſleep, yet we muſt at no hand think, that he paſs'd over *immediatly* from that *reſt* to abſolue *Death*.. There muſt needs be ſome *medium* between *Slumber* and *Death*: Two ſuch *oppoſites* cannot eaſily meet, ſeeing *Sleep* it ſelf is

an

an Action of *Life*. 'Tis no great matter here, whether the account of *Life* or of *Death* do break our ſleep. *Death* it ſelf doth awaken him, who is killed *ſleeping*; perhaps he ſpeaks no *Farewel* words, yet inſtead thereof he hath his palpitations, he hath his toſſings and tumblings, ſuch as ſhake the whole bed, he lies upon. Now you, *good Woman*, pray, when did you lye more ſweetly incircled with the embraces of your *Old Husband*? How could you ſleep ſo *ſound*, who juſt now madſt ſuch a *rout* in the Houſe? Whoſe *Son-in-Law* was (in thy account) no leſs than a *Parricide*: And thy *Huſband*, a *loſt* man. Behold, how after the deadly Blow, his hearts-blood guſh'd out into thine *Armes*, and his Soul, flitting out of the Wound, carries many a Groan and Sigh before it: Behold again, how that large ſtreame of Blood doth congeal about your limbs, ſo that they are ſtiff and unable to perform their offices; yet you do neither ſtir nor flinch, you fear nothing, but, in ſo ſtrange a condition, *ſleep on* ſtill. There is no other *Plea* left for a *Woman* to pretend to, that muſt be found lying by *him*, whom ſhe had *Murthered*. 'Tis not a whit incredible, *My Lords*, that one ſhould act a *Counterfeit* ſleep, tuſh, nothing is more eaſily imitated by a *Womans* craft. I will tell you, ſome have *Counterfeited* the paleneſs of dead Carkaſſes, yea, have held out with the *Patience* of death himſelf againſt blows and dint of Weapons. 'Tis much eaſier to *Ape* a matter, the counterfeiting whereof requires only to *cloſe* the Eyes, to *ſtretch* out our limbs, to ſtint our ſighs, and to make as if we did not breath. There is

no

no difference between one that *really* ſleeps, and one that *Counterfeits*, but the Parties *own* knowledge. Don't wonder therefore, that at ſo many mens coming in, at ſuch a noiſe of hand and foot, at ſo many out-cries, ſhe ſtill continued in the *ſame* poſture, you would ſooner have awakned her, I'le warrant you, if ſhe had been aſleep in *earneſt*. 'Tis the general guiſe of Nature, a mans holds out longer in nothing, than in that, which he imitates. To *Counterfeit* ſleep hath alſo this eaſie part in it, that he, who is taken in a Fact, behaves himſelf as if he were awoke out of ſleep. Tell me, *Woman*, what's the meaning of this, that what *diſturb'd* the whole Houſe, could not *awake* thee? The noiſe made in the night did rouze all the Servants out of their neſts, tho' they are wont to be negligent enough, and to ſleep ſecurely without care or trouble, neither doth their fear ordinarily take *firſt* Alarum. Afterwards, how was the *noiſe* encreaſed by peoples running up and down *all* the Houſe over. The *firſt* refuge of thoſe that wake, is to call *Help*, *Help*, now we know help cannot be afforded in the night time without an *Out-cry*: When you were once *up*, there was leſs Schreeching. Look, your Chamber-doores are broke up in trembling haſt, and many lights are brought to your *Bed-ſide*, and the whole Chamber was full of Out-cries, as if you had both been ſtretched out for *liveleſs* Carkaſſes. Yet you lay ſtill, as if you had been quite dead. Do you call this *ſleep*? No, 'tis *diſſimulation*, that holds out to the laſt. *My Lords*, I leave it to your *Wiſdoms* to determine, whether the *noiſe*,

which they, who first entred the *Old-mans* Chamber, own'd to be there, was made by the *struggling* of the *Dying* man, or by the *Womans hurrying* to carry back the Sword, after she had perpetrated the *Murther*. May not this also be reckoned amongst the *Artifices* of the Step-mother, that, after she had methodically contrived all the *other* parts of this Villany, she was to make a noise *on purpose* to raise the Family, having only *this* to do, to be found (forsooth) asleep? If the Hubbub, that raised the Family, had been made by the *Blind-man* in his return, he would have been *apprehended*, before he had carryed the Sword quite home to his Chamber.

Now, *My Lords*, to satisfy you, that every body in the House was astonished at the noise, our *Poor Blind-man* was also found at *his* Chamber-door, as he used ordinarily to pass up and down. If he could easily have gon to his *Fathers* Chamber, why did he make such a stop at his *own* door? Oh! he has escaped all, he is got free, he has laid up his weapon safe; sure, 'twas much easier for the *Blind-man* to make as if he had been a sleep, his Eyes were *clos'd* already? I beseech you, what greater Argument can you have of the *Blind-youths* consternation, than that he started up and stood expecting the issue? Such a lonely person must needs be more affrighted, whose Eyes acquaint him with nothing, and whose mind, being pent up in *Darkness*, can make no prospect at the *Window* of the Eye, he can have nothing to bear him up under his Fear. The *Young-man* was surprised, where the hurry

of

of his Fear left him. A *Blind-man* may need no Guide in his *own* Chamber, which he traverſes up and down night and day, and hath learn't the way perfectly, by many knocks and ſtumbles: But take him without door, over his own Threſhold, he is as Blind as a *Beetle*, and can't ſtir a Foor, without miſſing his way. None in the world can be more Innocent than our *Poor Blind-man*, who was neither taken in the *Fact*, nor in the pretence to *excuſe* it.

Heark, what the *Young-man* ſays in the caſe: O my *Dear Father*, quoth he, aſſoon as ever the noiſe in the Houſe, and your Dying Groans did ſeize me, I preſently ſtarted up, as 'twere to deliver you again out of the *Fire*. Then, and not before, *wretched* I found the diſadvantage of *Blindneſs*: I ſtood ſtock ſtill, till I was told, you were *Murthered*, and whilſt others in their fright ran hither and thither, I, *Poor man*, found *no* other thing to do, but to be in a permanent fear. O that ſome good Deity or other would have lent me *Eyes* for a moment, I would then have entred the *firſt* man into my *Fathers* Chamber, perhaps I might have heard *ſome* of his dying words, I might have ſpoke to and asked him a Queſtion, tho' I could not ſee him. Servants are dilatory and timorous in doing their duty. I ſhould have found you, *Good Madam*, in your *waking* poſture, before you had compos'd your ſelf to perſonate *ſleep*.

Ay, but what ſays ſhe, The *Blind-mans* Sword was found *all-Bloody*. *My Lords*, no *Blind-man* is ſo audacious, as to bring back a Sword, when he had juſt then committed a *Murther* with it,

and a man, whose bosom was searched just before for *Poyson*, would never carry back his *weapon* to his Chamber, which he could not put out of sight, nor conceal, tho' he knew it was all *Bloody*. *My Lords*, this seems to be a peice *Impudence* scarce tolerable. The *Woman* says, she could not filch away the *Blind-mans* Sword, when *he* was asleep, who has nothing to say in her own defence, but that *she* was asleep. 'Tis far easier to cheat *Blind-men*, when asleep. They sleep more soundly, who go to it in the bitterness of their tired Spirits. As for one that is *Dark*, one may easily conveigh away his Sword, tho' he be awake. But how finely doth this *Plea* frame now? The carelessest person in the World would never act at such a rate, 'tis far easier for them that have Eyes, to Imitate the *Blind*, in laying up a *Bloody* Sword so safely. These are all the pretences and excuses he can have, that ules another mans *Weapon* in a Murther.

I find, *My Lords*, that our *Poor Youth* is very much offended, that he is put to his defence by dint of *Proof* and Argument. We owe this Worthy person our Patronage for his *Piety* in the loss of his Eyes, the rest of our *Plea* must be spent in admiring him. Methinks, *My Lords*, I see before my eye a fresh and renew'd prospect of his *incredible* adventure. The *Youth* snatch't up his *Father* in his Armes, and marches with him throw the raging and encreating *Flames*. Perhaps, you think, I am going to say, he hastned to get out, and to make his Escape; no, the *poor* Youth is in haste to go again; his Limbs were

were ſhreiveled by the ſmartneſs of the Fire; yet he covered his *Father* with all his Embraces, and thô his *own* Eyes were almoſt burnt out, yet he covered *none* but his *Fathers* with his hand. Think not now, that I am aſtoniſhed or wonder *at this*; That he was able to carry ſo great a burthen throw the *midſt* of the roling Flames, and thrô the ruins, ready to fall about his ears. No, ſo hard a thing as it was, yet I will tell you what exceeds all human beleif, it ſeemed to him very eaſie. Bleſs me! What an *hardy* piece of *Piety* was here, to ruſh a *ſecond* time into the *Flames*, where he had almoſt loſt his *Father* before. Now there was no ſuch thing as a *Cloſet*, there was now no *Houſe* ſtanding, yet where was it not, that he thought not his *Mother* a burning? The *Poor Youths* Limbs were now all on Fire, the *Flames* had incloſed him as he ran up and down, all that ſort of ſtrength, which he had remaining, was to ſeek out his *Mother*, but with his *Eyes* only. This was not the *firſt* and cheifeſt damage by the Fire, to deſtroy his burning *Eyes*, his hands could not protect his ſcorch'd Face, but while they were ſearching for his *Mother*, his *Eyes* and all were burnt out. Yet again, the unhappy *poor* man gropes all over the *Fire*, and and where the greateſt cracks of the ruins were, thither the *Poor Gentleman* haſtned, in hopes to find her. *Which leading him out of the Fire*, he was the only man preſerved alive by means of his *Blindneſs*.

If you think fit, *My Lords*, let the *Accuſed* Perſon be ſet in *open* Court: We uſe to fetch much of our *Proof* from the *grim* and threatning

Fen. Looks of Priſoners. But ſee here, *My Lords*, *This* is the man, that, they ſay, ran up and down all night! This is that wary, and ſucceſsful *Parricide!* All his *Attendants* have left him in his diſtreſs, and he, that is now to implore your Favour and Mercy, hath no body to guide him to your Knee, not a *Servant* left, not an Houſe to put his head in; Speak, I beſeech you, all you that hear me, ſpeak, whether a man, in his circumſtances, *deſtroyed* his Father or *loſt* him? What muſt we do now, thou *unhappyeſt* of youths? We muſt fall a begging, yet we cannot crouch or bend, as a perfect ſupplicant ſhould do; ſo that, we fear, your favour and compaſſion may be withdrawn from us; yet 'tis a thouſand pitys that our poor *defendant* ſhould ſuffer under the diſadvantages of his woful plight. Come, take me by the hand, *Young man*, lean upon my wriſts, Il'e lend thee Eyes. Why do'ſt ſhrink back, *poor Youth?* Why ſo unwilling? I know, thou wilt not *beg* thy life, yet prithee ſtay, ſtay a while, be contented to live, at leaſt till thou art *Acquitted*. *As ready as thou art to dye*, tis fit thou add this Crowning *one* to the *reſt* of thy Vertues, to take thy *Abſolution* with thee before thou go hence.

Miles

Miles Marianus:

OR,

* A Soldier under *Marius.*

*The name of the Officer was C. Lucius; of the Soldier, Tribonius. See Plutarch *in the Life of* Marius.

DECLAMATION III.

The Argument.

A Soldier under Marius, *in the* Cimbrick *War, ſlew his Tribune (or Colonel,) a Kinſman of* Marius's, *for attempting to abuſe him by unnatural Luſt. He is tryed for his Life before the* General *for Killing his* Superior Officer.

For the *Soldier* againſt the *Colonel.*

OUR *Campe* was injur'd and diſgrac'd enough, when it came into the mind of my mad *Colonel*, in the very heat of the *Cimbrick* War, and that before our Enſigns (with reverence to your *Sacred* ears, be it ſpoken, *Mighty General*,) to bid one, that had a Sword by his ſide, to proſtitute himſelf, that ſo he might offer foul and beaſtly violence (to ſay no more) to one, that was able to repel his attempt. It carries with it a *Blot*, that will never be forgotten, and ſuch a new practice, when it comes to be known, will paſs into an *Example*, to which Vice doth too too eaſily advance. And thô our virtuous *defendant* ſhould eſcape *unpuniſhed*, yet in this degenerate Age, I verily believe, that *more* will be apt to imitate the *Commander* than the *Soldier*. *Noble General*, I grant, That nothing is more unbecoming an *Advocate*, than to bereave his *Client*, when tried for his life, of what mercy can be afforded him; yet when I call to mind *For* whom, and *Before* whom, I ſpeak, I hope I may boldly, and not inſecurely, profeſs, That your *Soldier* here ſtands fearleſs of the threatning Iſſue of this *days-Trial*, whatever it chance to be: For either you will acquit him, or *Innocent*, or condemn him to death, as a man of *Gallantry*. 'Tis no news for a man to be accuſed for his *Life*, who remembers that he was born under a *Law* of Mortality. Neither was he ignorant, when he firſt

firſt liſted himſelf a *Soldier* in this Feirce and Cruel War, that he muſt ſtill look *Death* in the Face: Nor is he ſuch a *Puny*, but that he can bear any *brunt*, provided it be not upon an *immoral* account: I dare be bold to ſay, *Great General*, he had never made ſuch reſiſtance againſt his *Colonel*, if he had attempted his *Life*, as he lately did, when he would have forc'd his *chaſtity*. Nor was he unmindful of what danger he ran into by repelling the foul embraces of this furious *debaucher*, with his Sword. 'Tis not praiſeworthy in a *Soldier*, eſpecially under ſo ſevere a *General* as your ſelf, if he be *chaſt* only becauſe it *concerns* him ſo to be; and if he were never ſo willing to live, yet he would not repent of what he hath don. When a *Soldier* kills a Foul *Raviſher*, if he be his Superior *Officer*, you make a great adoe concerning his *Puniſhment*; this I know aſſuredly, that if the *Soldier* had been the *Accuſed Party*, you would have made no bones of *his*. It will not repent him, *Caius Marius*, althô you *condemn* him, (give me leave to make as *valiant* a defence for the *Soldier*, as he did acquit himſelf.) If Providence will have it ſo, he will go to his *Execution* with a reſolute march, for he is as ready to dye for his *Chaſtity*, as to ſtave off the *Raviſher* by killing *him*; and thus he will carry along with him the Eternal Praiſe of a *Chaſt* Gallant. Come as many *Informers* as can be, yet they will never make your *Soldier* more agreived for being *Accuſed* for his Life, than for being *Aſſaulted*. Let not our mother-City *Rome*, let not our Military *Enſigns*, let not our all-conquering *Eagles*, let not your own Godlike *vertue*,

tue, *Noble General*, ever ſuffer, that even by your *Sentence*, a man of Worth, nay a *Roman*, and a *Soldier* to boot, be accounted *too* Chaſt, who is to plead his Cauſe in the Head of the Army. The chief thing now in debate, is, Whether it be lawful hereafter to *levy* Foul *Pathicks* amongſt the Bands of the *Roman* Legions, and drag Soldiers, who have taken a Solemn *Oath*, to unclean villany, by your Authority? Neither is the *Accuſer* aſhamed even before C. *Marius*, (who ſeems to be a *pattern* ſent down from *Heaven*, to ſhew, to what an high pitch *Valour* might advance a man) and before his *Aſſeſſors*, *Embaſſadors*, and *Commanders*, who wholly diſavow ſuch prodigious Facts, to object to a *Soldier*, before a whole *Court* of War, that he was a man of *courage*, and not ſo much rough-hewen and ruſtick, as that he is but little acquainted with *Arts* of Impurity. As for myſelf, if you will beleive me, I am almoſt aſham'd to praiſe Chaſtity in a *Soldier*; it is a Vertue proper to the *Female* Sexe. A man of courage is to be extolled *otherwiſe*, as that he is *fit* for the War, that he values not his *Fleſh*, that he is of a *noble* Spirit; and, if I may have leave to ſpeak, worthier of the *Two* to be the *Commander*; For of ſuch a Kinſman, *Marius*, you had no reaſon to be aſham'd.

This man's *Father* was a Soldier, diſcharg'd for Age, in the Wars when we worſted *Jugurtha*, bolſtred up with all the povver of *Numidia*: vvhen his hands vvere diſmiſs'd of *Arms*, he uſed them to Country-*Labour*: His *Mother* vvas a good ſturdy Old-faſhioned vvoman, pinched vvi[th] col[d]

ld, and tann'd vvith heat, and ſhared vvith
r *Husband* in much of his Country-day-labour:
his I dare ſay for her, no man living could have
ade bold vvith her *Chaſtity*, but he vvould a-
arrel'd for it. Being thus deſcended, he vvas
from any unchaſt Embraces; beſides, he paſs'd
Childhood in continual hardſhip, his firſt ex-
ciſe was to keep *Cattle* from being devoured
Wild-beaſts, ſomthing alvvays he did *above*
Age; his recreations vvere to hurle huge
eat Stones, to throvv the Bar, to beat Thick-
s for Game; and vvhen he grevv a little ſtrong-
, he vvent to Plough, and grub'd up Trees,
make Land fit for Arable; by this means
vvhich ſome think the *only* vvay) he vvas
ickly hardned for the Wars. Mean vvhile,
om the fartheſt parts of the *Ocean*, and from the
rgid Zone, and as it vvere from another World,
me a *Nation*, Fool-hardy, Savage, Wild, puffe
vvith Victories and like their ovvn Beaſts for
rength and Courage, and over-ran all *Italy*:
et they vvere raiſed not ſo much by their *own*
rovveſs, as by the debauchery and ſenſeleſnes
our Commanders; for *our* Party followed the
ices of *Peace*, even in a Time of *War*; we
ere nice and delicate, when our State was
iſerable, and by this means our *Feilds* were de-
late, our *Youth* exhauſted, and our *Empire* in
nger to be totally ruin'd: In ſuch circum-
ances 'tis very evident, the People of *Rome*
ad never more need of *Gallant* men to ward
f their deſtruction. Upon this, when it was
pparent, That the ſtrictneſs of *Military* diſci-
line was neglected and diſuſed, ſo that we muſt
ſtand

ſtand as much upon our *Guard*, to keep off our own *debauches* as the *Enemy*, we betook our ſelves to *you*, O *Marius*, whoſe Greatneſs, Sanctity, and Severity was our *only* refuge. Let me ſpeak freely, at the mentioning of your very *Name* Parents made haſte to ſend in their *Children* to get them liſted under you, and thô they knew it would be a very ſharp War, yet they embraced it as an Opportunity to learn the *Art* of Soldiery under *your* Conduct; where they might daily be ſhewed an Example of *God-like* Virtue and have you an *Encourager* of their toyle and a *Witneſs* too. Thô this was an happyneſs common to the whole Army, to have ſuch a renowned *General*, as *Marius*, yet thoſe ſeem'd to have attain'd an higher pitch thereof, who had the honour to be of that *Regiment*, whoſe *Colonel* (an high aggravation of the man's unworthyneſs) was your *Kinſman*. What care you uſed *Noble General*, to pick out choiſe Souldiers for your turn, that ſo you might cope with an Enemy, ſcarce thought conquerable by humane Power, with as brave a *Militia*, appears by this that you, knowing Valour does not go by *Eſtate*, overlook'd *that* conſideration, and reſpected only Strength and Courage. But to what purpoſe? Men will find fault with your *Muſter-roles* however; Thoſe that envy you, will ſay, that you lik'd only a *Boy* to go againſt the *Cimbrians*; And yet his military age did not deceive you, the ſureſt ſtandard of that, is an ability to do Valiantly. Neither was that a common Luſt, ſuch as takes fire from beauty to *wanton* and *venereous* efforts, no, 'tis rather a deſperate and de-

bauch'

uch'd desire of abuse, and a pleasure taken in
lany, to vitiate the spotless: This very thing,
at he ran formost before the *Ensigns*, that be-
but a *Tiro* he was more forward than the
erans, that he used to return *clotted* with Blood
d Dust, This, this, I say, was the reason, why
was so gallant a *Stripling*. Beauty and Age
e ordinary lures and incitements to *Lust*, but
Ganymede, that's Valiant, is one of a thousand.
hy should I speak any more of those Scars and
unds which he weares, as so many honou-
ble *Badges* of his *hot Service*? I am ashamed,
ble-General, you understand them so much
thout me. I pass by his offering him to be
e from *Duty*, when he found him not pliable
his will; and how the *Officer* treated the *Sol-*
more kindly (forsooth) and with greater
miliarity than the Laws of *Military discipline*
admit; how that he should be excused from
hardest service he was commanded forth up-
he oft valued himself to him on the accompt
his *Place*, and oft on the score of his near
ance to your self. I confess, *Caius Marius*,
s filthy *Ravisher* lived the longer, because the
cent Soldier did not understand his drift in these
olings. I dare say no more, *Great General*,
y conceive in your mind all the circumstan-
of that time, think upon them again and
ain: Perhaps in other Cases, it may be allow-
e to aggravate the *indignity* of a Fact by
s, but here we must not complain of our
ry in our Broad-Mother-Tongue. No, we
t be *shy* of speaking; we must stifle the
uth, in great part. I must play false, and

balk

baulk my *Client*'s Cauſe, if I have but *comm*
modeſty.

When our *Camp* was even joyning with a ter-
rible Enemies, and the whole War was juſt a
'twere come to an upſhot and puſh, all me
thoughts were ſolicitous about the *iſſue* of t
Fight juſt then beginning, the Shouts and Ba
barick noyſes ſtriking and hollowing in our ea
from *all* quarters. Would any one comma
a *Roman* Soldier, one that ſtood *Centinel*, to pu
ſtitute his Body to his Filthly *Luſt*? Every m
may think as he pleaſe, but in my opinion, th
Soldier is not chaſt enough, who, when
had *Arms* in his hand, did only ſay him, Na
For this part of the *Plea*, I could wiſh, N
General, you would beleive our *Accuſers*. The
own *Breviats* declare a matter, worthy of a m
who is a *Roman*, and *Marius*'s Soldier; and ther
in they have even drawn to the Life the *ſpa*
ling of his Eyes, the *ſtaring* of his Hair, and t
outragiouſneſs of his Paſſion; upon the very f
overture of his obſcene *reſolve*, as if he h
ſounded an *Alarum* againſt the Enemy, he dr
out the Sword he wore by his ſide, which
received from *you* for the defence of all ch
Roman Ladies, and ran it throw the *Heart* of t
abominable *Raviſher*, yea he ran it above a ſo
into his ſide. Ah! *Marius*, if *all* our Soldi
had been like *him*, we had been made for ev
For my part, I was afraid that he ſtood
his Guard, only to fright away the *Raviſ*
and (as it is ſometimes happens) whileſt
thinks he will retreat, and the *other* won't ſtri
ſuch a glorious Fact had been done only

Cha

hance-medly. For, I hope, you would not re-
uire this of the *Soldiers* hand, that when his
fficer, blinded with mad luſt, ran upon the *point* of
is Sword to make *ſure* his Embraces, he ſhould
en have *put it* up. For my part, I think, he
d ſcarce had the *Indignation*, that became him,
in ſo great an *aſſault*, he could take any no-
ce of his *Colonel*. He runs to no *Excuſe*; all
at he ſays, is, Thanks be to the Warlike *God*,
nd to the Protection of our *Eagles*, I did his
uiſineſs for him, I ſlew him, I let out his noxious
lood with my juſt hand; right or wrong, done
is. Would he had been capable of being kil-
d *often*, that ſo *renewed* puniſhment might have
rtured his foul Spirit. Our *Military* diſcipline
not ſevere enough in puniſhing offences as faſt
s they come, if after this Fact the *Tribune* ſhall
ave any advantage thereby. I ſhall not there-
re defend my *Client* by the denyal of the *Fact*:
man that is Valiant and Innocent muſt do no-
ing, which he means to deny. I deny not the
act, yea if my *Accuſers* had been ſilent, I would
ave told the tale my ſelf: Make your beſt of it.
et, as *Informers* uſe to do, tell *all*. For our
odeſt Soldier is leſs aſhamed to confeſs his *Fact*,
efore the *Sacred* Eares of his *General*, than to
omplain of his *abuſe*. Are we not ſufficiently
iſgraced already, that no enquiry is made ra-
her, what *honour* ſhould be beſtowed on ſo *brave*
man, and, that we may wiſh for ſomething
ear our merit, ſhall the Soldier, that hath done
o renowned a Feat, be rewarded only with
mpunity? No, let him be *Sentenced* too, and,
you think good, let him be put to death for

daring

daring to be chaſt; Aſſemble together, all ye *brave* Legions, bring your devout aſſiſtance from all parts; The *Law* of the Camp is thus, and the *Major* part of you would have *one* part Lawful, 'tother not. Upon my word, I can hold no longer but my greif muſt vent it ſelf on my *Accuſer*. Anſwer me, if you had been an *Officer*, would you have done thus? Or if you had been a *Soldier*, would you have endured the 'tother? Give us your opinions, *Gentlemen*, ſettle rules of *Martial* diſcipline. The *Soldier* is as good as kill'd by this reproach; now he is thus beſpattered with ſuch foul reflections, what ſhall he do more, but ſay, nay? Who would not account him as infamous a *Proſtitute* as any, if he had acted ſo, as to ſuffer himſelf to be attempted the *ſecond* time?

Oh! But you'l ſay, he ſhould only have denied his *Officer*, and put off his revenge to ſome other time. Yes forſooth, what ſhall he make his complaint, after the filthy *Tribune* hath had his will of him? He laid *violent* hands upon him, he drew him from his aſſigned *Poſt* and Station, to make him a beaſtly *Proſtitute*. I ask his *Accuſers*, pray, *Gentlemen*, what ſhall he do in *this* Caſe? Shall he indure thoſe luſtful hands, that treat him ſo *forely*? Shall he *lay down* his *Arms*, or *uſe* them in his own defence? He is a *ſtout* man, he hath Authority for what he doth, the *Law* of Arms commands it. You'l reply, 'Tis fit a *Soldier* ſhould obey his *Officer*, for hereby he may, in good time, hope for *preferment*, this merit may make him a *Centurion*, ſo as to march before the ranks, and have others fight under him. If this

be

be the *ſtate* of the Caſe, that a man may not plead in his own defence, ſpeak out, tell us aforehand if a *Raviſher* muſt not be repelled by force, he muſt even take what follows, for he cannot be kept off by an unarmed hand. Remember, our *Raviſher* came armed to him, and when he was held faſt in his *filthy* graſps, what, think ye, could he do for himſelf? Muſt he ſtand to conſider, or, pray, muſt he endure it, in hope, upon his complaint, to have *Juſtice* done him *afterward*? But let all *Villany* be blaſted in the attempt, for if the Luſt of the ſoul *debaucher* had proceeded as far as his *wiſh*, no leſs than *Two* had been undone for ever.

I ſhall therefore uſe freedom of ſpeech before you, *Noble General*, It concerns *You* moſt of all, what *Sentence* to paſs upon our *brave* Soldier. The truth is, nothing more can be added to his *renown*, ſave only to *dye* for ſo *glorious* a Fact. Gray-hair'd time, the only incorrupt Witneſs of Vertue, will admire *this* man, and *Fathers* will charge their *Children* to do the like, thô the puniſhment of *Death* were incurr'd thereby. Pray, *Sir*, conſider with your ſelf, what *Principle* would you have men judg you to be of? This *Example* cannot be concealed on neither ſide: 'Tis certain, that when a man makes a judgment upon it, he will think *that* beſt, which he *himſelf* would have done, in the *like* caſe. All men paſs thrô Childhood to Mans-Eſtate; and 'tis no thanks to forſake *Luſt*, when *Luſt* forſakes us. Reflect, *Sir*, upon your own *Riſe*, and call to honeſt remembrance your former *mean Eſtate*, and your preſent *Greatneſs*: Without doubt it

was nothing, but your divine Valour that advanc'd you to ſo many *Conſulſhips*, and to ſo many *Triumphs*, either born *by* you, or deſign'd *for* you. Remember alſo, that even *you your ſelf* once ſerv'd under your *Officer*, nor could you ever have arrived at this height of dignity in ſo ſhort a ſpace, unleſs you had begun betimes. Muſt I not now tell you, that the *Romans* had always a great regard to *Chaſtity*? Shall I mind you of the Story of *Lucretia*, who ran a Sword into her own bowels, and took *Vengeance* on her ſelf, thô the Act was *forc'd*? That her *chaſt* Soul might ſoon be ſevered from her *defiled* Body, ſhe ſlew *her ſelf*, becauſe ſhe could not kill her *Raviſher*. Now if you approve what the *Soldier* hath done, 'tis needleſs to add the Story of *Virginius*, who ſecured the *Virginity* of his *Daughter*, when he could do't no otherwiſe, even by her *Death*, and ran the next Sword, he could catch up, into her Body, and ſhe alſo gladly received the wound. His *deſign* was only to deliver her from *Appius*, but the People of *Rome* went further, and proſecuted him with an Excluſion from the *Senate*, yea, ventring almoſt a *Civil* War upon it, they Order'd him to be caſt into Priſon: Neither did any thing move the Indignation of the *Commons* more than this, that he attempted to diſhonor a *Soldiers* Daughter. Theſe are eminent Examples of *Women*, and worthy always to be remembred. As for *Men*, pray, what *Chaſtity* have they unleſs it be, not to *attaque* another.

'Tis

'Tis bootleſs for me to complain in this *degenerate Age*, (for whoſe ears are open to hear me?) How *Nature* it ſelf is overborn by *obſcene* Luſts, and polluted *Males* ſupply the place of *Females*, ſo that *Luſt* runs mad even upon its *own* Sexe. But vice it ſelf (we ſee) puts ſome *ſtint* to its own progreſs, and his villany could proceed no further, when he had debauched ſo likely and hopeful a *Youth*. Now what a mad buſineſs is this? Young Soldiers are liſted for *Concubinate*, and he, who is himſelf perhaps a *Married man*, is called forth to act the part of a *Woman*. For my part, I rejoyce in behalf of our *Martial diſcipline*, I rejoyce, I ſay, in the reputation of our *Camp*, if this were the *Firſt* Cuſtomer, that a *Tribune*, of his humour, met withal. Is it ſo indeed, (for I chuſe to inveigh againſt his Fury, as if he were alive before us,) muſt thy *Proſtitutes* take pay as *Soldiers*, and muſt Wanton *Gameſters* be haled under thy Colours? Was it for this that Harlots were caſhiered our Army, and that no naughty Huſwife muſt come there? 'Tis juſt ſo, for what need of *Females*, as long as thou canſt attaque a *Soldier*, (i) one more than a *man*, yea and one too, that was juſt ready to *charge* the Enemy, whom his *Country* had truſted with her *ſafety* by reaſon of his *ſpecial* Valour. Perhaps it was for this, that wherever an *Alarum* was given, thou didſt walk the *Rounds*, and Viſit the *Corps du Guard*. Ah, you would have made a goodly *Colonel*, if none but *Young Gentlemen* had been under you. Is not this *down-right* fury? Is it not *apparent* madneſs? Here's a man, with a Sword by his ſide, fenc'd

with an Iron *Coat of Male*, his Head lock'd in an *Habergeon*, and, to ſtrike a greater terror, his Creſt waving up and down; thou ſeeſt *Marius* his name engraven in his *Buckler*; in a word, a *Soldier* all over, armed in Martial habit *Cap a pee*. Do's this *Dreſs* make him look like a *Proſtitute*? Do you think ſuch a one is for your turn? If you offer violence to him, what can you expect thereupon? Shall he remember you to be his *Captain*, when you don't remember him to be your *Soldier*? For we have time, I wis, to be wanton; we have nothing elſe to do, when all things go ſo well, according to hearts deſire, and our *Common-wealth* is ſo little concerned, that it may eaſily be reſtored, if our *Soldiers* be but *Civil*. At this juncture our buſineſs is, not ſo much to enlarge our *Empire*, nor to reduce more Outlandiſh *Provinces*, (as of late we did) we are diſputing now for *Italy*, our *Native Country*, we ſtand up for our *Religion* and *Liberty*; whether we ſhall be deſtroyed by Fire or by Sword; whether a Barbarous Enemy ſhall cut us off *root* and *branch*; whether we ſhall change our *Italian* Dialect for *Cimbrick* Gibbriſh. All our *Lives* and *Safeties* are at ſtake, (for we can ſuffer nothing elſe, no not from an Enemy.) An incredible multitude of People is fallen down upon *Italy*, ſo numerous, that even their own vaſt Land could not maintain them; Their bodies are of a *monſtrous* bigneſs, and their humours Savage, even in the accompt of the very *Germans*. The fields are covered far and near with the multitude of our *Slaughtered* Bodies. Thoſe, who were diſcomfited under *Carbo*

Iron.

and

and *Sylla*, compared with us, are in an *happy* condition. *Scaurus* is fallen, having loſt his Army before; *Servilius* and *Manlius*, each of their *Armys* conſiſting of ſo many *Legions*, have been loſt. A People, that had over-run the greateſt part of the World in Triumph and Victory, is now at laſt ſtopp'd by *Marius* alone. Pray, let me put a *Queſtion* to you, *Great Sir*, in this State of Affairs, which had you rather, ſuch *Soldiers*, or ſuch *Officers*? In ſuch a hurry of War, you would ſcarce give leave even to Lawful *Dalliances*; For the *higher* a man is advanc'd in Honor, his *Example* is the more conſpicuous to all that behold him. When ſome lye *Perdue* in their Arms, others ſecure *Avenues* and *Paſſages*, and ſome *Man* the Works, ſcarce eating their meat but on their ſheilds, and that ſtanding too, what! ſhall a *Commander* mean while tumble with his Whores? Is this all the *watch* he keeps? Can he not forbear, and put on a Guiſe of *Temperance* for ſo little a while, for fear his *Soldiers* ſhould ſcent his Pranks? Beſides, if the *Tribune* were yet alive, and this *Fact* came before you, *Noble General*, with your whole *Army* about you, how would you determine, that they might not think it an *Abuſe* of a *ſingle* Soldier only, but even of the *whole diſcipline* of War? What *Sentence* would you paſs? 'Tis a Courteſie done to you, O *Marius*, 'tis a Courteſie, you are now *Excuſed* from paſſing the *Sentence* of *Death* upon your *Kinſman*.

For, *Sir*, if we reaſon right, the whole *Empire* of *Rome* to this day ſtands by *Martial* diſcipline. Our Soldiery is not *more* numerous than

That of *other* Nations, nor are *our* Bodies hardier than *those* of the *Cimbrians*, we talk of; There are diverſe Countries richer than *Ours*, and many *Barbarick* People can look Death in the Face more ſternly, than *We*, becauſe they have not ſuch *Temptations* to deſire Life: 'Tis only the ſeverity of our *Orders*, the managery of our *Militia*, a Love of *hardſhips*, and a daily Practice of War by continual Exerciſe, that makes us *Maſters*. We overcome more by our *Demeanor*, than by *main Strength*: 'Tis reckoned an Irreligious thing amongſt us, if we take any *Female* Priſoners, to offer violence to them, and ther's no ſuch thing as *Abuſe*, no not to an *Enemy*. I grant, *Sir*, that theſe Regulations have been intermitted by the debauchery of your *Proud Nobles*, but they are again revived in *your* Conduct. Beleive it, *My Lord*, the *Gods* themſelves tender and direct your *Greatneſs* in this, that, as an acceſſion to your *other* praiſes, they have offered you a *New* occaſion to paſs ſo juſt a *Sentence*. If you acquit your *Soldier*, for acting ſo *Valiantly*, the Example is wholly *yours*; unleſs perhaps, you think I *check* at this, that he was a *Tribune*; upon my word he was ſo much the worſe for that, and worthier to die more than a *ſingle* death. For this is the Caſe of *Superiors*, what they do ſeems a *Command*, and the *Greater* the *Author* in a bad matter, the more *pernicious* his *Example*. Who ſhall now reſtrain the *Soldiery*? Who ſhall give out ſtrict *Precepts* for Camp-diſcipline? When you, *My Lord*, are taken up with greater cares, I ask, who ſhall execute the *Law* upon faulty *Soldiers*? Who ſhall Chaſtiſe and Puniſh the

the Offences of a *Commander*? To whom can I fly for refuge? To whom can I complain? You see, at last, there is a neceſſity laid upon us, we muſt avenge our ſelves. Oh, but he was a *Commander*, and (ſay I) ſo was this a *Soldier*. A *Commander*, you ſay, you mean ſuch a one, that the Law enjoyns a *Soldier* to obey; one that has *Authority* not only over *Common-Soldiers* but *Captains* too, and ſhares a part with the *Commander in Cheif*. I warrant, you think, the *Soldier* had done ſomething againſt the *Law* of *Arms*, if he had only ſaid his *Tribune*, Nay. Poor *Iron.* *Novice*, he did not know, what ſuch *Great Commanders* could do? He was not acquainted with the *Privilege* of their *Places*. Give me leave, *Noble Marius*, if a ſhameleſs beaſtly *Soldier* ſhould have been brought before you, would you have endured him to have ſaid, *My Colonel Commanded me*? But if the Fault be equal on *both* ſides, yet this Crime doth not misbecom your *Soldier*. 'Twas a *Commander* that offered the Abuſe.

I ſeem to be tranſported, *Noble General*, and to forget my *weak Parts*, that, being ſcarce able to defend *one*, go about to plead for a *whole* Army. Imagine, All theſe *Legions*, that ſtand about you, the *Flower* of *Italy*, the *Choice* of our Countrymen and Allys, do cry out with one voyce before your *Tribunal*, *We neither can nor will ſubmit to the unclean Abuſe of a Tribune*. Not a man of us refuſes the Toyle of *hard marching*; we'l carry our *ſnapſacks* or any other heavy *luggage* upon our Armour, with all our hearts; we are willing to abide the parching heat of *Summer*, and the pinching cold of *Winter*, under

our *Leathern* Jackets. Weary, as we many times are, we'l ſcale *Trenches*, we'l lye *Perdue* at *Walls* and *Works*, we'l *fall on* Valiantly in the hoteſt skirmiſhes; As for our *Wounds*, we'l count them our *Honour*, and we'l embrace *Death* it ſelf before an ignominious *Abuſe*. What we ſuffer in *Fight*, is noble. Let our *Tribune* command us the cruelleſt marches, where the Enemy's to be beaten back, thô he have the advantage of an Hill, and where we are to ſcout thrô Woods that the Enemy hath poſſeſſed before us; In a word, let him lay it on upon our backs, let him inure us to the *Patience* of *Slaves*; even a *Slave* hath ſome *Exemption* from a *Bawd* and *Pandar*, nor can you ſell your *Captives*, but upon ſuch conditions. If we are under a *Command* only to be obſcene, if we take up Arms, and yet may not repreſs the *Abuſe* of a Foul *Aggreſſor*, let's deliver up our *Quarters*, and let the *Cimbrian* ſtop the *Tribunes* Fury. The *Germans* themſelves are unacquainted with ſuch wickedneſs, and there's more Religion and Conſcience, even amongſt the *Laplanders*. What will the end be, *My Lord*, if a *Soldier* muſt be *Conquered*, before his *Chaſtity* can be ſecured? Doth not your *Excellency* remember what a great Sedition aroſe heretofore amongſt the People of *Rome*, when a *Slave* ruſhed out of a *Uſurers* Houſe with his Back all torn with ſtripes, and in his complaint told the People, he bore thoſe *marks* of puniſhment, becauſe he would not ſuffer himſelf to be *unnaturally* abuſed? Yet he, thô he was ſo vile as to attempt ſo *foul* a Villany on a *Bondman*, one almoſt a *Slave* and ſcarce *Free*, was ſomewhat

mindful

mindful of the *Roman* ſanctity in not aſſaulting any, but one that had his hands bound. Yet the Revenge of the People of *Rome* proceeded ſo far, that, thô War was at the door, yet none of them would be *Liſted*, till ſatisfaction were given by the *puniſhment* of that corrupt *Aggreſſor*, and the *Abrogation* of a *Law*. They refuſed to ſerve, thô he was no *Soldier*, who received the Abuſe. What ſhould I ſpeak of *Fabius Eburnus*, who put his *own* Son to death, when, upon a private Examination of his *Cauſe*, he found him *Guilty* of Uncleanneſs? So that now, *Brave Comrade*, whatever the iſſue be, thô the *General* perhaps may condemn thee to dye, 'tis better ſtill, than to be diſpatch'd by thy *own* Father.

But, (ſay you) he was *Marius*'s Kinſman. Now, you goe to tamper with the *Judge*, and to hang the motive of *Kindneſs to his Kindred* upon his mind, that is otherwiſe unbiaſſed. You ſay, he was your *Kinſman*. 'Tis fit, that every Body in the World ſhould hear your *Sentence*, if you give it for your near Kinſman. For if, as a *Judge*, you allow your ſelf to do any thing partially for your own ends, think with your ſelf, what *Envy* this will raiſe upon you, amongſt thoſe who already *carp* at your Merit, when you ſhall ſeem to adjudge the *Raviſher* of a *Soldier*, *Innocent*; or ſhall vindicate your own *Kinſman*, as long as he is *Nocent*. This is not the firſt time, *My Lord*, that baſe *Envy* ſeeks an advantage to ſnarle at your *Exellencys* illuſtrious Vertue; and the *Nobility*, who are naturally averſe to all that are *raiſed* on a ſudden, thô

at

at prefent they are huſht and quell'd, as being overborn by your deſerved praiſe, yet peepe narrowly for an opportunity of *Fault-finding*. And if I underſtand the nature of *Envy*, they will alſo caſt this in your teeth, that 'twas your own *Kinſman*, forſooth, that was found *tardy*. And therefore a neceſſity is laid upon you, *to* abdicate and renounce that *Blood*, which is none of your own. For certain, you can do no leſs than revenge the *Villany* on him, who, among thoſe that *malign* you, will ſeem to have acted it by your *Connivance* or *Permiſſion*. For ſhould not he, if ever he called to mind he was your *Kinſman*, have ſtriven with might and main to have *Copyed* out all your Vertues, of which your *Fortune* is the Loweſt, eſpecially having the advantage to be ſo near in view of *Them* and *You*? Should he not have made this *return* for the *happyneſs* of being your *near Kinſman*? I am ſure, your *Soldiers* imitate you better. If the *Tribune* ſhould have ſcaped with his life after his *foul reſolve*, *Envy* muſt needs have twitted *him* too with this, that 'twas no other than *Marius*'s *Kinſman* had plaid ſuch a filthy prank, and that a naughty *Cyons* ſhot out from ſo Virtuous a *ſtock*. But when any *Family* is well rid of ſuch an *Infamy*, what boot is it every foot to be objecting it to *Marius*? It had been very well, if our *General* had never had any ſuch *Kinſman* at all, and 'tis as well, that he parted with *him* ſo willingly.

May it pleaſe your *Excellency*, I have now done with my *Plea*, as well as my *mediocrity* was able to manage it, The *Commendatory Part* is yet

yet behind, but that is utterly needleſs before ſuch a *Sanctity* as *yours*. For what need I fear, That *meanneſs* ſhould be prejudicial to a *Defendant*, before *you*, who look upon *diſrobed* and *naked* Virtue, as acceptable of it ſelf, and who counts this the *greateſt* Glory for a man to raiſe his own Fortune? I commend to you the ſtate of a *Private Soldier*, that you may *glance* upon him from an high, as one wiſhing to grow *Great* by your own *method*. Hitherto perhaps *Nobility* bore the greateſt ſway, but you have improved that *Noble Eſtate*, which challengeth ſuch a long train of *Anceſtry*. You could not expect, that a *Youth*, of his years, ſhould have done more *bravely*. Yet when I have ſet before you ſo *Gallant* a man, one ſo fit to *ſerve* under you, and worthy of all the *Preferment*, that attends your Service, ſtill I offer to your further conſideration, that, for ought I know, he is a *General in poſſe*. I know you don't expect this from him, that at the *Cloſe* of my *Plea*, he ſhould come and fall upon his *Knees*, and beg his life with *pitious* mone, and *all-humble* ſupplications. You do not expect to be *Entreated* by the *Innocent*, nor has a *Valiant* man (as ſuch) any need of *Acquittal*. All that he deſires is this, that if you *demur* on his *Caſe*, you would reſpit the matter to the *next* Battel. There put him in the *Fore-Front*, place him, I ſay, not among the *Pumys*, but (let me ſpeak a *proud* word) even before the *Standard*, where moſt danger is, and where the greateſt throng of the Enemy preſſes the foreſt: Do but look *then and there* how he behaves himſelf; now, I dare be bold to

ſay,

ſay, you will have leſs kindneſs for the *Tribune*. Nay, pray, let him *Charge*, let him *Grapple* with the Enemy hand to hand. If your *Soldier* muſt needs be ſlain, I beg of your *Excellency*, that you would be the better for his Death.

Mathe

Mathematicus:

OR,

The Aſtrologer.

DECLAMATION IV.

The Argument of this Declamation is a *CASE* grounded on a double *LAW.*

LAW the Firſt, *A man, that had done good Service for his Country in the War, might chuſe what reward, he pleaſed.* LAW the Second, *He that intended Self-Murther, was firſt to render a Reaſon of his Reſolve in open Senate, or elſe*

elſe his Body was to be thrown out, without Burial. The CASE. A certain Man went to an *Aſtrologer*, to know, What manner of *Perſon*, his *Wife* (then *big* with Child) went with. His *Anſwer* was, That *He* ſhould be a *Valiant* man *Firſt*, and afterwards a *Parricide*. It hapned, when the *Youth* was grown up, he fought *bravely* for his Country; But upon his return from the *WAR*, he gives *Reaſons* in *Court*, why he intended to make himſelf away; His *Father* appears againſt it.

For

For the Son *againſt the* Father.

NOble *Patricians*, I am plac'd in the *midſt* of *Two* ſuch ſad *Extremes*, that I am neither worthy of *Death*, unleſs you judge me a *Parricide*; nor of *Burial*, unleſs you think me *Innocent*. Being thus intangled and held faſt in the *mockery* of ſo miſerable a *Dilemma*, I ſue for your *Hatred*, as the greateſt *Favour* you can do me; and I beſeech you, above all thoſe particular events, which the ſucceſſion of *Truth*, predicted concerning me, hath evidenc'd and declar'd, you would beleive, I now bring ſufficient *Credentials* of the Calamities, that over-preſs me. 'Tis by reaſon of *Parricide*, that I would kill my ſelf; but *Fate*, it ſeems, ſteps in, and ſays, *I muſt not*. 'Tis not the *Aſtrologer* alone, hath told the *World* and the *Age* to come, that theſe *my* hands ſhall *Murther* my own *Father*, my own *mind* miſgives me the ſame. I carry an *Heart* about me, that preſages more dire miſcheifs, than the *Reſponſe* of that *Sacred Artiſt*. Like an *unhappy* man, I have nothing in my thoughts, but what is a *terrour* to me: Yea, That *Villany*, which the *Piety* of my *Father* and the *Innocency* of all my other *Relations* preſume againſt, *That*, I ſay, do I feele, groan under, and cannot deny.

Yet

Yet, leſt any ſhould think me to lie under a great *miſtake* of judgment, be pleaſed to hear my *Reaſon*, why I cannot doubt in the leaſt of my *hard Fate*. He that is *Born* to commit a *Parricide*, believes he ſhall do it, yet he is not afraid to prevent it, by diſpatching himſelf. In the firſt place, then I beg this *Boon* of your *Publick Wiſdoms*, that you would not be contented with this, as the *Sum* or *All* of my *Innocency*, that I would fain make myſelf away. Tho' I ſeem to contend with *Art*, to maſter *Neceſſity* it ſelf, and to baffle *Fate*, I would not have you therefore think, that I may be ſafely truſted with my *Life*. Tho' I am willing to Dye to *prevent* it, yet, I cannot ſay, but I ſhould *commit* it: Nay, (if you will believe me) that which you call *Conſtancy* is but *Infirmity*; the reaſon I flie to this laſt refuge, is, becauſe I know my own *Heart* too well. The *intire* deliverance of my diſcourag'd Mind is yet *in* my power, but *Death* it ſelf will ſhortly be *out* of it. I beſeech you, *Noble Senators*, hope no better from my miſerable *Piety* I, that am willing to Dye, that I may not commit a *Parricide*, don't ſee but I *muſt* commit it, if I be ſuffered to live.

As for my *Father*, who would have me live againſt my Will, I don't wonder at *him*, becauſe he's ſtill over-joy'd at the acquiſt of my *Martial Glory*, which is yet *freſh* before him, his *Eyes* and his *Mind* are wholly intent on my *brave* Atchievments, ſo that he cannot ſee the *Parricide* through the *Champion*.

This is the Ground, why he would *ſave* me, tho' I am predeſtin'd and ordain'd to ſuch miſchief, and when he has done thus much for me,

as

as to bring me up, when my Virtues were *yet* dubious, future, and preſumptive, now he would do more for my *actual* gallantry, that I ſhould not Dye. And, becauſe I may ſeem to put an end to my Life, for the *Piety* and *Reverence* I bear to *Him*, he charges *himſelf* with the *Parricide*; and in the loſs of his *Children*, which he thinks he is the *Author* of, he regards not ſo much my *ſafe deliverance*, as his own *natural affection*. *A Son*, that deſires to Dye, that he may be no *Parricide*, thinks he cannot otherwiſe be *rewarded*, than to let him Dye. There was reaſon, *great* reaſon, why his ſad *Thoughts*, and foreboding *Fears* ſhould ſend the *Poor Old Man* to the *Fortune-Teller*. 'Twas *my Fate*, that I ſhould be declared a *valiant Man* firſt, and then a *Parricide*: Whether it were, that the extraordinary fruitfulneſs of his *Poor Wife* did diſturb his Nights-reſt by troubleſome Jogs; or, whether the *Old Man's* careful Nights and direful Sleeps, cauſed by ſad and diſmal *Apparitions*, ſent him to the *Cunning-man*, the very *Chief* of that myſterious *Art*. Go he did, and to *Him* he carried not hopes or greedy deſire, but *ſighs*, *fears*, *pale looks*, *conſtant preſages* of ſome diſmal miſchief or other to enſue: What can you call this, *Worthy Senators*, but the firſt inſuperable neceſſity of a *Fatal* Inſtinct? He was driven to enquire of the *Aſtrologer* concerning his *Wifes* Iſſue, and when he had ſo done, he did not believe the *Oracle*.

Let me tell you, *my Lords*, of what Authority the *Aſtrologer* was, whom my *Father*, in his *great* Fear, thought fit to conſult. He was a Man, I ſpeak what I know, that by many good *Proofs*

and *Experiments* had merited, that People, in their *Cares* and *Fears*, ſhould flye to him as to the *Oracle* of the *Gods*, and a *Breaſt* full of *Divine* Spirit: 'Twas ſaid, that he inſpected the Nature of the *whole* Heaven, digeſted and ranged the *Conſtellations* into their *Number* of Stars reſpectively, and was amazed at the Proſpect of his *Fate*, as to both *Publick* and *Private* concerns: With ſuch an heap of *good* and *bad* Events, *he* was frighted more than the *Quærent* himſelf, and 'twas long before he could put down in Writing, what he ſaw in the *Scheme*. But ſee, what a venerable *Old Man* this was, and worthy to whom the *Fates* ſhould reveal their *Secrets*. When the *Child*, he was conſulted about, had many joyful *Omens* for his young and tender Years, he was not content to foretel the *beſt* only, but (which is an undeniable Evidence of his *veracity*) he told *All* that the *Figure* held forth, and declared openly, that he ſhould firſt be a brave *Warrior*, and *then* a *Parricide*. What a *daring* anſwer was that? When he was to preſage the *higheſt Villany*, he told us we ſhould believe him in *that*, as far as his *other* preſages had ſhould good *before*. For you may be ſure, his *Father* would never have been at the charge of bringing him up, if the *Aſtrologer* had told him the melancholy part *only*, and had not ſaid, his Lot ſhould be *firſt* Victorious. Neither did the *Aſtrologer's* Judgment fail him a Jot, no, not in any *one* Circumſtance; he ſaid, ſhe ſhould have but *One*, and that a *Male*, and that he ſhould live to be a notable robuſt *Youth*, all true to a Title. Beſides, his Anſwer did as well hit even foreign Circumſtances, as that there would be a *War*, a potent

potent *Enemy*, and an *Army* levy'd to be kept on Foot, till he was able to make no mean *Figure* in it. And my *Father* was ſo far from being deterr'd by the *Prediction* of his own danger, that *he* himſelf, *he*, I ſay, (ſuch is the inevitable force of *Fate*) girt on my *Arms*, and equipp'd me for the *Battel*, with his *own* Hands, as if now he were aſſured of the *Aſtrologers* Truth. No man need wonder, that he did not ſleight the *Reſponſe*, while he was in hopes, I ſhould do bravely: And now, he will not have me Dye, tho' there's nothing left for me to do, but to Murther *Him*. O Death, who art commendable in the *Brave*, deſireable by the *Wretched*, and no back-Friend even to the *Happy*! How often have I *courted* thee, how often have I deſired to meet thee in *Battel*? I call Heaven to Witneſs, I put my Life in my Hands, not in Oſtentation of my own ſtrength, nor for a Puff of vain-glory, but that my low eſteem of my ſelf might put me upon ſome brave Service for my *Country*, whereby I might ſpend my *forlorne* Life, and my *predeſtin'd* and *reprobated* Perſon for the *Publick Good*. There, alas, I firſt learnt, how many things we did in *Ignorance*, and how many things we did againſt our *Wills*. Deſperate *Combatant*, as I was, I ruſh'd into the *thickeſt* of the *Enemys Troopes*, and ſo their Army divided, and let me come. By my ſelf alone, I ran where the *hotteſt* Service was, and not a Man was able to beat me back: I laid bare my Skin for the adverſe Blows, my Breaſt was open to receive *dint* of ſword or dart, aim'd at me from *all* Quarters, and yet the Weapons fell down by me, without any Execution. Oh *miſerable* I, in the event of my *fruſtrated* hopes!

I came *bravely* off, even when I ſought to be ſlain. Away, all ye that come to gratulate me; be gone, ye that think to commend me, I am not going from *Temple* to *Temple*, I give no thanks to the *Deity*, no, I am come home for no other purpoſe, but to prove my ſelf a *Parricide*. You know, how my poor Conſcience was caſt down thereupon with ſhame and confuſion: I had not the *Heart* to come back to my *Father* with my *Armour* on; believe me, I was afraid, when he ran out to meet me, leſt while he kiſs'd and embrac'd me, he might run *unawares* upon the *Conquering* Sword, in my Hand.

Amongſt other *Acclamations* of the *Army*, when they brought me back, what was the *Vogue* of the *People* round about me? even *this*, *Oh brave and happy Youth*, (ſaid they *all*) *provided he Dy'd immediately*. Let Heaven and Earth aſſiſt me, whilſt I earneſtly deſire, whilſt I long, to Dye: Take ſome pity on me, don't *cool* my eagerneſs to part with my Life, with an unſeaſonable delay. I teſtify and proclaim to all the World, I ſtand upon the very laſt precipice of my *Fate*, I am afraid I am not far from Murthering my *Father*, according to *Prediction*, when I am ſo willing, even to Dye, to prevent it: Dear *Father*, why do you ſtill detain me? why d'e ſtop me, that am haſtning away? 'Tad been better, I had been ſtifled in my Mothers Womb, or elſe that I had been ſpeedily diſpatched, before my impure breath had polluted my *Native* Air and Soil. Grant, it was my *Father's* Love to his Country, that drown'd and overcame his *private Fears*; grant, he gave ſuch a *Villain* as my ſelf Education, in proſpect of ſome

Service

Service I was to do for the *Commonwealth*, yet *now* all's done and ended, that induc'd him to be at charge to bring me up; there is now but one *Point* of my *Fate* behind, and that's the laſt *Villanous Fact* I am to do. What d'e mean? 'Tis in vain to comfort me with your patient reſolution and conſtancy; I ſay, *your* Caſe and *mine* are not the ſame; you are in danger to be *Murthered*, and I am in danger, will I nill I, to *Murther* even my *own Father*.

This then is the firſt *Excuſe* I make to you, *Noble Senators*, for craving my *Reward*, hitherto let me be look'd upon only as a *Valiant Man*, let me inſiſt only on *that branch* of the *ſacred Law*, to make it a *Plea* for my *deſtin'd End*. Do you think, I will mention the ſolemn *Formulary* of my Wiſh, *That high deſerts are not to be rewarded with a ſtrict equality, or juſt ſo much?* No, he that hath done *bravely* is to be requited as *bountifully*, as the *large* Promiſes that ſet him a Work. My *Country* was never leſs able to make amends to any Man than my *Self*. I did that for *Her*, that I am bound to Dye *preſently* after. But, pray, take no care, I will never ask the *top-reward* the *Law* allows, that infinite, that boundleſs, Priviledge, indulg'd by *Law* in the Caſe, thô I may deſire it, yet I confine it to my *naked Self*. Titles, Statues, Dignities, reſerve them for thoſe that muſt live: Grant me only my *Father's* ſafety, my *own* Innocency, and a *good Name* after I am gone. Therefore I pray deny me not this *Reward*, for then it may be thought, that you hated my *Valiant Acts* too. My choice is *clearly* out of the reach of *Envy*, ſeeing I require only *that*, which I might have

obtained, before I behav'd my ſelf ſo *bravely*. That I give you an account of my *Choice* by the by, let no man think, that I am leſs confident of my *Reward*, or of the *Cauſes* thereof, becauſe I have made my Petition on both accounts. Pardon one, that longs to go out of the World, if I have annexed *Two* Petitions together, when *One* would ſerve. Nay further, I beſeech you, if there be any other *Law* extant, that can help a Man forward to his deſired end, acquaint me with it, let me have the benefit thereof. In giving me Liberty to kill my ſelf, let me Dye for my *Reaſon's* ſake, let me be Buryed for my *Guerdon's* ſake.

I am ſenſible, *my Lords*, this is the firſt *Boon* I am to deſire of the *Publick Commiſeration*, that you would not think me loth to Dye, becauſe I urge ſo many things about the *Ground* of my *Reſolve*, and becauſe I *Petition* for that *from* you, which my own hands can grant *without* you. I confeſs, I have deſerved ſuch *ſiniſter* Interpretations; that I might Dye as a Man of *Valour*, when I came home, I threw away my Arms, I acquir'd the *Peoples* favour, I receiv'd the Applauſe of the Town. But whether it be the great eſteem we have for a *decent Interment*, it being a pitiful weakneſs incident to *all* Men, to fear ſomething *after*, thô they do fear *Death*; or whether he, that deſired to Dye to clear his *Innocency*, muſt do it with a compos'd and undiſturb'd Spirit, upon one or 'tother of theſe accompts, pardon, I beſeech you, my *lothneſs* for a while, pardon my *Patience*, and my *Delay*. If I had made my ſelf away *immediately*, I muſt have Dyed as a plain *Parricide*.

I hope,

I hope, *Worthy Senators*, my *Fathers* appearing againſt me will not *defeat* me of my reward, ſometimes there ought to be that *Eſteem* for *high merits*, that they may ſeem to diſpenſe with *Obedience* to *Parents*; ſo that either our applauded Virtue doth ballance and counterpoiſe the moment of a *Fathers* Authority; or elſe we begin to renew our *Obedience*, when we have enjoy'd our Choice. Let not then my *Father's* gain-ſaying my deſign, move you. You never met with any Body yet, that had a mind to Dye, but *one* or *other* was againſt it. If a Man have no *dear Relations*, yet he will be ſtopt from ſuch an *Act*, by the *fear* of thoſe that hear of his *Reſolve*, or by their comfortable and prompt *Exhortations* to the contrary: But for *Parents*, indeed all their *care* is, to make much of their *Children*, and to be timorous of their *Death*. If we be ta'ne from them never ſo juſtly, yet *they* cannot bear it; if we ſuffer Death for heinous *Crimes*, yet *they* ſtill count us innocent and worthy of Commiſeration. But in my Caſe, *Noble Senators*, my *particular Duty* and *Reverence* adds to the *impatience* of my *Good Old Father*. 'Tis impoſſible for a *Son* to perſwade his *Father* to let him Dye, if he ſeem to kill himſelf for his *Father's* ſake.

Thus far of the *Laws*, and of the *Merits* of my *Proweſs*, I come now to the mere *Fatal part*. I am *reſolv'd* I ſay, I am, *reſolv'd*, to Dye for the Cauſes before alledged. You may know, what I *mean* by this my *Reſolve*, thô I cannot *ſpeak* it out. Conſider, I pray, what hath brought me on thus far, here begins my Reſolution. Imagin, that one of the *vulgar* deſire the *Reward*, I do? It *ought*

not to be denied him, if he hath *juſt* Ground for his demand, and it *cannot* be denyed, if he hath not. You cannot but fear, leſt a Man's inconſtancy ſhould puſh him on to this *raſhly*, and without any Ground; and 'tis credible, that *Life* can ſpeak for it ſelf, as much as can poſſibly be urg'd before any *Court*. I cannot abide your *Gratulations*, keep your *Complements* to your ſelves, how long will it be, that you'l think me unwilling to Dye? This is the firſt *great* thing, that *Nature* hath deviſed for Man's ſafety, that we Dye againſt our Wills; and againſt ſo many croſs Accidents ſhe relieves us with a *Patience* well-poized. Hence it is, that even in the midſt of *torments* and *deſpair*, yet men entertain a *poor* deſire of prolonging Life. Do you think, I am not concern'd at all, that I am but in the *Flower* of my Age? That I have *newly* begun to taſt the pleaſures of Life, and the enjoyments of this World? Oh, how am I taken, when I call to mind, that I was brought back from the *Field* upon Men's Shoulders, and *Who but I* was the *Theme* and *Diſcourſe* of the Town? Believe me, as oft as I reflect upon theſe *Wounds* of mine, and upon my *Arms* dropping with the *Blood* of the Enemy, I raiſe my mind above the *Tyes* of *Neceſſity*, I place my ſelf ſuperiour even to *Fate*. But alas! all theſe things are now *vaniſh'd* and gone, they are *all* ſurmounted and yield to the *more honeſt* Motive of taking revenge on my ſelf. What *Obligation* have I to be concerned any further for this *Body* of mine, that even my *Eyes* loath to look upon? And with which my haſty *Soul* quarrels, and cares not *how ſoon* it is diſcharged from? Theſe Limbs are none *of mine*,

mine, ſince I can wound and peirce them, as if they were mine *Enemies*. A man that hath taken his laſt *Farewel* of the World, you may give him *Time*, if you pleaſe, but *Life* you cannot; and his *deſire* to die grows higher and higher, the more it is forbid. More happy is he, that dies before his time, and before he deſires it. 'Tis almoſt too late for that man to *renounce* his life, when all men think he hath no reaſon to *preſerve* it. You may deny death *only* to that *perſon*, whoſe life ought *legally* to be taken away by *Another*, rather than *Himſelf*.

As for the *Law*, that commands an intended *Self-Homicide* to render a *reaſon* thereof beforehand, or elſe his body to be caſt out without *Burial*, if he made, ſuch haſt to leave the World without telling and declaring it before: He is deceiv'd that Conſtru's it ſo, as if men ſhould be oblig'd to *live* whether they will or no. Alas! The *Law* takes no notice of mens raſhneſs in killing themſelves, nor doth it willingly make a ſtrict inquiry into other mens Greifs; It foreſaw, that thoſe, who were Guilty of *great Crimes*, and thereupon in fear of *greater Torments*, would otherwiſe be ſo hardy, as to put an end to their own lives, and ſhew *no* cauſe at all: And therefore leſt they might *prevent* part of their puniſhment, by an *over-haſty* end, it was further *Enacted*, that the *Body* of the *Offender* ſhould be caſt out *Unburied*. The *Law* is Mild and Gentle, it requires *only*, that the Cauſe of *Self-Murther* ſhould be *aſſign'd*, not *deſcanted* upon.

If

If then I am ask'd the *reaſon*, why I would lay violent hands on my ſelf? I can anſwer in the *Publick Voice* of all mankind; but 'twould be harder for me, to give a reaſon, why I ſhould *Live*. Wretched man! What boot's it, to detain thy *Soul* for ſo long a time, (provided thou run out thy *natural* courſe) in the doleſom Priſon of thy *Body*? If we make a due ſearch into, and a right *eſtimate* of, all the joys and pleaſures of the *whole* World, that do either take our *Eye* or pleaſe our *Fancy*, the *Foot* of the accompt will be, That a mans *whole Life* is but, as it were, *one day*. Alas! Thoſe are mean and abject Spirits, that are not cloyed with the *return* of the *ſame* things over and over again; but he, that is better inſtructed, and knows what the End of the *Good*, and what *True* happineſs, is, never thinks he dies *too ſoon*: Every days Life ſatisfies *him*, that lives to his *Soul* and inward Man.

You expect now, I ſhould inſtance, that upon comparing the fears and calamitys with the joy and proſperity we meet with *here below*, the number of avoidable things doth far exceed, in this ſhort *Scene* of our Life. Let us take a juſt eſtimate of thoſe *ſatisfactions*, for which we weary *Heaven* with our *Prayers*, and for whoſe ſake we complain our *Life* is ſhort. What are they all, but Vanity, Humour, Height of living, Luſt? Are we not even aſhamed to run thro debilitys, croſſes, tedious diſeaſes, for ſuch *poor* things, as theſe? Yea, when we may *eſcape* them, we had rather *grone* under them? Imagine, you heard *Nature* accoſt you with ſuch an

an *Harangue*, as this; *Behold! thou art admitted into the ſtately Share and Partnerſhip of the Univerſe, and of the enjoyments thereof, and for many a Succeſſive Age, being born at laſt to dye, thou haſt enjoy'd what I could afford thee; now let others ſucceed, make room for them that come after thee. Doſt thou not know, the longer thou liveſt, the more unwilling thou wilt be to dye?* Let your Term of Life be never ſo much prolonged, let *one* man live as long as *two*, yet he muſt needs *go off* miſerably, that dies unwillingly.

Don't you wonder, that I haſten mine *own* end? Do's not every *day*, that paſſes over my head, do the ſame? Nay every *hour*, by ſilent and unobſerved moments, makes nearer approaches to my *laſt* end. And whilſt we are baſely taken up with the thoughts of living *to perpetuity*, we dye afore-hand *every minute* of our Flitting Age. Let us rather find a *remedy* by our *Exit*, and a *releif* in our *fatality*; let us bid *Adieu* to the World willingly, with deliberation, full of contentedneſs, yea let us give Thanks that our Time is come. He only hath lived as long as he could wiſh, who chuſes, at ſuch a time, to put an end to his Life. Let all the ſad and ſevere *Motives*, I have, favour me, let all Virtue vote with me, as I deſire to dye ſo magnanimouſly. Is it not enough, think you, to haſten my end, that I have done ſo *gallantly*? 'Tis the Badg of a *baſe* and *ignoble* Spirit to reckon ones life by number of years. For my part, (ſo weary am I, or ſo fated with years, that) my Valorous atcheivements have made me, *Old*. Why do I ſtay any longer among the *Diſeaſes* and *Caſualties*, here below.

low. I, that have been received with publick Congratulations, ſhall appear contemptible by my preſent low condition. They muſt needs fall to *leſs value* in tract of Time, whoſe *Greatneſs* began *only* by ſucceſs; when no room is left for more atchievements, nor felicity to *reward* or crown them. 'Tis madneſs to dye, when our *Eſtate* and Honour ſinks with us, and ſo to ſpin out a decaying Life. I reckon, no *old* men live with leſs eſteem than thoſe, who, when time was, were the *braveſt Sparks*. What! Would you have me ſtay, till inglorious *grey hair* misbecome my mortifyed Limbs? Till my *bloodleſs* Carkaſs is ſcarce able to creep a high-lone? Till theſe *glorious* hands of mine ſhall not be able to *feed* or *dreſs* me? Oh! how ſad, how doleſome 'tis, to remember, what one *has* been in his *prime*? to tell a long *Tale* of the many ſcars one carries about him, and to ſerve up the cold remembrance of things paſt long ago? Whereas now, men will not believe, you were ever able to perform ſuch *Exploits*, but you will be ſcoff'd at, even for your own *Memoirs*. No, I muſt leave the World upon a *puſh*, while my Body is *active*, and my Spirit *briſk*, whilſt Men are loth to part with me, and when I ſhall be miſs'd; and for all this, I would fain be beholding to my *own* Hands, to my *own* Courage. Let all that is in *Heaven* and *Earth* favour me. I have found the *Port* of *Death*, whilſt I bear the Name and Credit of a Man, highly deſerving by his Valour.

But this *Plea* is *common* to *others* as well as *myſelf*. I come now to what's more *peculiar* to *myſelf*. If the *Aſtrologer* had fore-told, I ſhould have

have loſt ſome of my *Limbs*, or that I ſhould have a *Sick languiſhing Body*, you would all pardon me, if I avoid ſo great *misfortunes*, thô they had been *uncertain*; but what I dread, and tremble at, is far *greater*: He threatens me with my *own* Valour, and that nought but my *own* Courage, ſhall be my ruin." So he has left me not a *moment* of Life, wherein I may *reſt* or be *ſecure*. I am deſtin'd to run out my whole *Glaſs* in *Frights* and *Pantings*. What room for the leaſt hope or comfort? I muſt Dye as a *Felon*, if the *Fortune-teller* ſay *True*, and I muſt Dye as a *Wretch*, if he ſay *Falſe*. Did he ſay, *I ſhould be a Parricide hereafter*? Shall we conſult *another*, for *Experiment* of his *greater* skill? Would you have me *diſpute* the *Point* afterward, whether *Futuritys* may be fore-told, or no? To what purpoſe is it? *So many Men, ſo many Minds.* Why ſhould I be toſs'd up and down, according to every Body's *talkative* humour? He gives it under his hand, *I ſhall kill my Father*: If I can abide to live after ſuch a *Reſponſe*, I ſhall not be *Innocent*, thô I *never* do it. Let me appeal to you, all that are *Children*, and to you, all that are *Parents*. What *Courage* can I have, after ſo *dire* a *Preſage*? I am the *Man*, whom the *Deity*, being angry perhaps with the *Age*, wherein I lived, has ſingled out, as a fit *Subject* for ſuch a *miſchief*: As ſoon as ever I was born, 'twas ſaid, That *Valour* and *Villany* ſhould be my *Lot*: I am, as you ſee, capable of all things, thô never ſo *ſtrange* and *repugnant*; I ſtand out for no difficult, no unheard of, *Practices*; I am deſtin'd to wretched *Pranks*; *Guilty*, if I do not kill my ſelf; one, in whom you ought to *hate* even his very *Bravery*. I know not what

prodigious

prodigious *Barbarity* ſlings and throws me againſt my *Father*, as againſt ſome Weapon, or ſome vaſt weight ready to fall: A *Villany* attends me, hardly to be believ'd, that will be no advantage to me, and which I my ſelf am clear againſt. Not a word of the *Time*, *Place*, or *Reaſon* thereof is fore-told: Judge *you*, whether I ought to *Dye*, for I think, 'twas pity that ever I was *Born*. My *Father* himſelf is ſenſible of the *Monſtrouſneſs* of my predicted *Crime*, and therefore ſtrives to prove, That there is no *certainty* in the *Aſtrological Art*: Sometimes he urges, That there is no ſuch thing as *Fate*, but *all* comes by *chance* and *hazard*: Otherwhile he contends, That if there be a *Governing Providence*, yet man's knowledge is too ſhallow to *fathom* it. I lay *both* before you, and in the mean time deſire your *Wiſdoms* to conſider, That my *Father* was ſenſible of ſomething in the *Art*, even becauſe he was afraid of it. I have given a *Proof*, that the *Aſtrologer* ſpake Truth, and *He* thereupon believ'd what he ſaid.

I beſeech you, *Dear Father*, do you think, That this great *variety* of things, compacted into one *Syſteme* out of diſagreeing *Principles*, could be *huddled* together by chance? ſo that the *Orbe* of *Fire* is plac'd aloft above all *heavy* Bodies, by reaſon of its *hot* and *burning* Nature; the Element of *Water* is ſeated *below*, that the *hot* Bodies, *above* it, might draw nouriſhment from its *moiſture*; the *Globe* of the *Earth* hangs poiz'd between the *Firmament* above and the *Abyſs* below, that ſo a *Succeſſeleſs* ſeries of *Ages* might ſpin out themſelves, through perpetual *viciſſitudes* of Times, by their own Laws. What ſhall we ſay of this *Glorious*

Proſpect

Proſpect of ſparkling *Conſtellations*? ſome *fix'd*, compacted, and ſtill ſhining from the *Place* they poſſeſs'd at firſt, others *wandring*, and performing their *Planetary* Courſes, in a ſet Order, in the whole *Firmament*. Can you think, the diſpoſal of them was made at *random* and by *chance*? Pray, what could that thing, called *Reaſon*, do better? No, no, 'Twas *God*, *God* alone, the *Maker* of the *Univerſe*, that drew forth a comely Order out of the firſt rude *Chaos* of *Confuſion*, and afterwards divided it into its ſeveral parts. And when he had beſtowed a beautiful and uniform *Aſpect* on the World, then he ſent a *Spirit* from above to animate it: So that whatever is brought forth in the *World* hath a *ſignature* of ſome *divine Property* born with it, and being thus ordained and made for a ſhort Life, by a firm certainty of dependence, it receives its *Fate* as it doth its *Life*. I believe, *Dear Father*, this *Doctrine* was ſomewhat terrible to *Mortals*, when it was *firſt* broach'd, but when the *Novelty* of it was worn off, they fell to *admire* it. Thus by degrees, what Men were affrighted at at firſt, when they took Heart ſeriouſly to conſider, their *deep inſight* pierced into the very *Receſſes* of *Nature*, and made ſuch *Collections* from dayly *obſervations* and oft-recurring *marks* on ſecret *Effects*, that at length they arrived at their *Cauſes*. Do you think it ſtrange, *Sir*, that a *Man's Deſtiny* can be fore-told? You ſee, the *Courſes* and the *Eclipſes* of *Sun* and *Moon* are ſo: Men can fore-tel *Storms* and *Calms*; they tell us, what *Conſtellation* threatens parching *heat*, and what, pinching *cold*; what bearded *Comets* portend, what their extraordinary *Luſtre*, and what

the

the mighty *ſhootings* and *trajections* of Stars. What ſtronger *Arguments* for the *verity* of the Art, than to foretel what ſhall come to paſs, and it comes to paſs accordingly? So that if *Nature*, *Reaſon*, and *Experience* do joyntly prove, that there is ſuch an *Art* as *Aſtrology*, nay, and my *Father* himſelf, who thought fit to conſult the *Artiſt*, what remains, but that I may yield, he ſpake Truth in what's *to come*, ſeeing we cannot accuſe him of a *Failer* in what *is paſt*.

The firſt Proof of the *veracity* of the *Art*, is this, when the *Wizard* was conſulted about the *Child*, he did not make a *confus'd* or intricate *Anſwer*, as if he had a mind by *ambiguities* to beguile his *Quærent*: He ſaid nothing that might be interpreted ſeveral ways, according to the *fancy* or *humour* of the reſpective *Hearers*. For that's the main deſign of *Juglers*, not to make a *plain* downright Anſwer to *Demandants*, but to *amuſe* them with ſuch blind hopes and promiſes, that whatever comes to paſs, yet the *Anſwer* may ſeem true. Was this the way to put a *Trick* on my *Father*, to tell him of ſuch common and uſual *Events*, which might eaſily follow, and *He* was as glad to hear of? *Thy Son*, ſays he, *ſhall be a brave Fellow*. Where, I beſeech you, could he have broke off handſomer, if he had a mind to *chuſe* him? But, Oh *Heavens!* What *Impreſſions* had he received from above, that he could not chuſe but tell my *Father*, when he ask'd the *Queſtion*, *That I was deſtin'd to murther him*. Alack, *dear Father*, do you think I admire his *Art* ſo much? *No*, *Sir*, I rather wonder at his *Courage*; I ſtand amaz'd at his *Fixedneſs*, *He ſhall be*, ſays he, *a brave Fellow*

firſt

firſt, and then a Parricide. Pray, tell me, *was* there any *Policy* in this, to ſpeak that in the cloſe, which takes off from the Credit of what was delivered before? In the *Parricide*, that the *Aſtrologer* fore-ſaw, if he would have *cheated*, 'twas his only way not to have told it. I grant, in other *Conſults* a Man may be deceived or miſtaken, but in ſuch an heinous *Villany* as *Parricide*, an *Aſtrologer* can no more doubt of it, than an *own Father* ſuſpect it. For all the *Profeſſors* of that *ſacred Art* do agree in this, that men receive their perſonal *Qualities*, and the future *diſpoſition* both of *Body* and *Mind* too, from the *Nature* of thoſe *Conſtellations*, which were predominant at their *Birth*. To inſtance, if a Man be influenc'd by a *Wandring Star, or Planet*, he will live a *roving* Life: He that was under a *benign Star* at his *Conception*, will be a modeſt *ſweet-natur'd* Man. He that was Born under a *Fiery Conſtellation*, will be a ſprightly *Hot-ſpur*. He that at his Birth had a *Star* that was declining, and haſtning to the *Weſtern Angle*, ſhall not be ſo *briſk* in his Youth, but *heavy*, like thoſe that are *aged*; but if a *Princely* Conſtellation (*Cor Leonis* ſuppoſe) *influence* ones Birth, he is Born to *Empire*. For my part, I think that upon the monſtrous Day of my *Birth*, all the angry *Stars* conſpir'd together, and thruſt down my prodigious *Soul* into my *Body* with the united contribution of their *hotteſt Flames*. If the *Doctrine* be true, that after many *Ages* and a numberleſs *Series* of Years, *Souls* ſhall be reſtored to *other* Bodies, then in me there appears perhaps one of thoſe, by whoſe wickedneſs, the *Sun* being affronted, ſuddenly changed the *Face* of *Heaven*,

and who were driven all the World over by the ſcaring of the *Furies*, and the terrors of all-aveng-ing *Conſcience*.

Thoſe *Futurities* muſt needs have fuller *Signa-tures*, that come not from *blind* and *unaccountable* Originals. So the *noiſe* of the Sea, and *hollow* Winds in Woods foretel a *Storm*. Thus *Comets* ſhining in the *Heavens*, and bearded *Meteors*, fore-run the *Fate* of *People*, near to deſtruction. This was *my* Caſe, I was predicted by an *Antecedent* War, I was pointed at by *Arms* of all ſides, the unnatural *Fury*, that was to follow, drove thoſe publick *Calamities*, as *Prognoſticks* before it, and as a *Complement* of all theſe *miſchiefs*, *Enter Parri-cide*. Can any Body think, this was foreſeen by *chance*, not by *Art*? Perhaps, what happens hand-over-head may come by chance, but that which is *foretold* cannot do ſo. I beſeech you, *Fa-ther*, conſider his whole *Anſwer* from firſt to laſt, and then tell me, whether ever any Bodies *Fate* were more *clearly* predicted? *He ſhall be a Male Child*, ſays he, ſo it was: *He ſhall be brought up in ſuch and ſuch an Age, tho' a deſtin'd Parricide*, he was brought up: *He ſhall live to be a luſty Youth*, he did ſo: *He ſhall be notable for Proweſs and Martial menace*; *there ſhall be Wars*, ſo there were. *He ſhall turn Soldier by thy conſent, and ſhall do bravely in the Field*, all true: *He ſhall be a Parricide at laſt*; but ſtay there, it muſt be, if I live to it. *Dear Father*, if you would have an accompt of this profound and ſecret *Art*, methinks his *Reſponſes* have a great *agreement* even in their *unſuitableneſs* and *diverſity*. He ſaid, *I ſhould be a valiant Man, and withal a Parricide*: Theſe things are too near

the

thô they be ſo different; they are *alike* for *ſtrength*, thô the *Principle*, from whence they proceed, be plainly *diſſonant*. For what was it made me ſo much taken notice of in the *War*? 'Twas becauſe I was all for *killing*, never ſatisfied with *Blood*; I would rejoyce over an heap of Dead *Carkaſſes*, I would trample upon the *Wounded*, thô *yet* panting for Life. This is called *Valour*, when 'tis acted againſt a *Publick Enemy*; but 'tis *Peace* that *Arreſts* me; when I want juſt matter to execute my rage upon, then my *ſprightfulneſs* (forſooth) muſt be at leaſure to break out into Villany. 'Tis true, Peace is reſtored to the *Commonwealth*, but I am ſtill practiſing with my Sword: I graſp it in my hand all day long, I view my *Armour*, I praiſe my Weapons, I admire 'em, I make *Apoſtrophe's* to 'em. *Sir*, be aſſured, 'tis as eaſie even to murther my own *Father*, as to kill mine *Enemy*, when I am *predeſtin'd* to *both*. But why do I inſiſt on *reaſon*, ſeeing the *event* hath already verified the thing? And what the *Wizard* ſaid without any *circumlocution*, can it be evaded by any Art? You have already ſeen *part* of his Anſwer verified in another buſineſs, and that which increaſes my torment, my *Valour* muſt be an *Argument*, to make my *Villany* believed. The Authority of his Anſwer is ſufficiently manifeſted, when of *Two* Predictions, *One* is already come to paſs; neither can you make any doubt of the Truth of it as long as *Experiments* agree with what is predicted before. That *Reſponſe*, in which every thing as yet prov'd true to a Title, can't be preſum'd to be falſe only in the *laſt* clauſe. You'l ſay, *'Tis impoſſible, there ſhould be a Patriciide committed.*

mitted. 'Tis no wonder, *Father*, you don't believe a *Villany* may be done, which will hardly be believ'd, when 'tis done. You are much mistaken, if you imagin, that 'tis fence enough against inevitable neceſſity *predicted, That I am a dutiful Son, and you the beſt of Fathers.* 'Tis pity *you* ſhould know it, I had almoſt ſaid, I my ſelf am loth to know it. What is *Fate* then, but ſomething come to paſs, when we know no *reaſon, Why?* How then, ſays he, can that be avoided, which muſt of *neceſſity* be done? I'le tell you, there is but one only way if I *kill* my ſelf before I do it. *Sir*, you Conquer *Fate*, if you *reſiſt* it; it Conquers you, if you *make ſlight* of it.

For my part, I thank the *Cruel Fates*, only upon this account, that they deſigned not this *great Villany* for me in the *leading* part of my Life, that I had opportunity to do *Valiantly* for my *Country* before, and that my famous *Atcheivements* preceded in a great *Train*. I hope, a *Parricide* may be avoided, which is foretold *ſhall be*, and *yet ſhall not be*, till laſt. Suppoſe, *Father*, the *Aſtrologer* ſhould ſpeak falſe, as to this *one* part of my Life *only*? 'Tis not worth the while to beleive it, that ſo I may *ſpare* my Life. A mans own *Father*, one would think, cannot be *murthered*. But what if the doubt be not *clear* to me? The miſery is inexpreſſible, when I cannot truſt mine own *Innocency*, when I am *jealous* night and day, when I ſuſpect my *own* Heart, when I arreſt my *Hands*, indite mine *Eyes*, when I plot *Parricide* in my Thoughts. I have a greater Argument for my *Death*, if I beleive I ſhall commit that *Parricide*, which is impoſſible to be committed

committed almoſt by any. Alas, *Father*, what a hard *Task* do you lay upon me? How uneaſie is the *Patience*, which you exact? I tremble at your very *Salutes*, leſt I ſhould cruſh your *Ancient* Limbs by my *too rough* embraces. I cannot endure to ſit at *Table* with you, leſt the *meat*, I carve you, prove to be *Poyſon*. I dare not travel in *company*, nor dare I be alone, with you, leſt ſome miſhap or other ſhould intervene. How long ſhall I be *jealous* of my own *Heart*? Death can *enſure* me that I ſhall commit no *Parriside*, Death can *enſure* the World that I am not likely to do it. But, oh *unhappy* man that I am, how many things appear, that I ought to be afraid of, thô I reſolve to the contrary! How do I know but the *Idea* of ſome great danger may *tranſport*, and ſo *fright* me out of *Wits*? Perhaps I may fly out, as if I followed the heat of an *Alarum*, as if the noiſe of the *Fall* of my *Country*, and the ſchreiching of a *Taken* City rouz'd me. I can perhaps govern my ſelf by *day*, but what can I anſwer to the *night*, what to *caſualty*, what to *miſtake*? The *Aſtrologer* did not ſay, I *would* murther my *Father*, but that I *ſhould*.

And for your part, *Father*, you muſt needs ſuffer far greater *Agonies*, by forbearing and letting me alone: 'Twere better by much to kill me without any more adoe, when you ſtand in fear of your *Life* by me. When you lie ſweetly ſatisfied in my *Preſence*, *Company*, and *Embraces*, you muſt needs call to mind, will ye nill ye, your *ſilent* thoughts of the danger *foretold*. And thô you compoſe your ſelf to a gallant *reſolution*, yet 'tis a natural *Infirmity* in man, to

fear the *Murtherer* as well as *Death* it ſelf. Rid me, *Dear Father*, from ſo ſad and greivous a *ſtraight*, and, by a *ſhort Act* of Patience, cut off your *Long-liv'd* anxities. 'Twill appear fairer and more becoming, to *dye* if I ſhall be *innocent*, than to *Live*, if I muſt be a *Parricide*.

I'le tell you plainly, *Father*, I am driven to confeſs it by a *Fatal* neceſſity: My *own* hands, I cannot now govern: My *right hand*, I can neither command nor countermand it. The *Tranſport*, I ſpoke off, comes upon me, I know nothing, I diſcern nothing; Then, and not before, I underſtand, things after they are acted. What! Do you think I overcame my late *Enemy* in the Feild by the regular ſtrength of my *Arm*? What have the very *Priſoners* ſaid of me? They dreaded my *Aſpect*, as if it were ſome *monſtrous* appearance. Alas! I did not lay about me *ſo much* with my Weapons, *as* I was acted by the very *ſting* of the *Furies*. My *Breaſt* was not fenced with *Coat of Male* or *Breaſt-plate*, but with thoſe dire *Serpents*, that buckl'd about it. I can't call it a *Fight*, or a *Skirmiſh*, when I *Conquered*, 'twas not as a *Soldier* but as a *Furious* Parricide. My Acts exceeded the reach of *Mortal ſtrength*, whatever was done was *downright rage* and *Fury*. I proteſt, I proclaim to all the World, I was *not my-ſelf* when I did ſo *Gallantly*, and I ſhall commit the *Parricide* too, when I am *not my-ſelf*. I beſeech this *Honorable Bench*, if by any means it can be brought to paſs, that *Preſages* ſhall not take effect, let the Glory of *Innocence* accrew to *me* rather than to my *deſtiny*: Let me be ſaid to have *Conquered deſtiny*, to have *burſt* the bonds of

Fatal

Fatal neceſſity; Let *my* Duty, I pray, let *my* Integrity have the ſole praiſe. *God* forbid, I ſhould ſtay till the *Iſſue* decide the *Controverſie* betwixt the *Reſponſe* and *me*. I had rather defeat the *Aſtrologer*, than venture to find fault with his *Predictions*.

What ſhall I do now, *worthy Senators*, how can I apply my ſelf to be your *Humble Suiter*, either as a *Gallant*, or as a *Parricide*? Can I ſay, *Favour* me? Can I ſay, *Help* me? Theſe *Forms* are uſed when we pray *againſt Death*; Men in *my* caſe muſt *court* their miſeries after a *new* and *uncouth* way; unleſs I dye, I am in fear and danger. Men think, I have given the *reaſons* of my *Reſolution*, only that my *Father* might ſay, *Nay*; and, if I rightly underſtand *malign* interpretations, they will ſay I aimed not at my *Exit*, but at an *Excuſe* to prevent it, and to ceaſe the toſſing of my wretched *Shame*, by appealing to the *Publick*: A *Parricide* will never be deem'd *willing* to diſpatch himſelf as long as he *yet* breaths. And therefore, *Dear Father*, I chuſe to fall down at your Feet, I hold up my *Hands* to you, as yet Guilty of nothing but *Chivalry*. I beſeech you (if I may preſume ſo far,) by what I have done, by your very *affection* to me which makes you ſtill *fearleſs* and *ſecure* of me, have pity upon me: A *Son*, that would willingly die out of dutiful *Affection*, don't let him make a *Parricide's* end. Make uſe of that *Patience*, whereby you were content to be without me, when you let me go to the *Wars*. Imagin, I had died there in the *Bed of Honour*, and that my Carkaſs, hack'd in peices, was carried

to its *Funeral*. Inſtead of a *Son* I bequeath to you all *good Parents*: That *affection* you have to keep me with you, lay it out on my *Funeral*; lay out my *Body* with your *own* hands, build the *Funeral Pile* your ſelf, and perform the *laſt Office*. When you have had enough of your Farewel Kiſſes and Embraces, *then* and not before, liſt up your hands to *Heaven*, and cry out, *Wizard*, *Thou art a Lyar*.

So have I done with my *Plea*, and ended my *Supplications*. As for the reſt, Help me, *Hands!* Aſſiſt me, *Countrymen*! Not that I may die, I I can do *that*, thô you deny me: But my *Gallantry* commends to your *Inſpection* and *overſight* the care of my *Death*, if perhaps I do not *preſently* give my ſelf a *mortal* Wound. If, I ſay, my *haſty* blow lets not out my Life and Soul with the *ſtream* of my Blood, be ſo kind as to help my hands, thruſt the Weapon *deeper*, and be ſure you keep off my *Father*. I know not, *how far* I may fling my hands in the *Agony* of my *Death*, and *whereabout* my Sword ſhall light when I pull it out my Bowels, and upon *whom* my *Body* may chance to fall, when I ſink under the *ſtroke*. Would you know, how great *Fear* I am in, in caſe I ſhould *live*? I am afraid, I ſhall kill my *Father*, now I *die*.

Æger

Æger Redemptus:

OR,

The Sick-Son Ranſom'd.

DECLAMATION V.

The Argument.

The LAW, Children *muſt maintain their* Parents *when they fall to decay, or elſe be committed to* Priſon. The CASE, *There was a man had* Two *Sons, one* Thrifty, *the other a* Prodigal: *They both went to Travel, and were taken by* Pyrates, *where he that was the* Prodigal *fell*

fell Sick. They both wrote back to their Father *to be* Ranſom'd. *The* Good Old Man *ſold* all *His Eſtate to raiſe a Sum for that purpoſe, and made a Voyage to them. When he came, The* Pyrates *told him, he had brought Money enough to redeem but* One *of them, and bid him chuſe which he would. He pitch'd upon the Sick* Spend-all, *who died in his return homewards. The other* Son *ſoon after broke* Priſon *and came home. His* Father *requires* Maintainance *of him, he* denies *it.*

For

For the Father *againſt the* Son.

THô, *My Lords*, I have already undergon ſuch a train of *misfortunes* that now 'twill be no *News* to me whatever can befal me, in regard my *miſeries*, accruing both from *Comforts* and *Cures*, have left me no kind of *Impatience*, yet I confeſs that I could never foreſee, either by my *Fear* or my *Remembrance* of paſt *calamities*, that, after I had to do with *Pyrates*, after I had loſt my *Son*, and after I was reduc'd to *want*, the return of my *own Child* from *Captivity* ſhould add to my *miſery*. Alas, I made a ſhift to Live ſo long, that I might *once more* have the *ſight* of him. And being *buoy'd* up *only* by the expectation of his being *Alive*, I procraſtinated my *ardent* deſire of Death, by a *reſolv'd* Beggery. But now, I am e'en aſham'd of my *Reſolution*. The *Youngſter* ſays, he returned, *only* to be vindicated by his *Brothers* Death, and to *mourn in Sack and Claret* for my *loſs* of him: Yet I would have him to know, that by this *baſe undutiful* Carriadge of his, he juſtifies the *more*, what I have done. Now he makes me more ſenſible than ever, what an *unworthy* thing it would have been, if I had not *ranſomed* him that was Sick. What! do's he complain, that he was *left behind*, yet, you ſee, he was able to *get away*.

How-

However, *My Lords*, my *Son's* preſent ill-carriadge juſtifies me for chuſing his *Brother*; his cruelty ſhews, that I ranſom'd the *Beſt* of the *Two*. Yet I will not, on this occaſion, aggravate things againſt him as I might, neither will I chuſe to defend by complaining, whatever I did in the *Impatience* of my *unhappy* affection. At that *nick* of time I could not conſider or ſcan the *minds* and *manners* of my Children; my *condition* was ſo ſad, that I could not ſtand to argue the *Point*, nor compare the affections of *either*: 'Twas *mere* neceſſity, 'twas only the *miſeries* of them *both*, that were my *motive*. *Of Two* Sons, a *Father* loves *neither beſt*, that, of the *Two*, redeems him that was *Sick*. I confeſs, *my Lord*, this is the *ſaddeſt* circumſtance of all, in my woful caſe, that my *Son*, by his harſh Garriadge, and his ſlighting my *Poverty* and deſperate *need*, hath queſtion'd the *Name* of his *good Brother*. A Perſon, that could break *Priſon*, and ſtrike off the *Fetters* of the *Corſairs*, 'twas handſom for him to get clear by no other means, to chuſe. For ſeeing he ranſom'd himſelf with ſo much *Prowеſs* and *Hazard*, he would have deſerved the admiration of *Him* too, who a little before could not get off, without a *ranſom*. *Good God*, what praiſe, what renown had he deſerved, if he would *releive* his *Father*, or if he had ranſom'd his *Brother*? Being now telling you, *My Lords*, the iſſue of my *Troubles* in order, which are ſo many that the *cruelеſt* and *hard-heartedſt* Man alive that hears them, cannot but allow me *maintainance*, my very private diſdain and grief prompts me *firſt* to addreſs my Speech to my *Son*, who complains that he

he was *undervalued* by my *chuſing* his *Brother*. What d' ye mean, you wilful proud *Yonker*? You can't tell your ſelf, which of the *Two* I would have *ranſom'd*, if you had been both *well*, or both *amiſs*. The Truth is, *my Lords*, my *Two* Sons were of very *different* diſpoſitions and qualities, as to *Body* and *Mind* too: And, as afterwards their *cruel* Captivity made appear, they were wholly unlike, as to their *Courſe of Life*. One of them was *hardy* and could bear any thing, he was not eaſily *ſoftned* by a *proſperous*, nor *broken* by an *adverſe*, ſtate: *He* was ſuch an undervaluer of *Pleaſure* and *Jollity*, that even *thence* you might have known he was able to bear *both* conditions. This *hardineſs* of his *Mind* had taught his *Limbs* to be *hardy* too. But *'tother* was ſoon *glad*, ſoon *ſorry*, he never knew what *care* meant; he could not bear the leaſt trouble, a *nice* peviſh Fellow, and as good as *ſick*, when he was *well*. Yet this very diſagreement did *equally* endeare them to their *Father*, his affection was ſo far *equal* to their *different* tempers, that he lov'd *one* with a real *complacency*, and *'tother* with a kind of *pity*. But alas! what availed this *equal* and *undivided* affection? 'Twas clear enough, do what I could, whoſe Company I deſired moſt, and which of the *Two* I had rather ſee and converſe with. Even my *Sons* very complaint, *my Lords*, will he ſtill he, proves, how his *Father* ſtood affected towards him. For to be angry and quarrel, that he was not preferr'd before his *Brother*, who was *ſick* and *weak*, is the *Pet* of a Perſon, who was lov'd beſt of the *Two*. But, *my Lords*, if you would have a further *Proof* of the *equality* of my affection

affection to *them both*, pray consider, I did not *cull* out *one* from 'tother to send him beyond Sea, no, I made them go *both* together, I set out his *Brother* to be his *Companion*, and thus I stript my self of them *both*, as believing they were most *with* me, when they so enjoyed one another. And when they fell into disasters, my love continued the *same* to them *both* still. They were *both* taken Prisoners by *Corsairs*, and *both* sent Letters to me to *ransom* them. Thô thou dissemble never so much, yet thou canst not but confess that I lov'd thee *best*, even when you were *both* in a *woful* plight. When you were *both* in slavery he that was *sick* (I suppose) could have least hope from his *Father*. Tell me, thou proud *Yonker*, prithee, tell me, What could a *Father* do more that did his part to ransom you *both*? All my *Estate* went to make up Mony to *redeem* you; I sold my Land, my Slaves, my House, and all my *valuable* Goods, with as much haste as a *Father* could possibly make, nay I'le tell you, the deepest affection in the World could mount no higher, for I *reserv'd* nothing for *my self*, to keep me, when I grew Old, I laid up *nothing* for *Casualties*, which might possibly happen, yea (unadvised was I, in my *affection*) I left *nothing*, no, not for him that I ransom'd. You may understand, *my Lords*, what a large *Sum* I carry to the *Pyrats*, for now I have not a *bit* of *Bread* to eat: If you say, the ransome was *mean* and *low-priz'd*, yet 'twas *my All*.

Take the *richest*, or if you will, take the *poorest* Father alive, no man ever gave *more* to his *Children*, than he that left *nothing* for *him*.

Whet

Whether the reaſon were, *my Lords*, that *one* of a mans Sons is counted *worth* his *whole* Eſtate? Or whether it were the *Cunning* of theſe cruel *Bucaniers*, to ſet a value on their *Priſoners* heads, only according to the *ability* of thoſe that are to *ranſom* them? *Good God!* How arrogantly, how proudly did the *Corſair* accoſt me! *Gramſire*, ſays he, *Thou haſt brought too little, one of thy Sons is Sick, Man.* Sure, *Heaven* and *Earth* were angry with me, that, when he was reſolv'd not to *releaſe* them *both*, he did not make the choice *himſelf*? The cruel *Fellow* was willing to put me to more *ſorrow*, and therefore ſaid, I could not have them *both*? But to make my Circumſtances more ſad and deplorable, *Chuſe*, ſaid he, *which of the Two, thou wilt.* You ſee, *Yonker*, that the very *Pyrats* cruelty is a *material* Witneſs of my *Affection.* He would not have propounded ſuch *Terms* to me, but that he thought I came to *ranſom* you *both*? I know, *my Lords*, that, in that very Inſtant of my ſad and tottering neceſſity, you could not but reckon, that I ſhould have run preſently to the *ſick Youth*, and upon the very *propoſal* of the condition, *immediately* have knock'd off his Chains: But I'le ſpeak the *Truth*, thô I incur your diſpleaſure thereby, I was at a ſtand what to do. I was entangled with ſuch a woful *plunge* of grief, that my Love held a long debate within *my poor ſelf*, what 'twas beſt to do: ſo that I ſhall never be able to anſwer it to my Son's *Ghoſt*, nor to my *own Conſcience* neither, becauſe I did not *preſently* pitch upon him that was *declining*, as if he had been my *only* Son. Thô now the loſs of my *Child* might

might make me hold my peace, yet, I fancy, I added much to his *weakneſs* by my *delay* in chuſing him, ſo that the unhappy *Youth* eaſily ſaw, in this *pinch*, which of the *Two* I would *certainly* have choſen, if they had been both in health. At laſt, which was the *only Motive* he could *urge*, this very *deſperateneſs* of his Caſe prevail'd with me. 'Tis true, I *ranſom'd* him, that when he was *releas'd*, was not able to follow me home, one that took no joy in his *Releaſment*, nor in his being *preferr'd* before his *Brother*, and thô I embraced and encouraged him, yet he was *dejected* ſtill. If there had been any *mercifulneſs* at all left amongſt *Mankind*, I might have pleaded *merit*, even to the *Pyrats* themſelves, that they ought to have releaſed them *both*; I wiſh, *my Lords*, the *young-man* had ſo demean'd himſelf in his Life and Converſation, that my *love* not my *compaſſion* might have put me upon chuſing *him* before his *Brother*. But I count my ſelf an *unhappy* Man, becauſe I had ſo much to juſtifie me herein; my *Juſtice* in preferring him is ſufficiently *accounted* for, becauſe he Dyed, even immediately after he was *ranſom'd*, he was a *Dying* Son before, and that was the *only* reaſon, I choſe him. *Poor Man!* I had a hard Game to play, even in point of *Credit!* My *Son* (*you'l ſay*) Dyed a Natural Death, of a *Conſumptive Diſeaſe*: Grant it, yet his *Father* had been *guilty* of his Death, if, *Sick* as he was, he had left him behind. As for *'tother* Son, *my Lords*, when I ſaw his reſolvedneſs in bearing his *Impriſonment*, it preſently gave me great hopes, he was not diſmayed at his *Bondage*, nor at my *delay* in coming to him, nor at his

Brother's

Brother's Sickneſs: ſo that ſeeing him ſo hardy, I had good Ground to hope, that, if his *Sick Brother* were releaſ'd before him, he would be the freer to make any attempt for his own *eſcape*. At laſt, *Providence* ſmiled upon us in our diſtreſs, and even in ſpight of the *Pyrats* cruelty, deviſed a Way how to *return* him to me, whom they denyed to *releaſe*. I confeſs, *my Lords*, I cannot challenge any thing to my-ſelf, as to the *contrivance* of the *Time*, for I did nothing by *deliberate advice*: yet notwithſtanding, the deliverance of *both* my *Sons* gives a ſufficient reaſon for my neceſſity. He that I *ranſom'd*, is *Dead*; and he that I left in *Priſon*, hath made his *eſcape*, and is come home. Perhaps, *Poor Child*, thou look'dſt on thy *Father*, when thou found'ſt him *begging*, as if he had begg'd for *himſelf*; but thou wert miſtaken, I was *begging* to make up *thy ranſom*. I appeal to the Clemency of this *Charitable City*, whether I did not uſe ſuch *Supplications*, and *Motives*, as theſe. *Sirs*, have pity upon me, give your Charity, be as liberal to me as you can, for I am to go back to *ranſom* him, who was willing his *Brother* ſhould be *ranſom'd* before him. As for thy ſelf, at thy return, you ſhould have call'd out to your *Father* with a loud Voice, *Dear Father, be of good chear, hold up your Head, we are now reveng'd on the cruel Pyrats, you have now ranſom'd both your Sons.* I demand *maintainance*, I need not ſay, as a *Father* from his *Son*, but as a *Beggar* from the *next Man* he meets, or as a decrepit *Old Man* from one that's *young* and *luſty*. For what Affection hath a deeper root in the ſacred and venerable *Principles* of *Nature* it ſelf,

than that of *Pity*? What more common or usual, even between *Children* and *Parents*, than one Man to feed his Neighbour, when he's *hungry*. It is the *Command* of *God himself*, who's the *Author* of our frail *Life* here below, that we should *help* one another, and by mutual Offices of Assistance supply *others*, with what in time we may want *our-selves*. This doth not yet amount to *Charity*, nor to *Reverence* due to Persons, no, 'tis only a provident *Fear* of the like *Accidents*, and a Religious *dread*, lest such common misfortunes should fall to our own Lot. Every one that fills a *starveling's* Belly, in so doing, relieves *himself*. Thus in *Seiges*, when *Provisions* are scanty, one Man's *dole* serves two; and in a *Voyage* at *Sea*, they oft come to half-allowance. Hence also arises that common *Pity*, we bury *Dead* Carkasses, thô we know not *who* they are, and no *Travailer* is in so much *Post-haste*, but he will Honour *him* with one *Shovel* full of *Earth*, that lies unburied in his way. But as for *Parents*, their *Children* do not *oblige* them by their *maintainance*, they only *repay* what they have *received*, and, *God knows*, full short of what they ow for the many and great *expences* they have been at about us, first in our *Infancy*, then in our *Childhood*, and at length in our *Youth*, thô we are brought up never so frugally. The Truth is, if *Nature* would but allow this kind of Duty, when *Parents* fail, or are Sick, we might well spare them even part of our very Lives, so that a small Portion of that *Soul*, you *first* had from them, might well return to them as its *Original*. Would you know, what great *Duty*, what high *Veneration* is due to the *Authority*

of

of a *Father*? I'le tell you, 'Tis no *Curteſy* at all to allow them *maintainance*, but 'tis an horrid *Impiety* to deny 'em it. What do's the *Law* ſay? *Children muſt maintain their Parents.* I am even aſham'd of thoſe *Sacred Names*; is all the *Religion* of *Mankind* come to *this*? Muſt *this* be a *Poſitive Law*? What *Curſe* ſhall I imprecate on that Man, who firſt made *Filial* duly to be a *Vote* of *Senate*? *Children muſt maintain their Parents.* O Cruelly done! O *Famine* of all *Famines!* What, no *maintainance* but by force of *Law*? But, ſays my *Son*, *You deſerve none*: For anſwer, I'le ſet by the conſideration of *affection* and *merit*, a while, and at preſent inſiſt only on *this*, that I am to be rewarded only upon the account of my *weakneſs* and *poverty*. Firſt of all, the *Law* is made ſo *ſevere*, that we may demand *maintainance* with greater *Confidence*. They go off from the *beauty* and *ſanctity* of *Nature*, who think that the *Law* provides only for ſuch *Parents*, as ſtand upon good terms with their *Children*; No, the *Law* takes care of them, even in caſe of *variance*; and between ſuch *Sacred Relations*, a juſt *Proviſion* is made, that even *hatred* ſhould be bound to ſome Duty. You complain, fume, and are angry with me, for this very reaſon the *Law* takes hold of you. What! would you have me ſtay, till the *merits* of our *whole Life* make up an agreement between *Parents* and *Children*, and till Duty, Nature and Blood do, as it were, tye a daily Knot of *Friendſhip* between them? ſo that unleſs *Parents* oblige *them* by compliance, flattery, and forbearance, preſently *Children* renounce their *Birth* and *Dependencies*. *My Lords*, if you

would salve the *Veneration* due to a *Father's* Name in *all* Cases, let it be thus, Let the *Son* maintain the *Father*, when he is good, and let the *Law* maintain him, when he is *otherwise*. I won't wrong *Nature* so much, nor the *Law* neither, as to make any *Apology* even for the *worst* of *Fathers*, or to think that *Sacred Name* is *precarious*, and stands in need of *Favour* to bolster it up. No, let me be as *cruel*, and as *bad* a *Father* as he can make me, yet I have lov'd him, I think, *long enough* already. Thô I shut him out of *Door*, thô I strike him out of my *Will*, and he has no hope to enjoy a *Foot* of Land after me, nay thô I load him with *Irons*, thô I beat him *black and blew*, yet such a *bad Father*, as *this*, can hardly be requited. What if I be *Proud* and *Imperious* to my *Child*? must I, think you, ern *every Day* that, which was my due the *first Day* he was Born? Am I pliable, gentle, indulgent, these are *terms* of a *less* affection; for *such* qualities as *these*, a Man would maintain an *Acquaintance*, or keep a *Stranger*. The Truth is, when sometimes we are not so, 'tis our *Childrens* fault, and (which is a clear Evidence, that their *miscarriadge* makes us *uneven* in our deportments towards them) we never meet with a *Parent*, that is harsh and peevish, but where the *Son* began *first* to play his *Pranks*. What is't you say? Am I *rigid*, and *hard-hearted*? Let me not starve *tho'*, I ask only a *bit* of *Bread*, I desire no more for the *Reverence* you ow to the *Name* of a *Father*. Whatever you do for a *Father's* maintainance, whom you pretend to be *unworthy*, against your Wills, 'tis not *He* that is maintained, but rather

all

all *Fathers* in *him*. If *willing*, you ſhew your dutiful *affection*; if not, you muſt comply with the *Law*, that *forces* you. You don't maintain a *Father*, if you reſpect only *Virtue* in him. Prithee, *Young Man*, be quiet, defer your Complaints, 'twill be time enough to *Quarrel*, and to twit me in the Teeth, when I call for the *Reſpects* and *Largeſſes* due to an *happy* and *proſperous Father*: *Now*, I don't ſubmiſsly kneel before you, that you may be afraid of me; when a *Father* is in diſtreſs, he can be cruel to none. Thou ſeeſt, I am a *ruin'd Man*, all kind of miſery overwhelms me; nay I cannot well be more miſerable, for I have *loſt* my *Child*, and I go a *begging*. My grey Hairs are *clitted* on my Head for want of *Kembing*; I did look freſh, but *now* my Eyes are ſunk in my Head, and can ſcarce dart a poor *ray* through my naſty Hair, that hangs over them. I am ſo lean, that my Skin even *ſticks* to my *Ribs*, Famine hath quite deſtroy'd the *Man* in me, I am now a mere *Sceleton*.

I hope in this condition I ſhall be a *Good Father* again, and deſerve my former *Reſpect* and *Reverence*, even from the *piteouſneſs* of my Caſe. What! Is not this *creeping* of mine to my *Son* puniſhment enough for me, that I am fain to entreat, to crave, that I am no better than his mere *Beggar*? Nay, O *Heavens!* How *many* things are there that the *Laws* themſelves cannot make good to us? And how *many more* do we come ſhort of, when men do for us againſt their *Wills*. Stay, I don't *require*, that you ſhould feed me with your *own* Hands, or that you ſhould *make much* of me and *cheer* me up; No, *throw* me

ſomething that I may *catch*; caſt it under the *Table*, that I may take it up. You may be *reveng'd* of me in ſome ſort, if you *releive* me, and yet don't *pity* me Yet, *my Lords*, if any *Plea* can be *legally* allow'd by you for ſo great an *Impiety*, and if you think it poſſible, that a *Son*, who will not maintain his *Father*, can give any reaſon *at all* for it, then, I beſeech you, weigh with your ſelves, what *horrid offence* that muſt be, that a *Son* cannot revenge but by *Famiſhing* his own *Father*. *Oh*, ſays he, *You would not ranſom me, when I was taken Priſoner?* Who can but think that the *Father* ſhould rather complain of the *Son?* Can a *Father* bear, his *Son* ſhould tell him, I am not at all in thy Debt for giving me *Life* and *Being once*, becauſe thou didſt not add a *ſecond* kindneſs, to give me my *Life* and *Liberty once again*. Truly, we are in a very *bad Caſe* to deſerve ſo *highly* of our *Children*, if we muſt add *more* or elſe loſe *all*; 'tis a very ill *Example*, if we fail in what's to *come*, to have no thanks for what's *paſt*. *I did not ranſom thee*. Thy *obligation* to me was never the leſs for bringing thee forth, as a *piece* of *myſelf*, into the *Viſible Scene* of this *World*. 'Twas long of me, that thou can'ſt make uſe of *Sea* and *Land* for thy advantage, and ſerve thy ſelf by the unwearied *Courſes* of the *Stars*, yea and of the *bright-ſhining Firmament* of *Heaven*. Thoſe very *hands*, which thou draw'ſt back; the very *words* that deny me *maintainance*, thou hadſt them *both* from my *Subſtance* and from my *Loins*. Thou ſhould'ſt rather have rejoyc'd and been glad at Heart, that thy *Father's* unkindneſs and ſeverity gives thee opportunity to ſhew thy ſelf a

good

good and dutiful Son. He *only* is before-hand with his *Father*, who *complains* of him, and yet *releives* him. Yet, *my Lords*, how many *Answers* could I give to his *Complaint*, which would wholly take off any *reflection* upon me, for not *ransoming* him? It were an *Excuse* tolerable enough, if I should say, I made all the haste I could, but *Old Age*, my *Poverty*, and my *Weakness*, were a great hindrance to me? Besides, I could not get up *Mony* erough to *ransom* you so soon: I could not equip my self for a *Voyage* in so much haste; 'tis difficult for those that are *younger* and *lustier* than I, so to do. Besides, being a *lone* Man, and *stricken* in Years, I did not *steere* so prosperously, as I expected. How many *Fears*, how many *Jealousies* did I undergo in my *hasty Voyage? Good Son*, be not so *wrathful*, I did no more for *him* that I *ransom'd* indeed, than I did for *you*. I don't ow *you* the *good hap* of success in all that I do, I ow *you* only *my good Will*; I do what I can for *you*, but I cannot undertake for a fair *Issue*. I raisd *Mony* to *ransom you both*; I put to *Sea* in behalf of *both*; I came and supplicated the *Pyrats* for *both*: suppose, they had releasd *both*, pray tell me, *which* had I loved best *then*? Go too then, *Yonker*, (if thou wilt) aggravate things against thy *Father*, give out, *Thou pretendest starving, but 'tis Luxury, Prodigality, and voluptuous Courses, have brought thee to it, like an Old Fornicater thou hast spent all thy Estate upon Misses and Sluts*: If it were so, yet you ought to succour me. The *Law* is content only to say, *That a Father, when poor, is to be releived*; it doth not send the *Son* to enquire into the *Causes* of his *Po-*

verty. But what will you ſay, if I laid out *all* on your *Education*, on your *running up and down*, and on your *ranſoms*? 'Tis a horrible *wickedneſs*, and without *Parallel*, to make one's *Father* a *Beggar*, and *then* not to *releive* him.

My Lords, the *Youth* now endeavours to load me with *another Imputation*, for not *redeeming* him. *You preferr'd*, ſays he, *my Brother before me.* Suppoſe, I plead *Guilty* to this *Indictment*, ſuppoſe, I acknowledge the *Crime*. Thou *Impudent'ſt* of *Mortal Race!* What, can'ſt not endure that thy *Brother* ſhould have a little *Love*, more than *thy ſelf*? Whereas 'tis plain, *thou* preferr'ſt the *Love* of I know not *who*; the *affection*, that takes up the *Room* in thy *Heart*, proceeds from *far leſs* Obligations. Thou doſt not care, I ſhould *reſpect* him, who drew *Life* and *Breath* from my own *Bowels*, as well as *thy ſelf*; and who *alone* might well have taken up the *All* of a *Father's Love*. He is the *worſt* of Men, that thinks his *Brother* cannot be loved, but *he* muſt be hated. Wilt thou *Watch*, I trow, and keep reckoning, whom I *Kiſs* oft'neſt, and whom I *embrace* moſt affectionately? This is no *diſcontent*, or pious *quarrel*, which was *beſt* beloved of the *Father*? do'it thou think, that *Brother* of thine was lov'd *too much*, whom, thou didſt not love *at all*? Thou art miſtaken, *Poor Youth*, and ill *Principles* have led thee a *to'ſide* a true underſtanding, who ſuppoſeſt, *That* part of a *Father's* affection is loſt to *one Son*, which by reaſon of ſome *cogent Circumſtances* inclines to *another*. There is an *equal*, nay the *ſame*, affection to all the *Children*, yet ſomtimes he may have *proper motives* of *Indulgence* to one of

of 'm; and, the *equality* of *Love* being *ſalv'd* ſtill, there is ſomething, for which, by a ſecret *Inſtinct* of mind, we again love *each one*, as if he were the *only begotten*. *One* obtains the preference, as being the *Firſt-Born*; *another*, becauſe a *Young-Infant*; *One* is commended for a *briſker* Countenance, and a *prettier* look after a *Kiſs*, or ſo; A *grave* look, and *honeſt* Face endears *ſome*; *others* again are better beloved for *unhappy Accidents*; *Corporal* defects, and an *helpleſs* ſtate and condition are the greateſt *Objects* of *Commiſeration*. Yet *Fatherly* affection, in *groſs*, is ſafe and intire, when what we think *wanting* in *one* is ſupplyed in *another*. Be content, thoſe affections are not *wholly* loſt, they do not *quite* periſh, but prevail in their *turns*, as we ſee good, one while *one* is ſerv'd, and 'tother while *another*. Nothing can be preferr'd before a *Son*, but a *Son* as good as *He*.

My Lords, Let me make the *beſt* of my *Calamitys* awhile, and plead *ſo*, as if I had found *both* my Sons amongſt the *Pyrates*, in good plight. Doubtleſs the *Ranſom*, I brought, was enough for *both*, yet *They* would not Releaſe *both*, but bad me, *Take my Choice*. Pray, adviſe me, what ſhall I do in the *Caſe*? What ſay *you*? Would it be the *compaſſion* of a *Father*, to get me gon, to pack away, to take *pet*, to make my *meane*, and by this means ſtrive to make the *Pyrats*, Odious? *Children all*, I put the Queſtion to you! *Parents all*, I interrogate you! Is it not a plain Crime to Ranſom *neither*, becauſe I cannot Ranſom *both*? 'Twere a great peice of *Piety*, ſure, to make my *Children* all alike in an *equal* ſtate of *Deſpair*,

Deſpair, and becauſe I cannot releive *both*, therefore to bereave my ſelf of *both*. But you, *Poor Grandſire*, take what's *given*, be glad of what's *offered*, whilſt the feirce *Pirats* are in a *good mood*, till their *cruel* Temper doth abate ſo, as to ſuffer *both* to be redeem'd. In the mean time, many things may caſually ſtep in; hope the beſt, you may come *again*, or you may hope, that *perhaps he* may make his *Eſcape*. That which cannot be done by the *Lump*, yet may be perform'd by *Peice-meal* and in *parts*; and 'tis eaſier to take in peices thoſe *parts* that are ſeparate, which in the *bulk* muſt not be medled with. As far as I underſtand, *My Lords*, my *Son*, that would have had little benefit by my *chuſing* him, is *only* angry at this, that I Ranſom'd his *Brother*. Who, *My Lords*, can endure ſuch a peice of *Impudence*? He accuſes me, that, I ſhould make any *diſtinction* between my *Children*. Then he complains that *himſelf* was not choſe, ſo that, thô his *Brother*, beſide his *equal* ſhare of *Relation*, had alſo an *additional* advantage, *viz.* the *reſpect* due to his *Weakneſs*, yet he is angry, becauſe that *Scale* did not weigh heavieſt, wherein the *bare* notion of *Son* was *only* put.

I ſee not, *My Lords*, how I could have avoided the *odiouſneſs* of this *Fault*, if I had rather choſen to releaſe *him*. A *Father*, that could not obtain *both* of the *Pyrats*, muſt needs redeem either the *Weak* one, or *none*. Nay but, *ſays he*, *You preferred my debauch'd Brother before me*. Not ſo faſt, *good Son*, forbear your *reviling* language. Theſe *diſtinctions* are not ſeaſonable *here*, thoſe *Vices* of *his*, and theſe *Vertues* of *yours* may be conſidered

red *at home*, but not before you come *thither*. In the *Interim*, I look upon you both *alike*, as *Brothers*, as my *Children*, *both* under *Captivity* and *Miſery*, the *difference* between you is *ſwallow'd* up by your *common* ſhare in calamity. You ſee, how unworthy 'tis, that *one* of you ſhould be of *leſs* account with me, than 'tother? The *Pyrats* car'd not, *which* of you I choſe. *You have left*, *ſays he*; your *deſerving Son* behind, and redeem'd the *Spend-thrift*. I could have born the compariſon, *d'e mark me*, if the *diſpute* had been about *Eſtate* or *Preferment*, *then* I wou'd have own'd, *you* ſhould have had the *Preference*. But we are at *this* Paſs *now*, we are not to conſider *Probity* of *Mind* and *Manners*, but *only* to make an *Eſtimate* of your *Perſons*. Alas! How ſhould *He* live in ſo *deleſom* a condition? How could he endure the *naſtyneſs* of a Priſon, and the *hunger-ſtarv'd* diet of *Pyrats*, that could not endure the *near* and *ſparing* entertainment of his *Fathers* Houſe? Could he ever have liv'd in the *ſolitude* of a *Dungeon*, that was always us'd to *Company* and *Good-Fellowſhip*? You, who were accuſtom'd to *honeſt Patience* and *commendable Labour*, were better able to ſtay *behind* awhile; you *your ſelf* do *anſwer* your *own Objections*: 'Tis *you*, that I left behind, and 'tis the *Company-keeper* that I Ranſom'd. What wou'd you have? I preferr'd *him*, that I complain'd of to *none* but *you*; when I puniſh'd and rebuk'd *him*, you know, I us'd to commend and admire *you*. Aggravate your *Brothers* faults as much as you will, call him *prodigal*, *deboiſt*, as long as you know that thereby you do the *more* confirm, that 'twas not his

Fathers

Fathers greater Love, but only a *Conſideration* of his *Miſery*. He is truly ſaid to *Chuſe*, who takes *him* that was *beſt* before. Prithee, *Youth*, forbear to miſinterperet *Adverſity*. 'Tis no *choice* to take *one*, when a man has brought the Price of *Both*. What *difference* there is, 'twas not *I*, but the *Pyrat* made it. Whatever I acted for *either* of the Two, proceeded from the *Affection*, wherewith I lov'd *you both*. I, being a man, who valu'd my *Son* only for the ſake of his *Miſery*, did not prefer *him* before *you*; but if *you* had been *in his* Caſe, I had done as much for *you*.. Do you think, This was done by me out of *deſign*? No, 'twas *mere Chance*, that you were *both* made Priſoners, that *one* of you fell *Sick*, and that he did not *recover*, even thô he were *Ranſom'd*. When I came to redeem *Two*, that which the Pyrat granted me for *one*, 'tis as much as if he had deny'd me *both*.

But how long ſhall I conceal the true *reaſon* of my *Fact*? *This* it was; I plainly *choſe* him, becauſe he was *Sick*. Tell me now, if you pleaſe, that he was a *lewd* and a *debauch'd* Fellow. Pray, ſpeak *ſoftly* of his *Memory*, lets have a devout *tenderneſs* for his *laſt Aſhes*, perhaps I ſhould have been *ſorry* if he had liv'd. I tell you *once* and *again*, (ſeeing you put me to it) I make my *defence* from my very *Accuſation*. *'Tis my Sick Son, I redeem'd.* For the truth is, there is no *difference* between *Children*, but where *calamity* intervenes; amongſt thoſe, whom *Natural Piety* hath made *all one*, you can find no *diſtinction*, unleſs on account of *Miſery*. I don't *now* conſider *Courſe* of *Life* or *Morals*. I found him *panting*, I heard

heard his *weary-groans*, 'twas to *him* I came, not as ſoon as I ſhould. Again, *O Fortune*, thou haſt *deviſ'd* a Way, how *Charity* may ſuper-erogate, and what *acceſſion* may be made to the *Sacred Names* of *Father* and *Son*. This *alone* is a *greater* affection than to Love *all* Sons, to have compaſſion on *one*. If any man ſhould ask me, *My Lords*, the *Condition* was not *truly meant* nor *honeſt*, but ſavour'd of a *Pyrats* barbarity. I might by no means leave my *Sick Son* behind me, but, I hope, I may take the *Weakling* with me. Do you think it likely, that they would releaſe *you* on as *eaſie* Terms, as they would your *Brother*, that was a *dying*? Or that *Fellows* of ſuch *inhumanity*, that had the Heart to ſhare and ſhare alike of *Children* with their *own Fathers*, would ſuffer *him* to be lett on *their hands*, who they knew wou'd die even by *this*, That his *Father* left him behind? My *miſerable Piety* was ſorely put to it, and they were pleas'd to add *this* alſo to my *calamities*, that I ſhould bear the *ſhame* of ſuch a *Condition*, where no ſide could be choſen. When a *Sick-man* is offer'd, in competition with a *ſound*, he is *therefore* offer'd, that he *alone* may be choſen.

My Lords, if I miſtake not, there is *one point* behind. That ſeeing he complains his *Brother* was preferr'd before *him*, you your ſelves would judge, *which* of them, in thoſe circumſtances, my *Piety* ought to have releiv'd? Certainly, this is the *Infirmity* of *humane Nature*, that of all *misfortunes* every body thinks thoſe the *ſereſt*, that *he himſelf* undergoes; for ſeeing we are ſenſible of *other mens* ſufferings only by *Reflection* on them

in

in our *thoughts*, but of *our own* by *actual pain*, of neceſſity *ours* muſt make a deeper Impreſſion, thô they be leſs, in regard of our *impatience*. But *his* was a *languiſhing* and *conſumptive Sickneſs* which outſtrips all other *calamities*, for in all *other* Miſeries a man may have ſome glimpſe of *eaſe* and *comfort*. Let a mans *hands* be *manacled* under a *mercileſs* Jaylor; Let his *body* be ſhut up in the *Hole* or *darkeſt Dungeon*, yet ſome can *play* even with their *Chains*, and *clear* their *Limbs* from the *links*, and it hath ſomthing of *contentment* in it, to be able to manage a *conteſt* with ones *Puniſhment*. The rage of *Kingdoms* lies in *Racks*, the rage of *War* in *Wounds*, yet whatever we are able to *go thro'*, doth not trouble us *ſo much*; and when *Croſſes* fall upon us in *prime* of Age and Spirit, they are *maſter'd* by our *ſtout ſtriving* againſt them.

What *Torments*, what *Pains*, can you compare to a *languiſhing* Sickneſs? when a *Conſumption* ſeizes inwardly on the *Bowels* and Vitals, and ſends the man every day *piece meal* to the *Grave*? When his *Stomach calls for* meat, drink, and other accommodations of Life, and yet *loaths* them, when they are brought to him? When we *long* for *Attendants*, and cannot endure them *neither*? When we beſpeak the help of hand, and yet when it *comes to*, are loth to be touch'd? When our *Body* is tumbled and toſs'd all over the *Bed*, as upon *burning Coals*? The very *light* is offenſive to his *almoſt-ſpent* Eyes, and no *Voice* he has, but what he utters in *groaning*? When of *Two* Captives, the *one* is *Sick*, a *Father* can do no wrong, but in *this only*, if he chuſe the *ſound*.

Hitherto,

Hitherto, *My Lords*, I have diſcourſed of *him* as if he had been *Ill at home*, and in his *own* Houſe, amongſt his *Parents* and *Freinds:* But, Oh, *My Lords*, a *Priſon*, and a *Thouſand diſeaſes* attending it, are enough to make *any one*, Sick; I don't mean a *Priſon*, that the *Severity* of the *Law*, or the *Juſtice* of the *Magiſtrate* ſent him too; No mortal fear, nay the wit of man can't *ſufficiently* conceive, what I ſaw. *Firſt*, you have, under the *Precipice* of a *vaſt Rock*, *a doleſom hole*, which was dug ſo deep by all the skill, the Pirats had, far beyond the *natural darkneſs* of the *blackeſt* night; *next*, the *vaſt Ocean* encompaſs'd it about, and when the tempeſtuous *Fury* of the *Sea* daſh'd againſt the *Rocks* on all ſides, it *frighted* us as if it would *fall*. Every place look'd doleſom, having *Gallows's* erected in it; the neighbouring parts were full of *floting wracks*; wherever we look'd, nothing but *melancholy* or death, and to comfort the *Hearts* of *Poor Captives*, (*the clean contrary way*) no going out, but to *Execution*. There was only a little *Breath* left, by which they made a ſhift to live, which was drawn in and breath'd out by *groans* of *Priſoners*, and was as 'twere *made up* by ſo many languiſhing *Captives*. *This* was the *place* were my *Poor Gentleman* lay; ſuch was the *Bed* and *Furniture* the *Pyrat* had prepar'd, ever ſince he began to ſet up the *Trade*. That *Body*, which could ſcarce endure the *tendreſt* touch of thoſe that *miniſtred* to it, lies in *Fetters*, which the *cruel Pyrat* bound him in, as if he had but *newly* come into his *Clutches*; and thô his *emaciated Limbs* ſlip from the *Gives*, yet they ſtill *gripe* him as bad,

as

as if his *Flesh* fill'd them up, they fall lower and lower ina *knot* as it were, the *Prisoner* not being able to hold them up. In *what* condition was *he* under a *Chain*, whose *Consumptive hands* could scarce endure the *softest wear*? What *rest* could *he* take amidst the *groans* and *yawlings* of his Fellow-Prisoners, that could scarce sleep when all was *husht* and *quiet*? Who could minister a word of *comfort* to him in his *sad* condition? *All* about him were in the same case, and every day, to the *Old Standers*, came in a *New Captive* to increase the *dim*. Now, do you compare, if you please, *your* Circumstances with your *Sick Brothers* Case? *You* complain, the *Pyrat* did give you *no* Victuals, *he* could not but put it by, when it was *offer'd* him: The *bare ground*, and *naked* lodging is *all* that afflicts *you*, but *he* at every motion of his *Hectical* body tumbles into his *smarting Chains*, and which way soever he turns himself, tired out with *pains*, he *renews* his *Punishment* by a *fresh* exercise of his *Patience*. Briefly, you may consider the *height* and *utmost* of his *miserable affliction*, even by *This*, *Poor man*, He could not be *cur'd*, no not after his *Father* had Ransom'd him. Now, *Good Son*, examine me if you please, and ask me *every foot*, Why I made choice of your *Sick Brother*? Do you think, I can give you a *reason*, why I did it? I protest, I could not, if I had redeem'd *your-self*. What if he should call me *to Answer*, Why I laid out *all my Estate* upon his *Funeral*? Why I invited such a *Train* of *Friends* to the *Solemnity*? To what purpose did they dwell *so long* on his *Funeral Pile*? What, never part from his *ardent embraces*? To

all which I ſay, I avow, and care not who hears me, *You are a Fool or a Madman*, if you ask me *ſuch Queſtions.*

But, *ſays* he, This then is my *great* complaint againſt you, *That you preferr'd a Dead man before me.* Prithee, *Youngſter*, don't impute ſo much *Savageneſs* to me, as to ſuppoſe I thought his *Caſe* was *deſperate.* May I not *hope* he would live the *firſt* time that I ſaw him, and embrac'd him ſick and weak, and whom even the *Pyrat* was content to have *left behind?* If you ask a *Fathers* Judgment, whatever it be that torments and troubles the *Poor man*, I do not think it *Weakneſs* ſo much, as *Impatience*, a *longing* to go home, and *greif* that he ſtays ſo long there. He that is detain'd by *Pyrats*, his only *Remedy* is his *Ranſom.* But by your leave, *Sweet-heart*, there is no reaſon I ſhould fly to this *Plea* for my calamitous *Piety*, as to ſay, *I thought he would live.* I'le rather aggravate my *Crime* in common with *thee*; Let me confeſs I *Ranſom'd him*, who could not brook *dilatory Put-offs* and *delays*, ſo that, the *Pyrats* ſold me *only* ſome *ſhort-liv'd Kiſſes*, and a ſmall *ſcantling* of *Life.* Upon my word, if you had been *both* Sick, I would have Ranſom'd *him* that Sickned *firſt.* If you had been both *caſt away* at Sea, I would have lent my helping hand to *him*, that *was moſt weary* with ſtriving againſt the *Waves*, and readieſt to drown. If you had *both* returned *Wounded* from the Army, I would have *ſooner* bound up *his* Wounds, that bled moſt *cruelly.* Forgive me, O *Heavens*, thô I know not *which* to chuſe of my *Children*, yet I know *which* to chuſe, when they are in a *wretched con-*

dition. Moreover, I give *thanks* to my *Fate*, *thanks*, I say, that my *Sick Child* hath yet the use of his *senses*, that he knows how *kind* I have been to him, otherwise I had got nothing but a *Carkass*, and had paid the Ransom of *Two* for the *last obsequies* of *one*. You don't know, how much I was *confounded*, and how much was added to my *grief*, that my *Children* should be in the *same* condition under such *different* circumstances. A *Sick Brother is all one* to a *Pyrat*, but he is not *all one* to a *Father*.

But, Oh, my *unhappy* age! Whether I will or no I must confess, that what I did on *good grounds* and with an *high* degree of *Piety*, yet it was with *difficulty* and *regreet*. What, d'e think, my *thoughts* were at that time, and what *trouble* of mind was I in, when, *Poor man*, I was fain to run between *both* my *Children*, as uncertain *which* to *Chuse*? When I kiss'd *one* longer than ordinary, I thought *t'other* would die for *despair*. When I appropriated my *Groans* and my *Tears* to thy *Sick Brother*, thou lookedst, as if *Thou* wouldst have been *Sick*. How *oft* did I make an *attempt* to loose thy *Chains*? But my very *preference* of *Thee* did the *more* endear to me thy *Brother*, whom I pass'd by. How *oft* did I take off *his* Chains and then put them on *again*, when my mind was to release thee *first*, rather than him *sick*. I can't dissemble the *difficulty* of that *Condition*, known *only* to my-self. I *ought* to *Ransom* thy *Sick Brother*, but I had rather it had been, *Thee*.

My

My Lords, I would willingly place *you* in the preſent ſtraits and neceſſities, I my ſelf *then* was. Behold, the unhappy *Youth*, at *firſt* ſight of his *Father*, endeavour'd to riſe up, and a little *lifted* his Hands, diſcolour'd as they were with *filth* and *naſtineſs*, as if he wou'd have embrac'd me, but the *poor Heart* ſwoon'd before he could bring them to my Neck, and ſo fell back again upon the *Place* he lay on. All the reſt of the *Priſoners* were *ſtill*, and left the terrible noiſe of the *Chains* might *drown* our *Diſcourſe*, they held their wearied *Limbs* with much ado, and ſtir'd not. Perhaps, 'tis *too late* to put on my *Gravity*, yet *now*, if you pleaſe, I'le begin. Thou *debauch'd Knave*, thou *deſerv'dſt* to be left behind. Alas, that Man doth not know the *hurrys* and *toſſings* of *paternal grief*, who thinks it any comfort to him to complain of a *languiſhing Son*, and to upraid his *Courſe* of *Life* and *Manners*. Tell me not of *Virtue*, pardon me at this time, O *Probity*; he, of my *Children*, is *deareſt* to me who is upon the *Point* of *Death*. Yet, I confeſs, it was ſome comfort to me in my *Childs* weakneſs, that the unhappy *Youth* liv'd as he *would himſelf*, and that his *Life*, thô ſhort, was yet *merry* and *jocund*. Believe me, *Yonker*, I had rather *now*, even for thy own ſake, that *thou* hadſt been a *Prodigal* too: In what *time* of his painful *Sickneſs* would'ſt thou have me *brow-beat* and *chaſtiſe* him? He is a very *impatient* Man indeed, that will go *deſtroy* his *Son*, becauſe perhaps he may have ſome reaſon to be *angry* with him. Doſt thou think, I was wrought upon by his *Prayers* and the *Interceſſion* of his *Tears*? No, the *poor*

Sickling prevail'd upon me, by saying *nothing*. I sate by the *poor Fellow's* side, he hung down his *Eyes*, I ask'd him a *Question*, his *Answer* was in *sighs* and *groans*. While I was *considering*, he behav'd himself as one given up for *lost*; when he went about to *embrace* me, presently his feeble *Hands* fell down into my *Bosom*. And when we had mingled our weary *Groans*, and breath'd out our very *Hearts* in *warm sighs*, answering one another with united *Sobs* and wearisom *Tears*, without speaking a *Word*, at last he recollected his *Spirit* with much ado into these few *Words*. Truly, *Father*, says he, I give you *thanks*, that you came hither to *ransom* us *both*; yet my *sickness* hath not so *blunted* my *Senses*, but that I know the *issue* of this my present condition. I am an *Hector*, I am a *debauch'd Fellow*, and I Dye under the *Infamy* of that *Name* and *Report*. Yet, I wish, that the *Fates* at last would bestow this *Boon* upon me, that I may *breath* my *last* in your *Arms* and *Embraces*. But if to stay for a *Dying Man* seem *long* to those that are in *haste*, then depart ye *survivors*, happy *survivors*; only speak a *Word* for my *Corps* to the *Pyrats*, that it may not be *drown'd* in the *deep*, or *thrown* into the *boistrous Sea*, then I should *end* as if my *Father* had never come and attempted to *ransom* me. For how can I hope, that ever you should come *again* to *redeem* me? Then upon some *broken Speeches* he quite fainted, and was spent, and his *Vitals* being gathered together where his *pain* was, his *Limbs* grew *stark* and *stiff*: I confess, I cried out, *Poor Youth*, How do'st do? Why do'st *sink* down in *Despair*? Lift up thine *Eyes* a little, take *Heart*, hold

hold out a while, *Thy very Brother hath choſen thee.* At this *Word* the *bargain* was ſtruck, the *Pyrate* preſently took off his *Chains*, and looſ'd his *Bounds*; would you have me deny now, that I *choſe* him? when he was brought forth into the *open* Air to ſee the *Sun*, would you have him return'd to his *darkneſs* again? For my part, I had not a *Word* to ſay, that I might *conſider*, or *refuſe* the Perſon, that was releaſ'd.

Pray diſtinguiſh between the *Father's* Act, and the Act of the *Pyrats*. The *Father* releaſ'd *both*, but the *Pyrats* would let him carry but *one* home with him. *Oh*, but, *ſays my Son*, You ought not to have *redeem'd* my *Sick Brother*, for, you ſee, he dy'd preſently after. O thou *cruelleſt of Fleſh and Blood*, who do'it not think thy own *ranſom* was loſt, hear how much the *Pyrats* reſtor'd to *me* even in my *Dying Son*. Your *Brother*, who fainted away in his *Shackles*, had ſome *breathing-time* when he came to a *Bed*, and liberty at laſt to toſs and tumble his *unmanacl'd* Hands *all the Bed over*, after his *baleful Priſon* he ſhifted himſelf of his *filthy naſty Rags*, he was ſo *happy* for a little while, as to ſee his *Neighbours*, to ſpeak to his *Friends*, to lay his *Charge* on 'em, and *bind* 'em to it, and thô he were *ſinking* under his laſt *Fate*, yet he had the *priviledge* to breath in the *free* and *open Air*, before. *Fortune*, whether ſhe would or no, hath beſtow'd on me a great *comfort*, even in the *loſs* of my *Son*; if I had left him behind, he would have dy'd with ſome *envious* reflection upon *my-ſelf*, but *now*, I have not *kill'd*, I have only *loſt* him. What ſay you, *Son*? If I ought not to have *redeem'd* my *Son*, that was going the

Clay of all *Flesh*, don't you think it punishment *enough* for me, that he is *dead and gon?* Perhaps you might have been *angry* with your *Father*, if your *Brother* should have liv'd; *then* if I had demanded *maintainance* of you, you might have answer'd, *Go to my Brother, who is more in your Books.* As far as I see, *you* are reveng'd of your *Father's Beggery*, and you are also an *Enemy* to your poor *Brother's* Liberty? You don't know the *right* way of *aggravating* things against your *Father*; your *Cause* would be the *better*, if you did take *pity* upon me. But, *Oh Heavens!* how different was the *affection* of the *poor Youth*, that's gone! For I declare, and proclaim, so that all the *Town* may hear and bear Witness, *He gave you many thanks even at the very Instant of his Dying.* I verily believe, the *poor Man* pined away with *grief*, upon this account, that for his sake I had lost all *that Mony.* And therefore in his *languishment* he spake to you, as if you had been *by*, *Dear brother*, I beg of you by that sacred and venerable *Tye* of our *Birth*, by our *joynt Travels* together, by our *common misfortunes*, by this very *Sentiment*, *That sickness might have been your Lot*, if ever your *Courage*, or wearisomeness of *Pyrats*, shall set you free from this *confounded* place, I commend to *you* our *Antient Father*, whom *both* of us have even made a *Beggar.* I call the *immortal Gods above* to Witness, yea and the *Infernal ones* too, I would have maintain'd my *Father*, if he had *ran om'd* you.

But I may thank my self, *says the Youth*, for my *return* home. The Truth is, *Young-man*, I would no whit detract from the *commendation* of your *Virtues*,

Virtues, yet I am bound to tell you the *Truth* in this deed of mine, and you *muſt* hear it. You *ungrateful Wretch!* do you give out, that you made your *eſcape*; No, I tell you, you were releaſ'd, and the *Piety* of my *Election* was the *Cauſe*: How came it *elſe* to paſs, that, during your *Imprisonment*, you could not make your *eſcape* before? Crack as long as you will of your *breaking Priſon*, and *ſhaking* off your *Chains*. Would you know, what made the *Pyrats* ſo *ſecure* and *negligent* in *guarding* you? 'Twas becauſe I paid 'em *Mony* enough to *ranſom* you both.

The *Young man* himſelf, *my Lords*, doth now alſo underſtand, that he is not able to cope with the *Juſtice* of my *Calamities*, and therefore he *Pleads* as if he were not *bound* at all to *maintain* me: So that he paſſes over his *defence* to this *Plea*, *That he is not in Caſe or Ability to do it.* What ſay you, *my Lords*, will you endure a *Young* ſturdy *Fellow* with ſuch *pretences*? Grant, thou haſt no great *Eſtate*, yet thou haſt *Limbs* and *Luſtihood*: I don't expect any *hard labour* or any *difficult undertaking* from you, I am content, *Son*, with your *good will only*. Don't think, I deſire *maintainance*? Nay, I rather deſire *ſhoulders* for my *weakneſs* to lean upon, *hands* to warm my *Breaſt* that is ſo beaten with my *knocking* of it, and a *Boſom*, where to lay the remainder of my even *exhauſted Tears*; I deſire, that you would *bury* me, and lay my *Bones* by thoſe of your *poor Brothers* deceaſed. I ſeek not for *maintainance*, but I ſeek for a *Son*. Moreover, I require no long and burthenſome buſineſs in your *laſt Duty*? Alas! I would not live *long*, thô you *main-*

tain'd me *both*. Reſt ſecure, in a very *ſhort* time my *Groans* will deliver you, and my *Vitals* that are even worn away by my daily *waylings:* Why do you ſend me to the *Charity* of the *Croud*? Why do you again make me burthenſome to all my *Neighbours*? I have ſpent my ſtock of *Tears* already, I have worn out all the *pity* of the *Town*. Other *Folks* will never releive a Man, that his own *Son* is bound to *maintain*. *Son*, what means your *harſh dealing* with me, which is unbeſeeming *my calamity*, and alſo unbecoming *your vertuous Education*? You have made me paſt ſhame in my *miſeries*. Whatever I did, ſince you came home, 'tis *Impudent Beggery*. Yet the *Youth* perſiſts in his *hard-heartedneſs*, neither doth the *Memory* of his *Brother*, nor the ſad *Eſtate* of his *Father* incline him to any *pity* at all. Another Man would *here* cry out, on this occaſion, Oh thou *abſurdeſt* of *Mortals*, who returned'ſt to greive and torment thy *Father*, thou art worthy to be caſt into *Bondage* again. And thô thou inſult over this my *Confeſſion*, yet I ſhall not *preſs it*; why d'e ſhew me ſuch *miſerable* ways of *Revenge*, and ſuch *ſad* means of *Relief*? A *Father* would do ſo, that was never willing to *redeem* his *Son*. Come now at laſt, thou *over-long-liv'd Age*, let's come to our *Prayers*, and, which is the only thing a *Paternal Piety* doth own, let's beg and entreat. *Dear Child*, I beſeech you by this *Age* of mine, which you *mutter* is *too long*, by thoſe common *misfortunes* of *Mankind*, which we have all *Experience* of, for thy *poor Brother's* ſake, who had not the happineſs to ſee thee return'd, and to ſtand by him at his *Death*, *maintain* me now, becauſe I did

did my beſt to redeem *thee*. Maintain me, becauſe I did *actually* redeem thy *Brother*. I don't deſire, thou ſhould'ſt *Work* till you are *weary*, nor do I deſire to be *idle* my ſelf; nor do I aſſign *ſoil* and *ſweat* to your *labouring hands*, that I may lie *ſtill* and be *idle* the while. No, let us joyn together in *duties* of *mutual Piety*, a mournful *Pair*, a *Pair* to be reverenc'd in all *Ages*, and upon all accounts. We have to do with a very merciful *Government*. They will give more chearfully, when they ſhall ſee thoſe, who are *joyntly* and *alike* miſerable, to have both their ſhare in *mutual Alimony*. For my part, I'le beg, as I uſe to do, and the *People* ſhall throw their *Alms* into *your Lap*. Whatever my *Prayers* and *Tears* ſhall obtain, that take you, keep, and diſtribute. I am ſolicitous for *your Credit*, that you may be a *dutiful Son*. I will *beg*, and you ſhall maintain me.

Corpus

Corpus Projectum, ſive Anus Cæca.

A Corps thrown into the *Sea:*

OR,

The Blind Old Woman.

DECLAMATION VI.

The Argument.

The LAW. *He that forſakes his* Parents *in their diſtreſs, when he Dyes, his* Body *is to be caſt out* unburied. *The* CASE. *A certain Man had a* Wife *and a* Son, *he himſelf*

himſelf was taken by Pyrats, *and wrote back to be* ranſom'd. *Upon reading his* Letter, *his* Wife *wept out her* Eyes, *and his* Son, *much againſt his* Mothers *Will, went and redeem'd his* Father, *putting himſelf* Priſoner *in his ſtead. The* Son *dyes in* Priſon; *his* Body *was thrown into the* Sea, *and, by* ſtreſs *of* Weather, *was carryed back into his own* Country *and there caſt* aſhore. *The* Father *would have him* Buried, *the* Mother *withſtands it.*

For

For the Father *againſt the* Mother.

ALthô, *my Lords*, in this *woful* plight of *frail humane Nature*, whercin *every Man living* hath his *ſhare*, all are of this *Humour*, to count their own *ſufferings* greateſt and moſt intolerable, yet of neceſſity this muſt be a Truth, evident to all Men, That *my miſery* doth ſo far exceed *others*, that, it *alone* ought to be lamented, even to the *loſs* of ones *Eyes*. For what have I ſuffered ſo light, but that even the *diſaſters* of *others*, compar'd with *mine*, may be counted *Felicities*? Oh, 'Tis a grievous thing, to be *clapt* into *Chains* by *Pyrats*, which they have the greateſt reaſon to ſay, who know, how ſuddenly, ſuch perſons, when *taken*, come to their *ends*. *Poor Man*, I was a *Priſoner* indeed, but I count my ſelf more *unhappy*, that I was *releaſ'd*. Want of affection to ones *own* is very *unworthy*, yet how much of it appears in this matter, you all ſee. Nay, I have more, I muſt complain of this too, that my *Wife* and my *Child*, *both* lov'd me too too well. What could I imagin was poſſible to be found in the whole World, harder to be born, than *total loſs* of *Children*? Yet that which is the moſt *miſerable* to others, could never be my good hap, to follow my *Son* to his *Grave*. 'Tis but a light thing, that I was the cauſe of *Death* to

o my *Son* of ſo *extraordinary* and *exemplary Virtue*; nd that being redeem'd by ſo *precious* a Perſon, y *his* death I yet live an *Aged Odious* man. 'Tis ut a ſmall matter, that the *Waves* brought me *News* of my *Greif*, and, when I was thinking of nothing leſs, a *Poor Fathers* loſs was driven a hoar, and that I buried the Carkaſs of my *Poor Son*, after it had been wafted and toſs'd at Sea, ſo *late*, thô no body at all had hindred me; I am ſtill forbid to perform the *laſt Office*, and that not a *crumb* of *Comfort* may fall to my ſhare, I have loſt alſo the *Pity* of my *Wife*. See, a *Woman* arreſts a *floting* body, more cruel than *Pyrat* or *Storm*; and to fill up the *meaſure* of my greif, Who is it that acts thus, but my own *Wife*? And that no *Stranger* may be miſtaken, 'twas not a *Step-dame*, but an *own Mother*. Oh woful, how is *Nature* it ſelf changed by my miſery? *A Mother* denys Funeral Flames to her *Son*, a *Woman* ſo diſtreſs'd that ſhe wants her *Husbands* help in the Caſe. Who would beleive this of *her*? She is utterly undon, and yet ſhe bewayls not her *Son*, ſhe, I think, is *Piſtol* and *Thunder-proof*. Let her *compare* her *Greif*, ſhe loſt her *Eyes* for a *leſſer* Cauſe by much.

My Lords, judge you, I pray, of the *quality* of this *Crime* and *Puniſhment* by the very *Death*, that follows. 'Twas I, only I, that Priſon'd my Son, and diſgrac'd him, and that he might meet with *Repentance*, the uſual *attendant* of *great* ſorrows, 'twas I that plung'd him into that *diſmal Hole*. What *hap* had the *Poor Youth* to meet with *ſuch Parents*, that his *Father* ſhould bereave him of *Life*, and his *Mother* deny him *Burial*? For

to

to tell you, once for all, of the *Piety* of this *Son* of mine, 'twas he that redeem'd his *Father*. If my *Wife* be angry, becauſe I came home, let her give a *reaſon*, why ſhe *wept* at the *Receipt* of my *Letter*. But how could the *Poor Youth* better divide his Duty? The *Law* commands him to help his *Parents* in their diſtreſs, *both* of his *Parents* were diſtreſs'd: 'Twas more than *one* could do, to help 'm *both*; yet his *artful* Piety found out a way, to releive 'm *both* with his *own* ruin. He came to his *Father*, and he remitted me to his *Mother*. If this be a *Crime*, I know what I have to do; I will plead my *Cauſe* with *Complaint* and *Wayle*, for the *Law*, I hope, allows a man to *Weepe*. Otherwiſe 'tis not convenient I ſhould be *long* in preſſing him, the *Duty* of his *Burial* would be *delay'd* thereby. 'Tis not the *Intereſt* of my *Plea*, to be overdiligent in my *defence*; I ſtay too long, before I get leave to bury him. Whil'ſt we wrangle and quarrel about the *Corps* of our *loſt* Child; whil'ſt we *Plead* the *Cauſe* of the *deceaſed*; whil'ſt we ſtay for an *Order* for his Burial, whil'ſt we take up a great deal of time in Declaiming, the *Body* taints and is not in every part dry and ſweet. Were it not for the *Good Company* of thoſe that ſtand about it, the *Corps* would be *prey'd* upon by *Birds* and *Beaſts*. *Parents* of all ſorts flock to him, a crowd of People run in thick to the *ſight*, even *common humanity* makes a kind of *Funeral* for the *Body*, tho' of a *Stranger*. *All* greive for and bewail him, but the *major part* ſay, that *The Poor Youth has no body to bury him*. The Young man, ſure, hath neither *Father* nor *Mother*. He hath

lain

lain ſo long, that the ſhape of a *Body* is almoſt ſpoiled: The *Corruption*, that comes from him, moiſtens the Earth; His *Bones* now begin to appear thrô his *Skin*. Thô you were never ſo *hard-hearted*, yet you could not endure to *ſee* ſuch a *ſight*, you may perhaps endure to *hear* of it. This is our *Son*, whoſe very *hopefulneſs* we loved, for whom we prayed to the *Gods* in all *Temples*, who were *deaf* to our *requeſt*, that he might *outlive* us: This is *he*, we deſir'd ſhould bury us. That Lovely *Infant*, that Pretty *Boy*, and that *Youth*, before this *accuſation*, moſt Dutiful. He, that when the *Fortune* of his *Parents* were both *equal*, was propenſe enough to Love *you*. Let me not be beleiv'd, if, when my *Voyage* parted *us*, *he* had not *rather* be with his *Mother*. When I traverſt all the *Sea* over, to leave a *better Eſtate* to *my Son* behind me, lo, *Pyrats*, crueller than the *Stormieſt Sea*, way-laid and took me. Shall I give ſome deſcription of their *Priſon*, it hung over the *Sea*; the *Chains*, *ſtrait* at firſt, hung looſer and looſer by my *leanneſs*; the *Ship* it ſelf, that knew all my *Miſery*, was worn away by the *preſſure* of my *Sides*, and the butcherly *Dungeon* envelop'd with *perpetual* darkneſs? No, out of *modeſty*, I muſt conceal all this; otherwiſe, who would pardon me, that I accepted my *ranſom* by leaving *my Son* in my room; nay, I am ſorry in my heart, that ever I *writ* about it. Oh *Letters* writ *crying*, and with a *ſhaking* hand! Oh theſe hands of mine, that had too much *Liberty*! Oh *Epiſtle*, to be blotted out by the *Tears* of my Wife! Why did I acquaint them, why did I write the *laſt* lines that my *Wife* or *Son* ſhould ever read;

That

That I know not, which of the *Two* coſt moſt, to *redeem* or *bewail* me. My *Wife*, *a woman* of a *Thouſand*, and worthy to be the *Mother* of ſuch a *Son*, aſſoon as ſhe heard of my miſerable *Caſe*, quite wept out *both* her Eyes, ſo that nothing, but *ſtark* Blindneſs, ſtop't up that ever-flowing *Fountain* of *Tears*. If ſhe had not kept back my *Son* from coming to redeem me, ſhe had *exceeded* him. Even after that, there was continual *Mourning*, *Sorrow* beyond beleif, *Lamentation* all day long. I know not whether the *Youth* would have been more *Undutiful* to *me* or to *you*, if he had not ranſom'd *me*, that was ſo much miſt by you. Whereupon he prepares for his Voyage, that ſo, becauſe he could not reſtore his *Mother* her *Eyes*, he would ſend her her *Husband*, that was Dearer to her.

But we ſee ſometimes, that *calamitys* terminate in a certain *madneſs*, and our very *Prayers* at length are turned into *Fury*. She kept the *Young man* back, alleging the *Law* in oppoſition to my *Letters*. O Vain *Fancies!* O the *minds* of men *loſt* and *confounded* in *deep miſtake!* Every body thought *ſhe* was ſolicitous for her *Sons* ſafety. Therfore the *Youth* did what he thought for *her* comfort, he commended the *Tuition* of his *Mother* to her *Freinds*, and left his *Kinſfolks* her *Guardians* in lieu of *himſelf*. For otherwiſe the *Poor Blind* woman would never have liv'd, till my *return*. He did what the *wit* of man could do. Such was his *Piety*, that if he could have redeem'd his *Mothers Eyes*, he would have *ſpent* his *own*. He entred on his *Voyage*, having no company at all, but an honeſt heart, a pious intent,

tent, neither did he judge he went without a *Ranſom* to the *Pyrats*, thô he carried nothing but empty hands. But, may *ſome ſay*, What, did you leave nothing at home? Had you liv'd ſo long, and laid up nothing againſt a *rainy day*? If it had been ſo, I call *Heaven* to Witneſs, I had never *wrote* back to be *redeem'd*. I had enough, and more than enough to *ranſom* me, *My Lords*, but my *Son* left it all at home for the releif of his *Mother*. Whereupon he ſailes thrô the *Tempeſtuous* Waves, by the *Groaning* Shoars, and *Foamy* Rocks, and whitherſoever the *Poorfellow* was carried up and down, he had an *unlucky paſſage*, as if he had been *ominouſly* retained by his *Mother*; his *wiſhes* being alſo turned the *contrary* way, he ſought to be made a *Priſoner* by thoſe *Pyrats*, who muſt be miſerably *haraſs't* thô he *leap'd* them. This is the *Impious Youth*, you ſpeak of, who coveted and *ſought* to do all that for his *Parents*, which one *Brother* would not do for *another*, nor a *Wife* for a *Husband*, nay, let me ſpeak it out, nor a *Father* for a *Son*. O ye *Immortal Gods*, *Preſidents* of *Heaven*, *Earth*, and all under the *Earth*, who have been ſo unſufferable to *none* but me, I make my *Appeal* to you alone, *How unwillingly I was redeem'd*. He, *Poor Youth*, was undon, who was *firſt* made acquainted with it. For as ſoon as the *Young man* came to the Pyrats, bringing *himſelf* as the *Price* of my *Ranſom* he skipt out *nimbly* from the *Fatal Veſſel*, and offer'd *his* hands to the *Chains* for *mine*; he *threw* himſelf at all their *Feet*, and, as his earneſt deſire found him words, he beſeech'd them with all manner of *ſupplications*, by his miſerable

waylings, and by *Tears* almoſt equal to his *Mothers*; never any man was heard, who ſo *earneſtly* ſu'd, not for *releaſe* but *bondage*. And 'twas not ſuch a hard piece of buſineſs, to obtain *ſlavery* of the *Pyrats*, no, he had more ado with *me*. 'Twas a *ſight* not fit for *Rogues* and *Raskals*, to behold a *Father* and *Son* contending about their *Chains*, and *both alike* challenging a *Priſon*. I pleaded *Uſage* and *Premier Seiſin*; I urg'd, that one of *my* years was *ripe* and ready to *knock* off. *He* alleg'd on the other ſide; what! Shall I forſake *you* in your *diſtreſs*? Shall I leave you in *Fetters*? With what Face then can I return to my *Mother*, who, *Poor woman*, for lack of you, ſpends whole days and nights in nothing but weeping? And who cannot ſo much as *Live* without you? Neither did he tell *all* out, and when he had mention'd her daily *bewayling*, and her reſtleſs *Tears*, he added, *By this time ſhe is almoſt Blind, but perhaps, if you return, ſhe will recover it.* In fine, *I will not go back.* I hope, 'tis lawful for me to do *Pioufly* even without conſent of *Parents*. Again I ſay, *I will not go back.* If *you* are reſolv'd to ſtand it out and not to return, the *Pyrats* muſt make *a Gain* of us *both*. I will be *one* or *'tother*, either your *Subſtitute* or your *Companion*. With theſe words, how many *Tears* did he ſhed? How oft did he *Kill* and *Murther* his *Eyes*? If I had perſevered and held off a little longer, I had made *Mother* and *Son* both *Blind*. The very *Raſkally Pyrats* ſtood amazed at ſo great *Piety*, and tho their Countenances never *flinch'd* before, I obſerv'd *Tears* to trickle down. Perhaps they would not have retained the *Young man*, unleſs they

they had beleiv'd, his *Parents* would have redeemed *ſuch a Son* as *He*. He took the hard Iron *Chains* upon himſelf, the *Son* was merrier at his *Impriſonment*, than the *Father* was at his *Releaſe*. Yet at laſt, to my *Eternal reproach* be it ſpoken, he embrac'd me with his *now* manacled *hands*, and after he had don taking care for *me*, now, ſaid he, by theſe *endearments* I commend my *Mothers* Eſtate to *you*. Pray, maintain her, protect her, love her, never forſake her; ſo ſhall we be *quits*. *There*, if you pleaſe, you ſhall be my *Subſtitute*; if you do ſo, perhaps my *Mother* will not be ſo angry, That I went a way from her. Thus, being an *ill-exchanged Paſſenger*, I went aboard my *Sons* Veſſel, and as far as ever my *Eye* could *ken*, I look'd back from the *ſtern* to the *Pyrats*, I ran back by the *ſlanting* ſhoars, and left a *vaſt* Tract of *Sea* and *Sky* behind me, and Towring *Rocks* that *Fronted* Cities. Alas! Said I, How *long* do's it ſeem to me to ſail away from the Pyrats, even when I return? Yet, *dear Child*, I obſerve your *Injunctions*, I *miniſter* to, I *ſupport*, your *Mother*: Nay, but to ſpeak truth, *Son*, tis rather *you* that *miniſter* to and *ſupports* her; 'tis for your ſake, that my care of *her* is ſo great. I am unwilling to *part* from my *Wife*, and that's the reaſon, I have not ranſom'd my *Son*: But in the *Interim* he is almoſt choak'd with the continual naſtineſs of a Priſon, his *Chains* fret to the very *bone*, he, at whom all *Sons* may *light their Candle*, dies in a *Gally*. Now, I hope, *Madam*, you have enough, even a *Puniſhment* beyond the rigour of *Law*. No *Pyrats* ſo *Barbarous*, but would have *buried* ſuch a man, if a guilty *Conſci-*

ence and fear of *Puniſhment* had not deterr'd them from coming aſhoar: But we ſee, they did all that they could, they threw him into the *Sea*, when the wind ſerv'd for his *own Country*. A *gale* entertain'd him, kinder than his *Mother*, and (if any felicity can be in miſery) waſted his *Carkaſs* with a proſperous courſe even almoſt to the *Sepulchres* of his *Anceſtors*. The *Hiſtorians* of our time may tell of a Thing, ſo ſtrangly *Various*, that I know not which ſide is moſt to be admired, *The Sea brought back a Sons Corps to his Mother, and the Mother return'd it to the Sea again*. I confeſs, 'twas my Fault in great part; For 'twas *I*, that brought my *Wife* thither, I was loth to hinder the *Poor woman* from ſhewing her *Grief*; and therefore I carried her (thô now ſhe be my *Adverſary*) to the *ſhoar* upon my back. To ſpeak truth, her *firſt* words about him did deceive me, for I thought they had proceeded from the *ſenſe* of her *loſs*: For who would not think it an affection of *Greif*, when the *Mother* ſaid to her *deceaſed Son*, What buſineſs had *you a Ship-board?* Why did you go to *Sea?* Why would you ſeek out the *Pyrats?* As for that *Speech, Son*, Why did you leave me? I thought it the *common Oratory* of all *women*, in *thoſe* circumſtances. Nay when ſhe lay *all along* upon the *body*, I thought ſhe had *embrac'd* it; And when ſhe laid *hands* on the *Bearers* that were *taking* it up, I *excuſed* it, ſaying, 'tis the *Guiſe* of *Mothers* ſo to do, that they may enjoy the *ſight* of their *Children* a little *longer*, before they are put away never to be ſeen more. But alas! She urges *Law* in the Caſe, and makes a long Oration over the *Carkaſs* of

f her *Son*. Peace, *Poor woman*, Peace? Is all our *wiſhing* come to this? Our *calamitys* were ee only from this blemiſh hitherto, that when ven amongſt the *Proſperous*, *hard-heartedneſs* is ghly to be *blam'd*, ſhe ſhould ſhew her ſelf ſuch *Monſter* as never was heard of. That the retched cruel woman ſhould deſire to deroy with her own hands, what the *Angry Gods* had left untoucht, and what croſs Fortune orgot to ſweep away. *Fortune* may well be acuitted from *all blame*, when a *Mother* ſhall think erſelf not *wretched enough* in the *loſs* of her own *Son*. For my part, I loſe my very *Tears* at laſt, I bewail any thing it muſt be an empty *Bier* t home, the abus'd *Verger* returns with a *Flam*, nd the *Funeral-wood* is carried back again. A midſt ll this, the *Mother* gives not ſo much as *one* Groan, not a *Tear*, nor any complaint at all. One would think, that 'twas ſome *Pyrat* caſt aoar. How came *ſhe* to be ſo ſpirited? If ſhe e not ſenſible of her miſery upon this account, ccauſe ſhe cannot ſee, if *blindneſs* have ſuch an *dvantage* in it, I wiſh ſome good body or oher would pull out my *Eyes* too. But alas, *lindneſs* of *Body* doth not hinder the *paſſion* of the *ind*. Pray, tell me, can ſuch a woman as his, be my *Wife*? Or can that, be my *Son*? I would call it in queſtion, if it were poſſible. For ruly Time hath ſo diſguis'd my *Sons* Corps, that hardly know it to be His; but alas, his *Chainetted* hands, ſwoln *prints* made by his *Fetters*, nd his *waſted Body*, a proof of his long *Impriſonment*, are ſo many unhappy Arguments to conince me: *Poor man*, 'tis too ſure I mourn for the

right perſon. I own my *Son*, my *Wife* I cannot own. But ſeeing, our conteſt, in point of *Law*, will take up *too much* time, and I deſire to make *haſt*; I will begin my *Plea* with *ſupplications*. Draw near, ye *Parents all, of both ſides*, while I *Pray* and *Intreat* a *Mother* to do right to her *Son* in *Burial*. By our old *Bond* of *Matrimony*, by that *mutual Love* which coſt *both* of us ſo *dear*, I add further, by the *Son* of *both* our *Loins*, by all thoſe years we have liv'd together, that, by the bleſſing of a *Son*, do ſeem more, by my *tenderneſs* to *your ſelf*; Pity me *now*, as heretofore you have don. Beleive me, what I *now* ſuffer is *worſe* than a *Priſon*, 'tis crueller than any *ſlavery* whatſoever. You do not puniſh *him*, but *me*. Pray, what great injury have I don you? Wherein have I *offended* you? Sure, you know, 'twas not *I* that *forſooke* you. Now if you have ſpent all your *Affection* upon this *Husband* of yours, and all your *Compaſſion* is extinguiſh'd with your *Eyes*, grant that our *Son* hath ſuffred *deſervedly*, thô it coſt him his *Life*: Let us not rip up *Old Sores*: But as *Cicero* begg'd of that cruel *Tyrant* of *Sicily*, let Death, I pray, be the *Period* of all *ſuffrings*. Which when he could not obtain, ſome *Friends* watch't all night at the *Priſon door*, and *bought* leave to *bury* him with *their Money*? What was the Iſſue? You *Fathers* and *Mothers* all? That which *Marcus Tullius* obtain'd at laſt, do you, *Wife*, *ſell me* at leaſt, which was the *Crueleſt* part that *Verres* ever plaid. For my part, I am reſolv'd to ranſom my *Son*, and the *Price* is not far to ſeek, my own *hands* ſhall do it. Don't you put in now, and object your

your *loſs* of *ſight*. Sure, you deſire to be pointed at, and to be the *talk* of the *Town*, when your *own Husband* could not obtain *ſo much* of you as to *bury* your *Son*. Get you gon then, if you will, and puſh back his *Corps* into the *Waves*; Or if thou thinkeſt 'twas but an obſcure place he was caſt up in, lay hands on him, and, leſt *another* mans help ſhould not pleaſe you, rather drag it along *your-ſelf*, to chuſe. Lay *one* hand upon the *Corps*, and with *'tother* hale him to the *tracks* where moſt *Carts* paſs, and where 'tis the *deepeſt dirty way*. Let an overloden *Wain craſh* the *Poor thing*, and let the *Feet* of the *Oxen* tread out his *Guts*. As for *Thee*, becauſe you want your *Eyes*, uſe your *hands*, graſp and gripe his bruiſed *Skul*, and his Bowels when they are ſqueez'd out of his *Body*, nay if you have the heart to do it, tear him *peicemeal* with your *Teeth*. We Quarrel, we hold our own, we have our ſeveral *Pleas*. Let me tell you, when you have got the better, there will be little difference between us, except in our *affection*. How! You ſay, *I ſhall not bury him*. Prithee take heed, take great heed, I ſay, leſt, while you are a *wrangling* about it, the very *Waves* may throw upon him *ſand* enough to *bury* him; or ſome merciful good People caſt *mould* upon him. What! Do you hinder them? If perhaps ſome *compaſſionate perſon* put him in the *Earth*, let me ſee you *dig* him up *again*, and ſeeing you are ſuch a *Piece* for a Mother, lets ſee you *ſwone* and cry out, Oh, *He lov'd the Father beſt*. *Criminals* that are *hang'd*, are *cut down* to be *buried*, and when men are *Beheaded*, even a common *Executioner* permits them a *Grave*. Yea the

Pyrats themſelves do no more than caſt a *Corps* into the *Sea*. A *Mother*, (thô I profane that *Sacred Name* and *Relation*, to call *her* ſo) if ſhe continues to be a *Step-dame* to her *own Son*, that is not ſenſible of her loſs, deſerves the *Curſe* of being *hard-hearted*, if, beyond the *Antipathy* of the *Enemy*, who oft interr *thoſe* that are *Slain* in *Battel*; if beyond what any *Tyrant*, or any *Banditty*, would do, ſhe be ſo far from *burying* him *herſelf*, that ſhe alſo hinders *others* to do that *laſt* Office, and *quenches* the *Fatal fire* with *Water*, in a manner fetcht as far as the *Sea*; ſhe ſhews by *this*, that ſhe did not ſo much *bear* as *tumble* him into the *World*, and by ſuch an *unlucky birth* diſcharged the wearifom burthen of her *Womb*. Let her tell me, as oft as ſhe will, that ſhe is before hand with me in *conjugal Love* and *Duty*, (a *charge* ſhe can never make *good*) yet give me leave to ſpeak my mind freely, it had been more *Excuſable* in *her*, to have *hated* her *Husband* rather than her *Son*. Thô indeed as to our *mutual Love* one to the other, we may even cry *quits*; ſhe did not value her *Eyes* for her *Husbands* ſake, nor I *then*, my *Son's* loſs: My loſs of a *Child* ballances the loſs of her *Eyes*. And yet amidſt theſe *misfortunes*, I muſt needs be grievouſly troubled even upon a *private* account. She hath *loſt* that *good Name*, ſhe had formerly *got*. Now my *Enemys* triumph, and ſpare not to ſay, This is that *exemplary Woman*, the *Glory* of the *Age* ſhe *lives* in, *Lo*, ſhe is unwilling her *Husband* ſhould be *ranſom'd*, or her *Son buried*! Certainly, *My Lords*, in my opinion every man living ſhould *Plead* for the *burial* of the *dead*, for this is the

only

only thing that concerns the whole *race* of *mortals*. And therefore ſuch a puniſhment is exacted from none, when they are *dead*, unleſs from a *damn'd Parricide*. Nay, thô ſome *Laws* are againſt it, yet if there be but a *chinck-hole*, thô never ſo *narrow*, that *common humanity* may *creep* thrô, true *Clemency* will lay hold on the *occaſion*. I will not diſpute, whether deceaſed *Perſons* are *ſenſible* of any thing, or no? But that the *dead* are covered with *Earth* for the ſake of the *Living*, to put *noyſomneſs* out of the way, and *remove* the Object of Greif out of ſight: Or, when the *Soul* paſſes to the *other World*, ſhe cannot have the *Honour* to be wafted over to the *Elyſian feilds*, (as *Poets fancy*) unleſs the *Body* be buried, nor can enjoy the *felicities* there, which I, *Poor man*, hope and beleive are *true* and *real*, being *quickly* like to go *thither* to my *Son*. The truth is, as *Dame Nature*, in *begetting* and *maintaining* of *man*, hath of *herſelf* provided before hand a *full* and *ſufficient* ſtock, ſo, when *ſhe* takes her *own work* aſunder again, ſhe makes haſt to reduce our *Bodies* to their *firſt Principles*, ſo that even in *deſert uninhabited* places ſome *Earth* is brought down, even by *ſhowers* of *Rain*, and *ſwells* about a *dead Carkaſs*; the force of Winds heap, and make a *banke* of *duſt* about it, and in *tract* of time, by little and little, the very *Earth* ſucks in the *putrefied Limbs*, thô no body *bury* them at all. Yea the *Bones* and all at laſt ſink into the *Earth*. And in us Men, ſhe hath begotten not only a *Compaſſion* towards the *deceaſed*, which works in our *thoughts*, but a certain kind of *Religion* too. Hence it comes to paſs, that *Travellours*, as they

paſs

paſs, will beſtow a haſty *burial* even on *Corps*, they do not know; and *Strangers* will heave *Earth* upon them. If this be ſo, O *unworthy Fact!* My *Son* had been *buried*, but that he had a *Mother*.

My Lords, I do not make this *Plea* to *biaſs* your *judgments*; I don't *preſcribe* to You, 'tis my *She-Adverſary* that I *upbraid*. As for *that Law*, I have a great deal of *reaſon* to *dread* it, ſeeing this is the *onely* thing objected to the *poor Youth*, *That he did not forſake his Father in his diſtreſs*: but becauſe I am queſtion'd in Court for my *mourning*, I muſt diſpute the *Point* in midſt of my *Tears*, and ſhe frets at her *loſs*; let's out-do her, if we can't entreat her. Did you ever ſee *two perſons* ſo *miſerably entangled* in a *Suit*, if the *Father* prevail here's a *Son* to be *buried*; if the *Mother* hath the *better*, here's a *Son* to be *caſt out* without burial: What ſays the *Law* in the Caſe? *He that forſakes his Parents in their diſtreſs, muſt be caſt out unburied.* In the *firſt place*, *my Lords*, all the *ſtreſs* of the *matter* lies between the *Words* of the *Law*, and the *Meaning* of thoſe *Words*; and whether our *Suit* ſhall be *decided* by the *Ambiguity* of the *Letter*, or by the true *Intention* and *ſenſe* of the *Law-giver*: My *Adverſary* alledges on her *ſide*, that *ſhe* was the *Parent in diſtreſs*, and that *ſhe* was the *Party forſaken*, the *puniſhment* of which is *to be thrown out unburied.* But what may be the *Cauſe* he left her, what *followed* thereupon, and how the *Law* is to be *properly* underſtood; all this ſhe *cunningly conceals*, ſhe ſtirs not *a jot* from the *bare words*, contenting *her ſelf only* with the naked *Rehearſal of them too.* But I, on my ſide, *ſay*, That the *Law* doth not reach all perſons in *general*, no,

no, nor *all thoſe* that are *blind* neither; and that the *Young-man* had *juſt Cauſe*, and *ſuch* as will bear him out, *to be gone*: I alledge further, he did it with a *good intent*, which is enough to *Juſtify a juſt Law*; And *Laſtly*, Such a *going away* is not properly called a *Forſaking*: So that I put the *Caſe* upon this *Iſſue*, that the *Youth* is not only to be *acquitted*, but more than that, to be *highly commended* too: He that makes a doubt, whether it be not convenient to ſtick to the *meaning* of the *Law*, ſeems to me to commence a *diſpute* about he knows not what *himſelf*. And therefore I will be the ſhorter; for (if *you go on*, as *you begin*) the ſame *Ambiguity of words* will make *me ready* to *cavil* too: it ſeems to me, that the *very recital* of the *Law* overturns the *whole* of *my Adverſaries Plea*. For when the *Law* ſaies, *He that forſakes his Parents in their diſtreſs*, and when it ſaies *again*, *Let him be caſt out unburied*: certainly this can't be the *meaning*, *That he may not be buried*, after he is thrown into the *Sea*, and *caſt aſhore* again. And therefore *Gentlemen*, either *allow* me to *plead* as I will *my ſelf*, or (which *more* becomes *your Piety*) forbid this *catching* at *words* on *both ſides*, as *unworthy* of *your ſacred Ears*. And when I ſhall have *prov'd*, that *my Son* was a *very Non-ſuch*, let *your judgments* be further confirmed, *That our Anceſtors never made any Law againſt Piety*.

Now as to the *firſt Point* I propos'd, that the *Law* doth not reach this *Caſe*: I will but *touch* upon it, for 'tis *clear* of *it ſelf*; to *raiſe* doubts would but waſte *time*. For I am not at all of the *opinion*, that if *Age* hinder *an Infant*, or *weakneſs* a *ſick*

a *ſick perſon*; if the *Commonwealth employ* a man to be their *Ambaſſador*, or a *Captain* retain his *Souldier* in ſome *ſervice*, that the *ſevere puniſhment*, preſcrib'd by the *Law*, ſhould take place notwithſtanding, without admitting the *Plea* of *meer neceſſity*; and if it once appear, that that *Door* of *Defence* is *open*, then I may be fully aſſured of the *goodneſs* of *my Cauſe*, and need never fear, that *my Son* ſhall be *Caſt*, for not *helping* of us *both*, as long as he had an *Eye* upon the *very Law*, in what he did. The *Father* was a *Priſoner*, the *Mother* was *blind*, they had but *One Son* between them *both*; they were at a vaſt *diſtance* one from another. The *Law* hath a *Debtor* in the *midſt* of *both*, *lead* him to which of the *Two you* will, for to *Both you cannot*, unleſs *you* will *tye* the *poor thing up* to ſuch *hard terms*, that, do what he can, he muſt be thrown upon the *Dunghil*. If he take his *Journey*, his *Mother* will *deny* him *Burial*; if he *ſtay* at home, his *Father* will do the ſame. I ſuppoſe there can be no doubt at all, but the *Equity* of the *Law* reaches *me* as well as *her*: unleſs perhaps (for I perceive *you* ſeek all *Occaſions* againſt me, though never ſo *unjuſtly*) you imagine, that, *here* alſo, by reaſon of *one ſingle word*, *you* think it *one thing* to *help Parents*, and not to *forſake* them, *another*, that is, that *you'l* make it a *doubt*, whether *Parents* are to be *reliev'd* in *all* places, be *they where they will*, which is *my opinion*; or elſe, that no *Father* deſerves *Relief*, but he that is in *miſery* under his *Sons Eye*. For if to *forſake Parents in diſtreſs*, be *interpreted by us* to be *nothing* but a *bare departure* from a *poor Parent*, then we allow *two Impieties at once*: The

firſt

firſt is this, That he, that doth not budge, hath done his *duty* well *enough*, only by being there and ſtanding *by*, for he is *abſolved* by the *Law*, which bids him *not ſtir*: This would be the way to make *Children* not *Helpers* to *Parents*, but only *Spectators* of their *miſeries*. The next is *worſe* than the former; for as the *neceſſity* of our *Affairs* doth almoſt every day *ſeparate* us one from *another*: If any *misfortune* ſeize upon *Parents* on a ſuddain, thô a *Son* be but a *little way off*, yet he may have a *lawful Excuſe* not to *relieve* or *aſſiſt*: For why? He may make uſe of this *Pretence*, *I did not leave*, *I did not forſake*, *I ſtir'd not a foot*, (as the *Phraſe* is) *from my Parent*: A *Son* will be diſcharg'd of *all obligation* to help and relieve his *Parents*, if *your* Interpretation take place, that *Abſence* is an occaſion of *Impiety*. But my opinion is, That the *Intent* of the *Law-giver* was *thus*, That *they* who came out of our *own bowels*, ſhould help us (*Parents*) *by their labour* and *duty*, *where ever we be*, in *lieu* of that *life* they receiv'd from us, unleſs any man ſhould be ſo *abſurd* as to ſay, that we are not *Parents* but when we are at *home* with our *Children*.

What then is the *true meaning* of, *Not to forſake*? 'Tis to *aſſiſt*, 'tis not to be *wanting* in what we can do. All tends to this, That *Parents* may be ſafe by the *aſſiſtance* of their *Children* This being ſo, the *Law* was made for *Me*, as well as for the *Mother*: Both of us call'd for *aid*, let's ſee, to which of the *Two* ought he to go? I might make uſe of the *Authority* of a *Father*, and boldly ſay, *your Father commands you*. The name of a *Father* is above any *Law*. If *my Child* be a *Tribune*, yet I have

I have power over him; If he be able *to bear Office*, yet his *Father* may *chaſtiſe* him. We have *power* even of *life* and *death* over our *Children*; If my *Son* won't do as I bid him, Il'e ſerve him the ſame ſawce, no burial ſhall he have at my hands. The *Youth* was *compell'd to obey his Father*; he did not *forſake you willingly*, but I pluckt him from *you* by meer *force*. Believe me, if *you* pleaſe, 'twas not out of *diſreſpect* to *you* in the leaſt, that he came to his *Impriſon'd Father*. Let's ſtand, I pray, upon *even terms*, and let our *Son* be ſet in the *midſt* of us *both*; Il'e make no *compariſon* between *Perſons*, thô all *Nations* give the *preference* to a *Father*, let him be lookt upon *only* as our *Son* in *common*; Il'e claim no *advantage* for giving him his *Name*, for making him of ſo creditable a *Family*, for *ſpending* ſo much *money* upon him, for being taken *Priſoner* while I was getting an *Eſtate* for *his* uſe: I won't *vie* with her as to matter of *Indulgence*, ſhe, of *herſelf*, grants me that *point* already. All this I *might* do, but I reprimand myſelf, I won't preſs things as far as I *Lawfully* might. His duty ſtands as *indifferent* between his *Two Parents*; *Firſt* ask, *Firſt* ſerv'd. Sure I am, in point of *time*, I had the *better* on't, for I fell into diſtreſs *before* you. When *you* were at your *Freedom*, I was a *Priſoner*; *you* were ſafe and ſound, and had a good Houſe over your *head*, when I did almoſt *rot* in a *Jayle*; *you* needed not *yet* put up any requeſt to your *Son*, but I ask'd when I had *need*. As for *your calamity*, it hapned not till *after* the *receipt* of my *Letter*; and unleſs your *Son* had been willing to apply ſome *comfort* to you in your *Crying* and *Lamenting State*, he had took his

Journey

Journy before you had been *ſtark Blind.* Don't wonder, if *I* got more *favour* than *you*; Alas! had *prevail'd* upon my *Son*, before ever *you* open'd your *Mouth.*

If a man ſhould make a *Mock-Aſſize* and *Fancy Judge* in ſo *woful* a Caſe, (for, *God forbid*, any body ſhould *really* experiment *it.*) Pray tell me, whoſe *Calamity* would he think the greateſt? 'Tis true, *overmuch affection* coſt you your *Eyes*, of your *five* ſenſes you loſt *one*, you are a *dark woman*, you ſay: Why every *night* that paſſes over your head, you may ſay as much, tho' your *Eyes* are ſafe in your *head.* But was not this a greater misfortune, that *deſerv'd* to be ſo *grievouſly* bewailed? For tho' ſhe may deſervedly complain that the *Pleaſures* of *Life* are taken away, and that the *Acts* of *ſenſation* are hindred, yet if we are not unequal *Judges*, nor *vainglorioufly* miſerable in the *diſaſters* we *our ſelves* are able to cure, I will tell you, not *only* how ſhe is to be *undone* by me, but *rather* how ſhe is to be *comforted.* For when all *Bodily pain* is away, and the *aking* of our *Limbs*, that takes up all our *Thoughts*, is *happily* at an end; it follows, that too much *Idleneſs* and continual *Reſt* would *torment* one, except in ſuch *Acts*, where the very *Neceſſity* brings a *Pleaſure.* The *loſs* of our *ight* may be made up by other *delights*, as *Smell*, *aſt*, *Touch*, *Hearing*, wherein tho' we muſt grant the *greateſt* Pleaſure is wanting, yet a *Felicity*, not *conſummate*, is far from being a *deep Calamity.* A *Houſe* of ones *own*, a *Marriadge-Bed*, the Society of *Kindred*, Conference with *Freinds*, *calamity* not to be *aſhamed of*, (which ſeldom happens,)

happens,) and *Liberty*, which is a *Bleſſing* in any *State* whatſoever, ſo *many Pleaſures* together may well *ſtiffle one Greif*. For the deſire of having your *ſight*, if compar'd with my *miſeries*, favours of *Wantonneſs* and *Curioſity*, in regard *Nature* is not likely to produce any thing *New*, as an *Object* of the *Eyes*; whatever we are like to *ſee*, be it never ſo *Specious* and *Beautiful*, we have *ſeen* it *already*. Every day comes *Night*, and the *Darkneſs* thereof wraps up *one half* of our *Time*; ſo that *Nature* herſelf is, as it were, *Blind* on *one* ſide. He that can have the uſe of *another* mans *Eyes*, he that can *Hear*, he that can *Command*, he that hath diligent *Servants* to tend him, (ſo had *ſhe*, if ſhe were not too *high*, and made ſo *much account* of her *misfortune*) is not a *miſerable* man; eſpecially, if he be well ſatisfied in the *Cauſe* of his *Blindneſs*; or if he be *miſerable*, 'tis for *default* of a *good Principle*. He need not be *troubled* for a thing, that can *boaſt* thereof at the ſame time: Tho' indeed, whoever is *ſtruck* Blind, and on *whatever* occaſion, yet ſuch an *Aſſault* of *Fortune* is lighter on a *woman*, than any. For *yee*, *women*, don't travel *beyond Sea*, you perform no *Embaſſies*, you do not ſee many *fine Sights* by frequent *gadding* abroad, no *Military Employ* can you pretend to, nor no buſineſs at *Court* of *Common-Pleas*. But rather *you* are always *within doors*, for the moſt part in *one* place, tied to *little petty Offices*.

For *your* part, if I am well acquainted with your *humour*, you lamented your *Blindneſs* for *no* Cauſe *more*, but becauſe you could not go to *ranſom* your *Husband*. This was *your calamity*,

ſer-

let's now take an *Estimate* of *mine*. Alas! *No body* was affected with it, more than *your-self*. Yet, pray observe, how many things I could not mention in those *Letters* of *mine*. O *my Son*, in what a *croud* of *miseries* did I leave thee? *Liberty* (that *Great* and *Principal* Gift *God* gratifies *Man* with, which is fix'd and innate in the sense even of *Bird* and *Beast*) was the *first* thing I was strip't of. *I lost my own self, I am in bold*, a *Market-Slave*, being a *Citizen* of *Rome* I am become *Chaffer*, being an *Old man* I am forc'd to forget my *Freedom*, and being born *Free* I wish I were a *Slave*. 'Tis scarce worth the mentioning to say, we *dwell* upon the *Sea*, the *Stormy Winds* beat in upon us. We have never a *Harbour*, nor *Seat*, nor *Rest*, but (which is the *greatest* part of our *misery*) our very *Patroons* and *Masters* are as *wretched* as our *Selves*. But I must slip over the *mention* of these things, as being greivous to my *Wife* for *my* sake, and also to *Me* for my *Sons* sake. I forbear to speak of the *grim Looks* of my *Enemys*, I pass over the *Brutish grumblings* of those *Savage Barbarians*, and that I was daily in *fear* to *suffer*, what a *Poor Prisoner* was able, and what a *bold Pyrat* durst *inflict* upon him. Nothing is more *greivous* to a man, than the *Absence* of his *Friends*, yet I was even afraid to see *mine*. Nothing more *terrible* than a *Tempest*, yet I wish't to be *cast away* every *hour*. As for *death*, I confess, my *Servile weakness* wish't not for *that* for this *one* reason, *I was afraid no body would bury me*. What *Cloth's* d'e think they left me, but what were not worth *taking away*? What *Diet* could they afford *me*, who *themselves*

live upon *rapine*? As for thoſe things, which I muſt not paſs by, who can ſpeak them to the *full*? A *damp* Priſon, The *Veſſel* ſmelling *ſtrong* of the *Pump*, my *reſtleſs ſide* laid upon a *bare board*, my *Hands* bound *behind* me, and my *Feet* fetter'd, as if I could run away? 'Twas *Darkneſs* alone that *eas'd* me in *Priſon*. I was often ſorry I had *Ears*, which thô they were cover'd with my *unkemb'd hair*, did yet receive *in* the *Noiſe* of the *Whip*, and the *Groanings* of thoſe that were *beaten*, ſad *examples* of what I might expect. *Wretch* that I am, thou, *my Son*, art loſt by *Sickneſs*. Compare now the *Land* with the *Sea*, your *Houſe* with a *Ship*, your *Bed* with a *Priſon*, your *Liberty* with my *Slavery*, the *loſs* of *Eyes* with the *ſuffring* of the *whole Body*. But how far do's this woful *vying* of our *calamities* draw me? Thoſe that are *Blind* can *quarrel*, we *ſee*, but *Priſon'd Slaves* can hardly *live*. But theſe things if put into an *even Scale*, yet ought to *weigh* much *more* on *one ſide*, and favour *me* more than *you*. We muſt ſpare *no pains*, where the *effect* will *anſwer*. 'Tis a *fooliſh care*, where we hope for *no* advantage. 'Twas I *could* be *ranſom'd*, but your *Eyes* could *never* be cur'd: Your *calamity* poſſibly, be it what it will, was *incurable*, it could not be help'd, 'twas capable of *none* to take your *Place*. 'Tis true, my *Son*, after the *Receipt* of my *Letter*, in a *ſilly* kind of *officiouſneſs*, might have *ſate* by your *Beds-ſide*, and put *Finger* in *Eye* with his *Mother*. When he went his *Voyage*, he releiv'd the *Captivity*, thô but of *one* of his *Parents*; whereas if he had ſtaid at home, he would have had a *Mother* Blind, and a *Father* Priſoner *too*. I add, that your

your *Sons* preſence was not *ſo* neceſſary neither, to *ſit* by you, to *tend* you at *Meals*, to *lend* you his *Hand*, *that* any body elſe may do. Let me not be believ'd, unleſs it came to *that* paſs, that when I was taken *Priſoner*, I was to be *ranſom'd* upon ſuch *hard* Conditions, becauſe 'twas ſufficiently *known*, no body would *ranſom* me, but my *own Son*.

Here my *Plea* runs, as if *my Son* did theſe things *only* for *my* ſake; thô in this *Action* you have forgot you are a *Mother*, and thô you make it your buſineſs to *drown* the *Merits* of your *Cauſe* by your *Injury* done, and thô you put on a *ſtrange Unnaturalneſs*, yet I *admit* your *Teſtimony*. 'Twas *you* that ſent your *Son* to *ranſom* me, when you took on ſo *grievouſly*, when you wiſh'd for *death*, when you cry'd out, You were rob'd of all your *delight*, when you oftner *ſigh'd* for *my Bondage* than your *own Blindneſs*. He had not an *Heart* of *Iron* or *Flint*, that he could brook theſe things with *Content*: You *firſt* taught *your Son*, that he ſhould *venture* himſelf, rather than ſit *weeping* immoderately, and rather than expect to *recover* your *Blindneſs*. He *went*, it ſeems, and by that means ſent home your *Husband*. O *Crime unpardonable!* If he had done ſo a little *ſooner*, you had not *loſt* your *Eyes*. *But*, ſay you, *you could not keep him back*. Here I will not ſay, That all *natural Piety* hath its *Efforts*, and that ſomtimes *affection* knows no *Maſter*; neither could *he* keep *you* (you ſee) from *paſſionate weeping*. I'le tell you *that* which is more *true*, he had ſomething *elſe* in his *Mind*. He thought it incredible, that *you* would be againſt

my *ranſom*. He reckon'd it to be the *care* of a *Mother*, he believ'd it to be the *danger* of the *Sea*, which our *Family* hath had ſuch *ſad Tryal* of; fearing if he had not been *obedient* to *you*, every body would have thought, you had put a *Sham* on the *World*. But was he able not to go to *ranſom* me, when you cry'd out, I am *blind*, I have loſt my *Eyes* for my *Husband*'s ſake, I cannot bear my *Loneſomneſs* and *Solitude*? So had he gon more excuſably to *redeem* me, if you had made leſs *moan* for me? Is it a *Queſtion*, whether he did it for *your* ſake? You could not have your *Son* and *Husband* both; he ſent you home *him* that you loved *beſt*. Ceaſe then your *weeping*, take your *Husband* return'd in ſafety. Why are you *angry*? How ſo much *alter'd*? Who could *believe* it? You complain, that *he* went *from you* whom *you hated*, and yet you would not have *him* return, whom you *pretend* to *love*. But if *He forſakes his Parents in diſtreſs*, who doth not *relieve* them (as I have prov'd *before*,) and if this *beſt* of *Sons* ranſom'd me to be an *Aſſiſtant* to his *Mother*, by ſuffering in his own *Perſon* (as I ſhall *now* ſhew) then certainly he did *relieve*, (i. e.) he did not *forſake* them. For if, as I ſaid *before*, a Man muſt not *wag* a foot from *Parents* in diſtreſs, then he cannot *ſtir* from thoſe he *helps*, no not to *fetch* 'em *Meat*, or to provide them other *neceſſary Accommodations*, that they want. But when a *Parent* is *relieved*, if it be no great matter *where* the *Party* that *relieves*, is, provided his *Care* be *preſent*; then, whatever I did for you is due to *him* that *ranſom'd* me, as the *Author* of the *Gift*. Indeed, I *ſate* not by you, I us'd no *comfortable* word

word to you, I did not *tend* you, I did not *fetch* and *carry*, I did not return an *entire Beneficiary* to you. To confeſs a *Truth*, after all this, if you reckon your ſelf *forſaken*, I cannot deny it, 'tis *my* fault.

But now 'tis time to defend, with *greater Ardency*, the things which are ſo far from needing an *Excuſe*, that they are very *ſplendid* and *magnificent*; and when an *exemplary Judgment* is upon giving, we ſhould underſtand at *length* the *Merits* of the *Cauſe*. Ah, *poor Child!* this *Privilege*, at leaſt, thou wilt obtain, uſually done to *Noble Funerals*; *When you are dead, you ſhall not go without your Praiſe*. Let us ſummon in hither all paſt *Encomiums*; thô the *Tongues* of all *Poets*, and *Orators* too, ſhould make a *joynt* Agreement to *chant* out the *Praiſes* of this *one* Man, yet the *Subject* will *poſe* an hundred *Tongues*; nay, it would *baffle* even *Eloquence* it ſelf, if it could poſſibly lodge in *one* Body, thô I alledge *nothing* but the very *Objections* made againſt him. Here's a *Son* that gave *Liberty* and *open Air* to his *Father*, and (what was never heard of *before*) he lov'd me more than I deſir'd. He went to *Sea*, where *Storm* and *Tempeſt* was the *leaſt* of his *Hazards*; and amidſt *all*, (which was moſt difficult,) in *Love* he ſurpaſſed his *Mother*. Peace, *wicked Tongue!* What have you to do to *praiſe* ſuch things as theſe? He offer'd himſelf *voluntarily* to be a *Slave*; and thô he knew how *grievous* a thing it was to be *fetter'd*, yet he *would* come in his *Father*'s ſtead, and undergo ſuch *Hardſhips*. His *Piety* did chearfully undergo thoſe *Miſeries*, which were *grievous* even to *Felons*. I profeſs, *Wife*, you

did *better*, when you *would not* let him go. Compare *Cases* now, if a Man carry'd his *Father* thrô the *midst* of his *Enemies alone*, and receiv'd all the *Darts*, aim'd at *him*, in his *own* Body, yet he dy'd but *one downright Death*. We read of *one*, who offer'd himself for his *Father*, not to the *Pyrates*, or to the *Sea*, but where there was hope of *Ransom*. *Wo is me!* I must say, that, by *this very Example*, we are put in mind, that 'tis for the *Honour* of *Filial Piety*, that even *those* that are *Executed* are *buried*. *Some* like these things, but I don't. As for you, *Young Man*, *all Ages* to come will speak of you; and *winged Vertue* will carry up *aloft* to the *Stars* such an admirable *Example*, that *Posterity* will never forget: But this thy *Praise* costs me *dear*. Had it not been better for thee to have sate by thy *Mothers Bed-side*; and, *devoting* thy self to *her Service*, to have liv'd in *Security*? 'Twas your hap only, that you could *excuse* it to your *Father*, and yet not *redeem* him. In the mean time, a *lingring Consumption* would have *wasted* me, as it had *begun*: *Death*, which only *could* do it, would have *releas'd* the *Old Man*. And when my *dead Body* had been *cast* to the *Waves*, if the like *Tempest* should have happned, 'twould have been *your* turn to bury *me*. But the *Love* of *Glory*, which is innate to *brave Spirits*, hath mis-lead you, the Expectation of Immortal *Praise* hath *impos'd* upon you. Where is your Vertue? Where is your Piety? You are *undone*, and yet suffer by an *ill Report* too. I hate not *by* him, when he was a *dying*, as a *Father* should; I did not lay his troubled *Head* in a *softer* place, I did not turn his *weary'd Side*, nor did

did I receive his laſt Breath. *Abſent* was I, *Dead* and *Ruin'd*, when I heard of your *Death*. No man unty'd your Chains when you were *Sick*, none freed your Hands, ſully'd with your Fetters, to take your *Food*. You were looſed, as a neglected deſpiſed Creature, only to ſave your *Chains*. Why may I not call you the *ſubſtitute* of a diſconſolate *Old-man*? Amidſt ſo many *ardent* deſires and longings of a *Feaverish* perſon, you had *no* body to call to for *ſupply*: As you were *grapled* in your *Chains*, *ſo* you lay; you could only caſt a *thought* on your *Mother*, *Father* and the *reſt* of your *Kindred*. Do I *pleaſe* myſelf, that, I fear, you are *Dead* in my loathſom *Priſon*? Alas, your *Mother* is not ſatisfied with your *Death*.

Becauſe, *woman*, you demand an *exact* puniſhment from *dead Carkaſſes*, hear the *ſequel*. *Death* it ſelf made *Shipwrack* of your *Son*, his *Body* was *ſwoln* by being *tumbled* over ſo many *Waves*, by being *daſh'd* againſt ſo many *Rocks*, by being *driven* thrô ſuch *large* and *ſpatious Sands*, yet it was never more *unhappy* than when it came *aſhore*. Oh, how *grievous* is it to *dye*, but how far *more grievous*, to *outlive* my *Son*? I live hated and abhorr'd by *God* and *Man*, but moſt of all by *my-ſelf*. Beſides, I loſe the *Affection*, even of my *own* Wife. About her *Sons* Funeral, ſhe hath *divorc'd* herſelf. I ſee thoſe *Conveniences* of *Nature*, which I have depriv'd my *Son* of; Every part of *Age* calls upon me to *mourn*, *Old Age*, to which he *arriv'd* not; wretched *Childhood*, which 'tis true, now he *paſs'd* over; *Youthful Eſtate*, in which *Age* he died. I *ſurvive*, that, if things *cotton* right, I may ſee a *Funeral*, and the *all-de-*

vouring Flames about my *Sons Corpi:* But if I may not be ſo happy, then I ſhall ſee a *foul black Carkaſs*, a *loathſom Spectacle*, even to *thoſe* that *knew* him not. Amidſt all theſe *miſeries*, I think you will beleive me if I ſay, *I wiſh My Eyes were out too.* What ſhall I ſay *more?* Shall I *bend* my *ſupplications* to you, *O Wife*, hitherto *vainly* and *fruitleſſy* attempted? Well, go you on, make uſe of your *Fortune! Happy* you, that you are not *content* with this *condition!* I muſt make my *recourſe* to *you*, *Worthy Auditors*, by our common *misfortunes*, by my *calamity*, which is the *Standard* or *Idea* of *humane miſery*, as your *Wives* may love you, as they may *long* for you in ſuch a caſe, as you may have no *other Inſtance* of ſuch a *loſs*, but mine may be the *laſt*, as you may have no need of ſuch *Pious Children* as *mine* was, *Take pity upon me.* If you will accept of a *Subſtitute*, caſt *me* out. My *Prayers* are not *refiective*, yet I'le *have* it ſo. No joyful *acclamation* ſhall follow your *Sentence*; I ſhall not be led to the *Temple* but to the *Grave:* Thô I *prevail* with you, yet I muſt *weep ſtill*; but if I *prevail* not, I will go to the *Sea-ſhore all-forlorn.* I will drive away the very *Birds* with my *groans*, or lay my-ſelf as a *Tomb-ſtone* over my *Sons* body. We'le be *both* alike, *unburied.* I will throw *my-ſelf* out to *Wild-Beaſts*, or at every bodies door. I will caſt my-ſelf at the feet of all *Paſſengers*, as *Poor Beggars* are wont now adaies; I'le not ask *Victuals* or an *Alms*, no, I will *only* beg a *Grave*, and a *clod* or two thrown upon my *Son*, by ſome *compaſſionate* hand or other; or elſe, (which, I hope, I may do) I will *throw* his *Body* into the *Sea:* Then ye

Cruel

Cruel Waves, and ye *Winds*, but too too *proſperous*, I *return* you your *kindneſs* back again. Carry it whither you will, let it be to *Savages*, let it be to the *feirceſt Enemys*, nay let it be to the *Pyrates* themſelves. Perchance ſome *one* of them will ſay, *Let it be buried*; *ſure there is none* (that *I know*) *will be againſt it.*

Tormenta

Tormenta Pauperis:

OR,

The Poor man's Rack.

DECLAMATION VII.

The Argument.

The LAW. *No Free Denizon of* Rome *was to be put upon the Rack.* The CASE. *A* Poor man *and a* Rich *were Adverſarys* one *to 'tother. The* Poor man *had a* Son, *as* He *and his* Son *were coming*

coming home one Night, *his* Son *was* Slain. *Whereupon the* Poor man *ſays*, *'twas the* Rich man *that Murthered him, and offers himſelf to the* Rack *to* prove *it*. *The* Rich man *would not agree to it, alledging*, *'twas* againſt *the* L A W.

For

For the Poor Man *againſt the* Rich.

I AM very ſenſible, *my Lords*, that your *Commiſeration* of my *Diſtreſs* will be much *abated* and *taken off*, becauſe I ſeem to bring before you too *venturous* a *Grief*; and that a new Acceſſion is made to the *ſad* Loſs of my *Child*, that, when I *crave* and *call for* ſuch ſevere *Cruelty* againſt *my ſelf*, I am *reflected* upon as if I required *another*'s Torture: Yet I cannot *own* how *much* I ſuffer, becauſe there is no room for the *faint-heartedneſs* of a *poor Father* left in me. I ſaw with my *own* Eyes the *Murtherer* of my *Son*, and am more *unretched now*, than if I had not known, *who* 'twas that *murther'd* him. And I confeſs, *my Lords*, I wonder how it comes to paſs that I ſhould *appeal* to this *way* of *Probation*. I came hither, as if I were to relate a *plain* and *manifeſt* Caſe; neither did I expect any other Conſent of this *Court's Opinion* concerning my *Son's* Murther, than as if you had every *one* of you ſeen the *Murtherer* too. But *here*, alas! *here*, I found cauſe to deſire, *I might be rack'd aforehand*. For after my *words* did not ſeem *ſufficiently* to *make out* what I had *ſeen*, I reſolv'd to *convince* you by my *Torments*. But what ſhall I do, if the *guilty* Conſcience of *Defendants* will not endure, that I ſhould raſhly *engage* my ſelf to ſuch *Hard-*

ſhip?

ſhip? Could I *conſtrue* this to be any *Pity* towards me, that he would not have *me rack'd*, who deſired it, ſince he knows, I would ſay the *ſame* thing on the *Rack*, that I did *before*. Neither do I think, *my Lords*, any of you do ſo much as doubt, *whence* it ſhould proceed; from what *Guilt*, or from what *Fear*, that a Man ſhould be unwilling his *Enemy* ſhould be *tortur'd*. Little do you think, what *Torment* the *rich* Man is in *now*, and what *Pain* he is under, becauſe he will not *conſent* to what I *ask*. Oh, how fain would he *wiſh*, he had not *murthered* my *Son*, that ſo I might be *ſpar'd* the *Torture*! Can you think, *my Lords*, he doth this out of *regard* to *Law* or *Liberty*, or that he, that has *broke* the *Law*, would be careful, leſt an *Example* be given againſt *Law*? But he is now *perplex'd* in *Conſcience*, and ſo he takes the more *pleaſure* in my *Grief*. 'Tis worth his while to deny the *Rack* to an *Enemy*, when he has brought it about, that he deſires it *himſelf*. And therefore, *my Lords*, I, the *unhappieſt* of all *Mortals*, do beg this, that ſeeing I have *already* ſuffered ſuch *unheard* of, ſuch *incredible Griefs*, *That you would take no pity on my Carkaſs*. 'Tis a more *cruel* and *intolerable* thing, not to *obtain* the *Torture* when I *deſire* it, than to *ſuffer* it in good earneſt. Even this is the *ſtrangeneſs* of my *Grief*, that you cannot *ſuccour me* any *other* way, than *that*, you would *hate another* in. Neither is any thing more *unhappy* than *he*, who of neceſſity *flies* to the *Torture*. I plead and contend, *That I ſaw the very Murtherer of my Son*. 'Tis hard, you cannot *find* this out, if it be *falſe*; and 'tis as hard, I can't *prove* it, if it be *true*. As for me,

my

my Lords, I fancy my *Son's* loſs, as if it were *juſt now*; and my *Thoughts* repreſent that diſmal *Night* to me, a *ſecond time*. It ſeems to me, that I have made my *Confeſſion already*, even upon the *Rack*.

I had a *Son*, *my Lords*, as he was of an high and *undaunted* courage, ſo he had not *as yet* any *Enemy* in the *World*, and no body would have *Murther'd* him on any *other* accompt, had it not been to *greive* his *Poor Father*. O *wretched* condition of *us*, *Parents!* To what ſtrange and unheard of *Pitfals*, do we lye open? *We* are the *Perſons*, that *provoke* and *offend*, yet our *Enemy* make our *Poor Children* ſuffer. Who, *my Lords*, would ever have been afraid of ſuch a *cunning falſe* diſpoſition, when a man ſhall find out a new way how to *Spare* and *Murther* too? As for the reſt, *my Lords*, you may expect it on the *Rack*, not before. Thoſe *Parents* are happy in compariſon of *me*, who hear the *report* of their *Children's* death by *others*; but I am ſhot at by an *unheard* of *miſery*, my *only Son* was *Murthered* for the *nonce*, that I might *ſee* him *Murthered*. At night we were going home *together*, as indeed in the whole *courſe* of our *Lives* we were ſeldom aſunder: For we were men, whoſe *Fortunes* did not enable us to keep *Servants* to *guard* us, and therefore we made a ſhift to *defend* one another by *mutual Piety*; we upheld *one* another, we lean'd on one another, and were hardly to be *ſevered* but by an *expert Murtherer*; when, *behold*, the *Rich man ſprung* forward with a *Sword* in his *hand* in the *dead* time of the *night*, and, to the *amazement* of us *both*, ran *him* through, that was the

better

better man of his hands; and who, if he had killed *me*, might have *found* him ſome *Play*. I confeſs, *my Lords*, the beſt *Eyes* I had, and the greateſt *care* a *Poor Father* could uſe, ſtood me in no *ſtead* at that Time. The *Murtherer himſelf* was *willing* to have it known, *who 'twas*. You *Countrymen all*, I put the *Queſtion* to you; and I ask *you* too, O all ye *humane affections*, tell me, What a *Poor Father* ſhould do in this Caſe? This *Blood* you ſee about me, *ſpurted* out from my *Son's* wounds: With *theſe hands* of mine, I held up the *Body* of my *only Child*, as he was a *falling*. Methinks the *aſpect* of my *dying* Son ſticks yet in my *Eye*; and the words, which his *exulting Adverſary* ſpake over his dead *Carkaſs*, yet ingle in mine *Ears*. Beleive me for my *Torments* ſake, how long ſhall my *Sons Murther* haunt my *Conſcience*? Open this *Body* of mine, and bring to *light* the *dark* buſineſs of the *Murther* out of my *Bowels*. I *ſaw* it, and yet I can't be *believed*; I tell you, I *ſaw* it, ſo that I can ſay the *ſame*, when upon the *Rack*. Or, if you think I *forge* and *fain*, then let my *Fleſh* be torn in *pieces* with *burning pincers*, and yet let me not prove it at laſt. Or if you think fit, *my Lords*, you may *Rack* me, that I may *leave of* this *Prating*.

My Lords, I am not ignorant, that 'tis a very *weighty Action* I have undertaken, thô my Caſe is clearly juſt and good. For I, that am but a *Poor-man*, do accuſe one that is *Rich*, and one too that was my *Enemy* before, I, I ſay, that am the *Murthered* Youths *Father*; and I require that you would beleive my *Teſtimony*, which proceeds from the *ſenſe* of my *loſs*. And therefore I do

not

not *Sue*, that you would not be *angry* with me, until I can prove it. *Rack* me, I beſeech you, as a *Lyar*. Ay but, *The Law*, ſays he, *prohibits that a Free Denizon ſhould be Rack'd*. I beſeech you, *my Lords*, is not ſuch an *Anſwer* fitter for the *Perſon*, who is *call'd* to the *Torture*. I beleive, my *Lords*, no body doubts, but the *Law*, that *prohibits* the *Torturing* a *Free man*, aims only at this. That no body ſhould be *Rack'd* againſt his *will*; yea the Privileges, which exempt *us* from the Condition of *Slaves*, are only to ſuccour the *Weak-heartedneſs* of ſuch as are loth *to come to't*. 'Tis the very nature of all *Exemptions*, that they muſt not be *impoſed* by *Force*, but left at *Will*: Yea that which was *deſign'd* for another's *Accommodation* and *Honour*, is no longer a *Privilege*, if it be forc'd. Run over, if you pleaſe, *all* the *Laws* that ever were; there was never any *one* of them ſo *careful* for us, as to puſh us *per-force* to what it indulges us. The *Law* allows a *blind Man* an *Action* of *Lex Talionis*, but it doth not *force* his hands to *execute* that *Law*; it allows one to ſue a *Murtherer*, but it *compels* him not, whether he will or no. So that, in effect, 'tis eaſier for a Man to let go his *Revenge* than his *Right* thereto. 'Tis a kind of *Bondage*, a *forc'd Liberty*; and if you help an *unwilling* Man *this* way or *that* way, you do him Wrong *either* way. Would you know what the *Law* had in its Eye? It ſays not, *I demand your Torture*; I *admit* it only, if you like it. Oh *Heavens!* How many *things* are there no leſs *juſt* than the *Law*? Some things are ſo *highly criminal*, that the *Law* allows to abate of its *Rigour*; and when a *Crime* is wonderful, the *Law* is

s as wonderful in its *Execution.* Here's a *Son murthered* in his *Father's ſight: Rack* me now without *fear.* A more *wicked* thing could never have been acted. Pardon me, if I think *this Act* hath out-done the *heinouſneſs* of all other *Crimes.* And (whence the *Juſtice* of *Torturing* is *ſalv'd*) *greater* is the *Offence* to be inquired after, than the *manner How.* No kind of *Examination* or *Tryal* muſt ſeem *unjuſt*, when there is *no other* to be had in the Caſe, and whatever conduces to the *ſtrictneſs* of a *Law*, is no ways *prejudicial* to be put in *practiſe* My *Liberty* is ſufficiently *rever'd* and *ſalv'd*, that you are *unwilling* to *torture* me, and that *no* body *elſe* finds me *worthy* of the *Rack*, but *my ſelf. A Free-man muſt not be tortured*, ſays the *Law.* That was the very *reaſon, my Lords*, why my *Adverſary* was not afraid to *murther* my *Son*, even before my *Face.* I *therefore urge* and *contend*, that my *Son* was *murthered* before my *Face.* How ſay you? Would it not make againſt the *Credit* of this *Appeal* to *all* the World, if I ſhould *ſit ſtill* and be *quiet* under my *miſery?* Alas! when I *ſaw* this with my *Eyes*, would you have me give it a *bare ſingle-ſol'd* Teſtimony? Can it be any great *wonder*, if I now *rend* my *Cloaths*, if I *ſtrip* me *bare*, if I call for *Torture* by *Fire* or *Laſh.* That *Father* muſt needs *run mad* that, in *ſuch* a Caſe, keeps *all* to *himſelf.* He is miſtaken, *my Lords*, that thinks my *Demand* proceeds from a *Careleſneſs* what becomes of me, or from *Fool-hardyneſs* either. No, my *Son* puts me to *Torture* by *Fire* and by *Laſh*; and if you *rack* me, I ſhall be free of *that pain.* If I am ſuch a *Lyar*, when I deſire to be rack'd, pray

tell me what I ſhall do, when I ſpeak *Truth*, and cannot *prove* it. *Thou lyeſt*, ſays he: Very well, that *you* alſo confeſs, that I muſt not be *believ'd* without being *tortur'd*.

But (in earneſt) what *Reaſon* doth my *rich Adverſary* give, why I do lye? Is it, That I did not *know* the *Murtherer*, and therefore pitch'd upon *him* eſpecially, *to accuſe* of the *Fact*? Or, do I *know* him well enough, and yet, upon *account* of *old* Grudges, charge the loſs of my *Child* upon *him*? No, no; 'Tis evident, I could not be *miſtaken*. My *Son* was *ſlain* as we were *both* going home together. Could not I *diſcern* the *Murtherer* in the Night, when the *Murtherer* himſelf could *diſcern Whom* to *ſtrike*, and *Whither* to *fly*? How ſay you? Did *another* Man *murther* him, and I now wreak my *Revenge* upon you? Then, it ſeems, I accuſe *you*, that mean while the *unknown Murtherer* may ſhew us a *pair* of *Heels*, and be gon. What a piece of *madneſs* do you *charge* upon me, that I ſhould loſe the *Avengement* of ſo *great* a *Villany*, by the *falſe Accuſation* of I know not *who*? If I cannot have the *Law* of *you*, *Sir*, whom, I am ſure, I *ſaw murther* my *Son*, I have left my ſelf *no way* to prove it upon *another* Man. O thou, that art *utterly alien* from all *Humane Affections*, doſt think, I would *forge* an *Untruth* here? Alas! I have loſt an *Affection* that is *ſweeter* to us, *poor Parents*, than any *Revenge*. Do you think it comes now to my *Mind*, that we were ſometimes at *odds*? Oh! you are mightily miſtaken. He, that hath *kill'd* a Man's *Son*, is *Enemy enough* upon that *ſole* Account. Do you think a Man can cover a *diſſembled* Grief under ſuch

lying

lying words as theſe, *I will be rack'd upon it?* Soft, I would not offer my ſelf to the *Rack*, unleſs I had ſpoken the *very Truth*: For in the midſt of *Fire* and *Laſh*, 'tis enough for me to ſay, This was my *ſworn Enemy*, this was the Man that every foot gave me *ill Language*; This *unſufferable*, this *outragious* Perſon. I know not, whether it will be enough for me, under *Torture*, to ſay, *That I ſaw it*, and therefore my *Enemy* ſays, I crave the *Torture*. I do demand the Rack. See, I pray, to what I am driven, who am *conſcious* to my ſelf, I may tell *a Lye*; There is no need of *Racks* at all, if they may be made uſe of againſt *Truth*, and *Mankind* will be depriv'd of this neceſſary *Expedient*, if they maintain and draw forth *Lyes* from thoſe that *forge* them. Mens *humours* do hold out to this *piece* of *Art*, and thô a man be never ſo much *reſolv'd* againſt making any *diſcovery*, yet his *Heart* fails him when he comes to the *Rack*. 'Tis to no purpoſe to *aver* what one *forges*, when twill *avail* little to confeſs the *Truth* it ſelf. Sure when a man is *Rack'd*, 'tis to make him ſpeak *contrary* to what he ſaid *before*. 'Tis no great matter how a man comes *affected* to the * *Equuleus*, or what motives of ſilence he brings thither. For under *Torture* we

*Or *Eculeus*, a ſort of *Rack*, us'd by the *Romans* to torture Malefactors, to make them Confeſs; It is thus deſcrib'd by *Sigonius de jud. l.* 3. *c.* 18. *Eculeus Cataſta fuit lignea cohlearia, ad intendendum & remittendum apta, atq; ad torquendos homines, ut facti veritas eliceretur, inſtituta. Tormenti verò genus erat hujuſmodi, ubi Cataſtæ hinc brachia pedeſq; ejus, qui torquendus erat, nervis quibuſdam, quæ Fidiculæ dicebantur, alligaverant, tum Cataſta intenta atq; in altum erecta, ut ex ea quaſi cruce quadam miſer ille penderet, primum compagem ipſam oſſium illius divellebant, deinde cadentibus ejuſdem corpori laminis admotis, atq; biſulcis ungulis ferreis lateribus laniatis doloris acerbitatem augebant.*

The effect whereof in Engliſh, is,

The Eculeus was a *Machin* of wood, in the form of a long Stake, or rather two Stakes or pieces of Timber, joyned togeather by *Screws* or *Vices*, to one of which the Offenders Arms being tied with ſtrings or Cords, and his Legs to the other, the Engine was lifted up or down, and the *Tortur'd* perſon hoyſed up or let down as pleas'd the Torturers, even to the diſlocation of his Limbs, to make him Confeſs: And to encreaſe his pain they did often, with red-hot Iron plates and Pincers, burn and tear his Fleſh from his ſides. See alſo *Turneb. Adverſ. l.* 4. *c.* 3.

are but *Fleſh* and *Blood*, and there's *no* man, but it goes *againſt* him, when he *comes to't*. Shall I *challenge* the *Torture* or ſhall I *refuſe* it? What's the difference between *one* thats *Tortur'd*, and *one* that ſhortly will be like a man, that *confeſſes* againſt his *will*. *My Lords*, here's a new and *unuſual Example* ſtarted in *human* Life. No man ever *therefore* ought not to be *tortur'd*, why? Becauſe he *Ly'd*. But, *my Lords*, if it be fit to doubt of the *Truth* of ſuch *Confeſſions* as are made on the *Rack*, ſome body *elſe* ought to be *ſuſpected*. I mean, one that is *tortur'd* being of a *cloſe ſervile Spirit*, and his *Body*, *Bond-ſlav'd*: When the *Torturer* is e'n at a *ſtand* what to do with his *hard brawny Limbs*, when he is hardned by *dayly* puniſhments, that his *Body* claims *acquaintance* with the *ſmart*, and 'tis no *news* to him to have his Body *ſtretch't* out upon a *Rack*. But on the contrary, they, who when their *Clothes* are *firſt rent* and *ſtrip't* off, can't well bear the *ſhame* of it, that know not how to *turn* and *wind* their *Bodys* at every *Laſh*, and can't tell *how* to meet the *Blows* half-way as it were, 'tis they, I mean, even ſuch as *we*, that the

Law

Law thinks fit ſhould not be *Tortured*. For how can *we* be able to *keep Counſel* amidſt ſuch things? In *Torture*, a *Free-man* had need of a great deal of *hardneſs*, that he may be able to ſpeake the *Truth*.

But, ſays he, you ought not to be *Tortured*, becauſe you *challenge* it. I anſwer, Torture, *Dear Sir*, is *one* thing, and to *deſire* it, is *another*. Happy (*ſay I*) are *they*, who *chuſe* to *ſhun* it. He deſerves *Clemency* and *Favour*, who is brought with *Trembling* to the *Rack*, and *half-dead* already, whom the *Executioner* can ſcarce *raiſe* up from his *Knees*, and, thô his *Clothes* are rent off, yet he can hardly *pull* 'm away. Shall I *plead* againſt the *Torture* as you deſire, which, you ſee, I *challenge*. He, He, I ſay, may be *mangl'd* without any *pity*, to whom the *Torturer* can ſay at *every* Stroke, *'Tis your own deſire*; It *becomes* not ſuch a one to *ſupplicate*, who is thought to make *Out-cries* o' purpoſe, to counterfeit *Groans*, and of whom *Torments themſelves* need *firſt* to be *reveng'd*. I don't ſee, *my Lords*, what he can have in his *Eye*, who frames *a Lye*, and then demands the *Rack*. He, that is willing to be *rack'd*, we don't *long* beleive him, thô he ſpeake the *Truth*. There is no reaſon, *my Lords*, you ſhould beleive, that my ſad and diſconſolate loſs hath ſo bereav'd me of all *ſenſe* of *humanity*, that I underſtand not my requeſt to be, that the *Rich-man* may be ſure to *eſcape*; and that I my ſelf may be *tortur'd*, almoſt inſtead of the *Murtherer*. But what would you have to do? You muſt not reckon, I could poſſibly lye, ſeeing I am the man who was pre-

ſent, when my *Dear Son* was *Murther'd*. Yet I am willing for *Truths* ſake, I deſire the *Torture*; wherein I *know not* what I *ſhall* ſay, but, I have *ſeen*, and *doe well know*, what I *ought* to ſay.

Would you have me after this, to deal by *Arguments* and *probable Inferences*? No, *Torture* is the *ſhorter Cut*. I ſee no reaſon, *my Lords*, why the *Rich man* ſhould deny me the *Rack*, ſo long as there are ſuch *doubts* and *uncertainties* to be clear'd. Poſſibly he would not have me *Tortur'd*, if, when I am ſo, I muſt be *believ'd* at laſt. O thou *cruelleſt* of all *mankind*, how long wilt thou *ſham* me by counterfeiting Fear. *I* had more need to *Fear*, who call for my *Rack*; I, who could do nothing, alas, when I *ſaw* what I did *ſee*. My *Patience* is ſuſpected by you. For, you ſee, that *ſtrength* and *prime* of Age, and a well-ſet ſolid Body are an encouragement againſt *Pain*; but how eaſie, how ready a matter it, for a *Poor diſconſolate Father* to be put to *Torment*? For I bring with me to the *Rack* a *piteous* Body, already *black* and *blue* with the *ſtrokes* of my *Greif* and *Complaint*. How much of my *Life*, how much of my *Spirits*, hath the loſs of my *Son* taken from me *already*? How much *weaker* are theſe my *Vitals*, waſted away by *dayly* Lamentations? Can then this *pale Viſage* of mine, this *meagerneſs*, this *weak Eſtate* of my *Body*, as if I had been *rack'd already*, *deviſe* any thing that's *falſe*? Beſides, if you *lye*, under *Torture*, you can *long* ſay nothing *leſs* than what you *ſaw* with your *Eyes*; it is a ſhort kind of *Confeſſion*, to tell what you *ſaw*. Thoſe are happy, Sir, whom the *Torturer* interrogates, examines,

amines, and who cannot *command* other mens *beleif*. He can endure *little*, that can put an end to his *Torture*, when he will *himſelf*. But, *ſays he*, why do you not rather *prove* the *Fact*? Oh, *thou Confident man*, you know, that *no body* ſaw it but *my-ſelf*. Without doubt, *Freind*, many *Arguments* might have been brought to *convict* you, if another man had been your *Accuſer*; and you were moſt *clearly guilty*, if I were to *ſeek* for the *Murtherer*. For who more likely to kill a *Poor man*, than a *Rich man*, and his *Enemy* too? Or, what Wickedneſs can be more eaſily found out, that hath no other *impulſive Cauſe*, but *Revenge*? He need not *many* words, to ſay, *He ſaw it*; Nor ought I to loſe this *Probation* of mine, becauſe it might have fall'n out, that you might have been *accus'd* by *another*. *He* requires *Proof*, who *ſo* laid the *Villany*, that it *cannot* be *proved*. What *Teſtimony* could *night* procure? What *Eye-witneſs* could *naked* and *lonely poverty* find? For *your* part, you had a *Servant*, but he was to be put out of the way, that he might not be *privy* to the *Villany*; and things being carried *ſo*, who could be preſent? *Who*, do you think, was there to be *put* upon the *Rack*? You brought the whole *Fact* to this *pinch*, that he *alone* was to *know* it that *did* it, and *one* more, who *now*, it ſeemes, is not to be *beleived*. Would you make any doubt to *inquire*, if any *other* man knew of this *Wickedneſs*? Is it fit, that my *Son's ſuit* ſhould therefore be *loſt*, becauſe I, *his Poor Father*, ſaw the thing don. Truly, *my Lords*, I have made good *one* part of *Proof*, even by *this*, that the *Rich man* refuſes me the *Torture*. *An Accuſed* perſon will

never fear the *Torture* of his *Accuſer*, unleſs he thought him likely to be *believ'd*, even *before* he *came to't*.

But, ſays he, if the *Feuds* between us were the *Cauſe* of the *Murther*, why did I not rather *diſpatch Thee? Cruel Man!* I prove *thee* the *Murtherer* by this *very Argument*, that thou didſt *let me alone*. 'Twas thy *wicked Plot*, this, to *deſtroy* the *Son* and *ſave* the *Father*. This was the *very reaſon* for thy *ſparing* of *me*, that thou could'ſt not have been *defended*, if *both* of us had been *Murthered*. Methinks, I ſeem to *overhear* your very *thoughts* and your *ſecret contriving* the *Murther* in your *Heart*, *What have I to do*, ſaid you, *to wound or ſhed the Blood of an Old-man, that is ſpent, and, as it were, half-dead already? Let me rather make away the Young Fellow, who takes part with his Father already againſt me, I am ſufficiently revenged of the Old Father, when he ſees his Son Murthered before his Face.* Would you have me wonder, that you did not kill *me*? I beleive, 'twas becauſe you were *loth*, that a *ſhort* Life ſhould put an *end* to my *Greif*. You *ſpar'd* me, as *Tormentors* deviſe *ways* to *lengthen* out *puniſhments*, they *wreak* their *cruelty* more by *prolonging pain*, than by *ſpeedy diſpatching* out of the way. Now I ſee your *mercy* toward me that Night, thô you *hated* me. 'Twas *one* and the *ſame* reaſon *for both*, that you would not have me *Tortur'd*, and that you would not *Make me away*. This man, *my Lords*, endeavours to make it utterly *incredible*, what I contend for, *That he was the perſon, that Murther'd my Son*. D'e think now I'le ſay, that ther's *more* of *ſecurity*,

ſecurity, if a man will truſt no body to do a *Fact* but *himſelf*, 'tis ſafer doing it before a *Father* that's his *Enemy*, than a bare *Complice*. Nay I ſay more. To *Murther* a *Son* in the ſight of his *Father*, 'tis then *worth* the while, if one do's it *ones ſelf*. He *loſes* much of the *Pleaſure* in a *Villany*, that *commands* another to do it, and there's *leſs ſweetneſs* in things we hear *by report*. Another man may *Murther one*, *by your* command, but in the mean time *you* can take no *pleaſure* at the *ſight*: Oh, 'tis a great deal more, to be *ſated* with the *ſobs* of a *dying Soul*, to ſee the *Blood* guſhing out, to behold the man *groveling* and *graſping*, and this too while *I my ſelf* am by. Theſe things, *my Lords*, ſuit *well* together, *That the Rich man committed this Fact with his own hands*, and, *That I ſaw it don*. The reaſon of his *Cruelty*, was, *That he ſhould be Murther'd in my ſight, that was Murther'd for my ſake.*

I beſeech you, *my Lords*, do not think, I did not *ſee* the *Fact* committed, becauſe I *ſtood ſtill*, and *ſtir'd* not. That's the *grief* of *Slaves*, and of *half-Free-men*, when a *Murther* is *perpetrated*, to know preſently *what* to do, to *ſcbriek* out, to *run* up and down, to call *God* and *Man* to witneſs the *foulneſs* of the *Fact*, and at laſt to *diſſolve* in *Tears*. Would you have me *ſet upon* the *Murtherer*? Muſt I *run* after him, as he *flies*? Mean while, who ſhall *take* up my *fainting Son*? Who ſhall *ſupport* his *weak dying* Body? You know well enough, O *Homicide*, how to *lay* and *order* your *Villany*. To *murther* a *Son* before his own *Father*, is to do it, when *no body* is by. Take *pity* therefore

therefore upon me, *my Lords*, and even from *hence* make an Eſtimate of the *rich Man's* Guilt, that he is *content no Enquiry* ſhould be made into the *Fact*, he hath not the *Confidence* of one that thinks I am a *Lyar*; and, that which you ought to heed *as much* as if he had *confeſs'd*, he thinks it not *ſafe* for him to *deny* the ſame a *ſecond* time. *Pretend* what you will, 'tis no *innocent* fear, that makes *you dread another* Man's *Torture*. What *ſays* the *rich Chuff* now? Will he turn my *Loſs* to this kind of *uſe*, as if the *Authority* of a *Father's Grief* would *faſten another* Man's *Wickedneſs* upon *him*? Next, you bring not the *Rack your ſelf*, yo *your ſelf* do not place the *burning Coals*. In earneſt, you ſhould ſay, *You were willing to be rack'd*. *I* rend my *Cloaths*, and *you* tremble at it: I make bare my *Body* for the *Laſh*, and *you* look as *pale* as a *Clout*: I call for the *torturing Engine* and the *burning Coals*, and *you* have not the *patience* to ſee *me* undergo this *pain*. What, I pray, could *he* do *more*, that was the *Murtherer*? *Wretch* that I am, what ſhall I do now? I have *deprived* my ſelf of what was *commendable* in my *Confeſſion*, even before I am *tortur'd* to *confeſs*. I know right well, how much more *credible* it would have been, if I had *ſtarted* this amidſt my *Flames* and *Laſhes*. I have alſo loſt much of the *Authentickneſs* of my *firſt Crying out*, yet you muſt not think my *Torments* needleſs, thó I have told *already* what I know. I have *yet* many things to ſay concerning that *ſecret Fact*, which my *pain* will give the *force* of *Arguments* to. 'Tis no matter whether I ſay, *I ſaw it*; I ſhall prove by my *Torture*,

orture, that I *ought* to have been *believ'd*, even efore I was *put to 't*.

Oh my *Adverſary*, How do I *torture* you now, *y interrogating* you *that* in open *Court*, which you urſt not *own* to *my ſelf* alone? But if I well erceive the *inſide* of your *Comfort*, you do not ink you *deny* it, becauſe I *ſaw* it. Oh *thou*, the oſt *preſumptuous* of *all*, called *Murtherers*, didſt ou think thou ſhouldſt *come off*, becauſe *only* e *two* knew it? *Deny* this, Oh deny it, if thou anſt, when I am under *Torture*, and while the *executioner asks* me thrô every *Limb* ſo *tortur'd*, old out, if thou art able, thy *reſolvedneſs* not to *lieve*, when I *roar* out aloud, *I am ſure I ſaw ee*, thou canſt bring *no Counterproof* at all of thy *nocency*. He can in no wiſe expect to be *acquit-d*, except he hears *me deny* it. And yet, *my ords*, pray do not imagine, that I beg my *Tor-re* upon *this* account *only*, as if I *long'd* to be *iſerable*. No; I will give you *Reaſons*, why ou ſhould be out of *patience* with me, and *com-and* me to *my Rack*. He *Murther'd* my *Son*, that as *praiſe-worthy* of *all* and every *one* of you, pon *whoſe* account I thought my-ſelf *happy*, and as as *proud* as the beſt. Oh my too *great im-unity*! So may I not bring *thee* off the *Rack*, ay I not *free* thee from the *ſcorching Flames*? ow thou do'ſt *vindicate*, now thou do'ſt *defend e*. *Now*, juſt *now*, my *Rich man* hath *Mur-ered* my *Son* by *truſting* upon *thee*. Gather your elves together, *all* ye *Children* and *all* ye *Pa-ents* too, *ſcorch* and *tear* out, *firſt* theſe *Eyes* of a oor *Father*, then *pull* theſe *Arms* of mine *apieces*, becauſe

because they were *lazy* and did nothing for a *dying man*; rend this *Boay*, these *Limbs*, that *came off* with never a *Wound* after *grapling* with the *Murtherer*. Whether you'l call it a *Punishment* or a *Favour*, I ought to be *as miserable* while I *prove* it, as I was when I *saw* it. I am a *wretched* man indeed, if I can possibly give a *Lying Testimony*, even from the *Rack*. Without doubt the *Rich man* aimed at *this* in *refusing* me the *Rack*, lest they should have *beleived* me. But hold out a little, prithee, thou *Conscience* of *mine*, *Thou didst see it*. And now let unhappy *affection* return to us, *miserable Creatures*: That which could not be don in *total destitution*, the *Courage* which *surprising Grief* hath taken away, let *Torture* restore. When my bare *Heart* and *Bowels* shall be *schorch'd* with *Flames*, then let *that night* come into my mind; when the *Rack-scourges* shall have *unjointed* my *Limbs*, let then the *looks* of my *onely* Son, as he was a *dying*, be *again* plac'd before mine Eyes: Let the *words* of the *Murtherer* on one side, and the *Requests* of my *dying* Son on the *other*, stick by me. When I see *my Son* a dying *once*, methinks I see it *still*: Oh *unhappy Old Age*, thou know'st not how much *stickling* for *Truth* there must be, that the *Rich man* may heartily *repent* he did not *Murther* us *both*. Yet for all this, *my Lords*, I desire you to *consider*, and to *bear with*, my *Weakness*; For if perchance, the *Rack-lashes* shall make me *change* my *note*, yet, I am sure, *I saw it*; If I lose my *Voice* 'midst *Torture* and *Flame*, yet, I vow, *I saw it*: If Pain, assaulting me on every side, shall

all *kill* me *downright*, yet *I ſaw it ſtill*. O-
erwiſe, if you will not allow me to beleive
y own *Knowledge* and my own *Eyes*, I ſhould
ve been *Dead* ere this of that *Anguiſh*, when I
nſidered I was *like* to be *Tortur'd*.

Gemini

Gemini Languentes :

OR,

The dying Twins.

DECLAMATION VIII.

The Argument.

A Man and his Wife had two young Chil-
dren, that were Twins, *who both fe-*
Sick : The Phyſitians, *being conſulte-*
ſaid, that 'twas the ſame diſeaſe, *and tha-*
it was incurable, *only* one *of* them *o-*
fer

fer'd to work *a* Cure *upon* one Child, *if* Liberty *might be given him to* inſpect *the* Bowels *of the* other : *Whereupon the* Father *ſuffers him to* diſſect *one of the* Infants, *and* view *his* Entrals ; *by means whereof he* cur'd the other. *Hereupon the* Wife *commences an* Action *of* Ill-abearance *againſt her* Husband.

For

For the Mother *againſt the* Father.

THô, *my Lords*, it takes off much *pity* from a *Poor Mother* in her *diſtreſs*, that, of *Two* Children alike *deſperately* Sick, one is *recovered*, ſo that many, who at *firſt view* entertain her *great* ſorrow, will be ready to ſay, *She is too covetous and greedy of Comfort, that being very lately like to loſe both her Children, now ſhe is not contented with the recovery of one:* Yet I cannot but preſent to *your Piety* this firſt *Conſiderable* in her *ſad calamity*, which ariſes even from the very *terms* of the *Comfort* which is left her. The *Poor woman*, I beleive, would complain *leſs* of her *Husband*, if *he* alſo, for whom his *Brother* was *Slain*, could *not* have been *Cured*. *Now* the *unhappy woman* is not able to *ſtand under* her *greif*, *now* ſhe finds *no* kind of *comfort*, ſince ſhe ſeems to have loſt a *Son*, that might have *liv'd too*. It adds to her *impatience* under her *ſad* loſs, becauſe ſhe underſtands his *diſeaſe* was not without *hopes* of *recovery*; The *Poor woman* can never be perſwaded, *he* was *irrecoverably* Sick, who could afford *that*, which *cur'd* another. Thô the *cruel Father ſtretches hard* to ſhelter the *immanity* of his *Parricide* under a *greater Fear*, yet I ſee no ground to *infer*, that *both of them* muſt needs have *miſcarry'd*.

miſcarry'd. Of *Twain*, that were *Sick*, he *alone* was *loſt* that was *Murther'd.*

And therefore in the *firſt* place, the *unhappieſt* of all *Mothers* prefers this *requeſt* to you, that you would not abate any part of the *Odium* of this wicked *Fact*, becauſe her *Husband* ſeems to be *concern'd*, as much as *ſhe*, in the *loſs* of a *Child.* A *Father* cannot be ſaid to *love* a *Son*, who *deſtroys* him; he *quits* himſelf of his *Grief*, becauſe he thinks he hath don a *brave thing*; and his *bragging* of the *Contrivance* ſubſtitutes a *Poor* comfort, in lieu of his *loſt Son.* But a *Mother* is *otherwiſe*, yea *far* otherwiſe, *affected*, ſhe would not believe the *Phyſitian*, and, by reaſon of the *barbarouſneſs* of the *Terms* propos'd, ſhe would never give way to make the *Experiment.* For as ſhe *fear'd*, ſo likewiſe ſhe *hop'd*, for *both* their ſakes. I would not have you reckon him of *greater* Piety, who, by the *death* of *one* Son, thought to *inſure* the *Life* of the *other.* You ought to deteſt the *Father*, as if he had *kill'd both*, ſure 'twas no matter to him, *which* of them was *kill'd.* Yet, may it pleaſe you *Religious Lordſhips*, ſome body *elſe*, beſides the *Mother*, hath cauſe to complain of this *Cruel Parricide.* For he reckoned *Health it ſelf* among *humane diſaſters*, and he had the *Heart*, that his Son ſhould endure all manner of *pains* and *diſeaſes*, for *Phyſick's* ſake. He ſlew a *Son*, (if you will believe *himſelf*) that perhaps might have *dy'd* notwithſtanding; and he *parts* with a *Child*, whom he ought to have lov'd *more dearly* by reaſon of the *deſperateneſs* of his *Caſe*, for ſome *Poor uncertain event.* This *Motive*, *my Lords*, doth not diſcharge the *Cruel Father* from *Savageneſs*, becauſe he

thought he might *practiſe* an *unheard* of and a *Cruel* thing on his *Sick Child*. He can have but this *one Motive*, if the *one* might be cur'd. Oh, *great Proſperity*, how commonly art *thou* charged with a ſad and *oppreſſing* load of *diſaſters*! A *Mother*, that was *lately noted* all the *Town* over, is ſhe *now* come to This? What, ſhe, that had ſuch *ſweet Company*, that never *parted* from her ſides? She, that made ſuch *pretty Glances* with her *gladſom* Eyes? Why do I tell me of *one* that's *loſt*? Alas, the *unfortunate Mother* hath e'n loſt *both*: For the *Poor Children* fell *both* Sick; and without doubt they were in the ſame condition at once, not by their *Relation* or by *Sympathy* of *Body* or *Spirit*, but on the *common* account of *human frailty*, even as *Two Strangers* might fall Sick at the *ſame* time. I will not deny, but the *Diſeaſe* was *grievous*, *terrible* and *ſuch* as might miniſter *Fear* to *both* Parents, yet 'twas *ſuch*, as for which (to ſpeak the *leaſt*) a *Cure* was fought. Tell me not, that the *Phyſitians* agre'd, they would *both* dye, in regard, they ſaid, 'twas the *ſame diſeaſe*? 'Tis plain, they cou'd not ſpeak *true* of *both*, for, you ſee, they were *out* in *one*.

Yet, at preſent, *my Lords*, we do not complain of their wretched *Preſcription*, to throw the *Patients* on their *Parents*, when they thought they could not *cure* 'm *themſelves*? 'Tis more *plain* and *innocent*, to give a man *over*, where you don't know a *remedy*; And I had rather have ſuch *honeſt* ignorance, which ſays, We cannot *cure* a Malady, if we don't *know* it. But the *greateſt Profeſſors* among them, and ſuch as *Mankind* were not able to requite, if they *knew* this kind of *Cure*,

Cure, yet would make no *diſcovery* thereof. Would you have me *prove*, in ſhort, that they did no better than *lye*? Why, they ſaid, the *Diſeaſe* was *deſperate*, and yet *One* of *themſelves* (if the *Father* ſpeak *Truth*) found out the *Remedy*. Whether it were, *my Lords*, that the moſt *vainglorious* of the *Ignoramus*'s ſaw the *over-rigid* Patience of the *Father* in the *danger* his *Children* were in, and ſo look'd upon him as a man *careful* for a *Remedy*, even for *all Mankind*, in *their particular* Diſeaſe; or whether, he made this a *pretence* to *counterfeit* ſome *skill*, ſeeing he cou'd not *cure*, and therefore ſtay'd to cover his *ſhameful* ignorance under as *great an unlikelihood*, or whether it were, that he would be thought to ſay ſomewhat *more* than the *reſt*, he interlac'd and flouriſh'd his *deſpairing* words, with incredible *vapouring*; and, keeping the *poor Parents* long in *ſuſpence*, at laſt he thought it lateſt to *promiſe*, what no body living would *venture* to *eſſay*. He *acknowledg'd*, that he underſtood not the *Cauſe* of the *Malady*, and yet (forſooth) he would undertake to recover *One*, if he might *ſlay* and *diſſect* the *Other*, and *inſpect* his *vitals*. This is *your Iron Man*, that muſt be *truſted* by a *pious* and *careful Father*. He *profeſs'd*, he *knew* a *Remedy* for *that Diſeaſe*, which he *knew not* a word of.

Now, *my Lords*, will it pleaſe you to take *notice*, that the *Father* did do nothing of all this, out of his *impatient Love*? I'le tell you, he did not acquaint the *Mother* with it; the *poor Woman* was driven from her *dying Son*, by the very mention of the *ſafety* of the *Father*. Neither did he take any *counſel* of his *Kindred* or *Friends*, but, reſting

on his *own* and his *Phyſicians* perſuaſion, he gave *him* leave to *chuſe* which he would, which is *worſe* than if he had *ſlain* him *himſelf*. Now let the *Murtherous* man tell me, how it came to paſs, that of *Two* Children, alike *deplorably* ſick, *one* ſhould be thought more *deſperate* than the *other*? If 'twere *indifferent* to the *Phyſitian*, *which* he *murthered*, 'tis plain from thence, that poſſibly *both* might have *liv'd*; but, if he did put any *difference* betwixt them, then 'tis clear, that 'twas not *quite* the *ſame Malady*. What a kind of *Cure* this was, and what the *Poor Youth* endur'd in a *Death* that an *Anatomiſt* muſt be preſent at, I preſume 'tis *plain* to the *affectious* of all *thinking* perſons. And therefore I am *tender*, that the *Mother* ſhould *hear* it: yet we muſt briefly *ſhew* you the *method* of his *long-laſting* Cruelty. Of *all* that he ſuff'red, his *death* was the *leaſt* and *eaſieſt*. Nor muſt he think to procure *Pardon* for his *Cruel Cure*, becauſe he made good his *promiſe* in 'tother Brother. Whether the *Phyſitian* cur'd the 'tother, let *Fortune* decide it, *this* I am ſure of, *the Phyſitian kill'd one*.

Here now the *unhappy Mother* flies out, and cryes as *loud* as ſhe can, Husband, *ſays ſhe*, where is my Child *that I committed to* you, *and to your* Phyſitian *both? Here is your* uncureable *Child, which you truſted to* me, *take him, this is the* Child *that's a* dying, *this is* he, *whom you allow'd* your Phyſician, *if he thought good, to* Murther. *You ſee, what comes of my* diſtreſſed pious *Vows, and of my careful Prayers? Whilſt I foſter and foment his* cold Breaſt *by applying my* Paps *thereto*; *when I put* Life *into his* ſtark cold Limbs *by* inceſſant *Kiſſes*,

Kiſſes, and the warm *Breath of a* Diſtracted *Mother; when his* almoſt cloſing *Eyes did ope a* little, *at my* noyſe *and* ſchreiks, *and ſo admit a* glimpſe *of* Light; *when I* cogg'd *with him, when I* promis'd *him* great *matters, and told him that his* Brother *was Cur'd, he look'd up towards* Life, *he grew better, he was quite well. Yet I don't* brag *of any* Piety, *nor do I aſcribe to myſelf the* Event *of that* happy *Cure; wou'd you know, what* Cur'd *him? I'le tell you, in a word, Even* that, *which would have cur'd them both.*

The *Laws*, methinks, and *Statutes* may be aſham'd for confining the *Greif* of our *Poor Sex* within ſuch *narrow* bounds. What ſhall a *Wife*, when her *Son* is ſlain by her *Husbands* means, *accuſe* him, of no more than *Ill-Treatment*, or *Ill-Abearance?* Thoſe *Wives* go off from the *Authority* of *this Law*, who make the want of ſome *Matrimonial Careſſes* a *Ground* of *Action*. For my part, I think Liberty is given thereby to *wretched Wives only*, to ſue for a *divorce* from a *wicked Husband*, and it *defends* againſt *ſuch* Injuries of an *Husband*, that you can endure *no longer*. It releives *thoſe Wives*, who cannot in *Conſcience* part from their *Husbands*, but are *lock't* in the *hard* and *everlaſting* bond of the *worſt* of *Wedlocks*; who, having *Children* by their *ill Husbands*, can neither well *leave* them, nor well *ſtay* with them. Poſſibly an *Husband* may have the *better* on't, becauſe he would be *condemned*, if the *Action* were grounded on a *leſs* complaint. And therefore ſuch a *woman* is paſt *Shame*, that ſues her *Husband*, for denying her a *Garb* fit for her *Quality*, for taking off her *Attendants*, for refraining her

Bed, or for a *Flap* on the *Face*, as if he had *deſtroy'd* a *Child*. I have ſaid *nothing* as yet of thoſe *Circumſtances*, which make the *Parricide* to appear ſo *heinous* as it is. I ſay, my *Son* was *ſlain* by his *Father*, you may ſuppoſe, he was *Lewd*, *Debauch'd*, and *Wicked*; or you may think, his *Father* did it in *Anger* and *Indignation*? How *heinous* a thing 'tis, to *kill* a *Son*, no body *acknowledges* more, than *he*, who would have us think he *did* it for his *'nother Son's* ſake.

What, *my Lords*, can the *wilful* humour of an *Husband*, and the *All* of a ſad *Wifes miſery* be diſcovered by this? That he denys to be *accountable* to her for the *of-ſpring* between them. Do you like it, *you men*, that of *perſons*, who derive more of their *Life* and *Spirit* from them, they ſhould have *no* ſhare but only of *their Greif*? Shall a *Poor woman* then contribute her *waylings* only? Muſt ſhe be ſet aſide from all the *Cares* and *Counſels*, which are requir'd for the *trayning* of their *Youth*, and for the *diſpoſal* of their *Life*, and have no more *concern* for them than a *Stranger*, ſhall ſhe be *joyn'd* to her *Husband* only in *Partnerſhip* of *Mourning* and *Tears* for a *loſt Child*? Certainly, if we *duly* eſtimate, to *which* of the *Parents Children* are *moſt* oblig'd, 'tis not without *reaſon*, that *that affection* ſhould *challenge* almoſt *all* the *Preeminence*, that was ſet upon *them*, *ten Months* before the *Father* dream't on't: For *you*, *Fathers*, are made *ſuch* only by the *firſt gladſom ſight* of the *birth*, but we *Mothers* know our ſelves to be *ſuch*, by our going with the *burthen* all that while. Is it fit that they ſhould have *leſs power* over them, becauſe they can do *leſs* for them?

You

You are *they*, who, when they are *ſhooting up*, ſend them to *Travel*; and when they are *grown*, after the Faſhion of *Grandees*, (forſooth) you ſend them to *trail* a *Pike*. You are *aſham'd* to ſeem *ſenſible* of their *abſence*, as if it were a *weakneſs* of *Spirit*; and, (whence there is an eaſie *Tranſit* to *ſeverity* and *rigor*) you love your *Children*, by putting them to *hardſhips*. How many things *do* you do with your *Children*, only becauſe you *may*. You *often* Sin by *bragging* of your *power*, while you would ſeem to affect a *grave* humour. When *you* loſe your Children, *you* cannot *ſhed* a *Tear*, *your* countenance is *ſtern* and *unmoveable*, even when you behold their *Bodies* a *burning*, *you* are *eaſily* comforted, and, that which ſurpaſſeth all *Savageneſs* whatſoever, you ſeek *ambitiouſly* to be praiſed for being *unconcern'd* in *their* calamity. Can there be any thing then, which you *both* perform, not with the *ſame* mind, with the *ſame* impatience, or, if need be, with the *ſame* rigor, towards your *common* Children? He's a *Wicked Father*, that won't let the *Mother* do as much as *he*. Grant, that our *weaker Sex* yields to *you* about *Tutoring* our *Children*; *you* may ſettle their *Manners*, their *Courſe* of *Life*, their *Marriages*, and other *Acts*, by your *Counſel* and *Perſuaſion*: But is there any *arrogancy* or *preſumption* in the *Joint-ſhare* and *Partnerſhip* of *both*, when *our Children* are Sick? Nay: if you have any *Shame* at all, now give up *all* your *Power* to the *Mother*, let *her* ſit *neareſt* the *Sick Child's Bed*, let *her* apply *fomentations*, and let her *hand* him his *dyet*: If *his Impatience*, or the *Diſorder* of his *Feavouriſh Bowels*, call for any

thing, let the *Mother* deny it, or let the *Mother* give it him. If his *hot Fit* has thrown of the *Clothes*, let *her* lay them *again* on his *weary'd* Limbs; if he throws his hands up and down the *Bed* or *Couch*, let *her* keep them *in* with a *diligent* care. In vain do you ſeek, that this cruel *Act* ſhould ſeem to come from your *great affection*, who are indeed *ſecluded* from all *obligation* to take *Care*. Where Parents do not agree about the *Cure* of their *Sick Children*; the *Cure* is to be diſtruſted, not the *Mother*.

Moreover, the *Son*, that he *kill'd*, was an *innocent Child*; he could object *nothing* againſt *him*, neither had he any *Cauſe* to be *angry* with him; A *Son*, (if you will beleive himſelf) that was ready to *dye* for his *Brother*, and whoſe laſt *Farewel* he could not endure to ſee. *My Lords*, here's a *new* and *unuſual Fact* committed againſt us, *now*, *Pity*, *Love* and an *Impatience* to loſe a *Child*, ſticks not at a *Parricide*. I had rather a man ſhould *hate*, *complain* of, and *curſe* his *Children*, than *Murther them* with the *ſame* affection as he *Saves them*. What avails it, if the *Life* of *the other* Child be *redeem'd* by ſuch an Act? If any *juſt* reaſon can be given for *Murthering* a *Child*, he muſt be *Murthered* upon his own account *only*. Now, *my Lords*, conſider further, I beſeech you, to inhaunce his *inhumanity*, he kill'd him when he was *Sick* and *Weak*. I conceive, all of us do entertain a *greater* tenderneſs for thoſe, that are *Sick*; yea even *Maleſactors*, whoſe *Executions* we otherwiſe *long* to ſee, yet we take ſome kind *of pity* upon them, if they be *weak* and troubled with any *violent Fit*. When men are in *holes* of *Priſons*, and in the

deepeſt

deepeſt Dungeons, yet the *ſwarthy paleneſs* of ones *panting* Breaſt is beheld, *not* with *ſuch remorſe*, nor do the *ratling Chains* about his *neck*, and a Face *begrim'd* with a *long* naſty impriſonment, ſo *move* and ſtrike the *Spectators*, as that *Poor man*, who is ready to *faint* every *ſtep* he takes; and who can ſcarce be *puſh'd* on by the *long train* of his *Fellow-Priſoners*, this Sick *Priſoner*, amongſt ſo many *condemned* ones, and *dead* in *Law*, cauſes every one to look *on him* before the *reſt*. What ſay you? Will you offer to *wound* one, or *kill him* outright, whom, in the *caſe* he is in, 'tis *cruel* to *correct* or to *reprove*, whoſe very *Ears* ſhould not be *grated* with *hard* words; and one ſo *tender*, that, if you deny him any thing, you ſeem to *kill* him? You can't think to *defend* your ſelf on *this* account, *That you deviſed this Expedient to ſave the 'tother*. No, when *Two* Children are alike *deſperately* ill, if you be a *good* Father, your *Affection* will incline to *neither*, you will *chuſe* neither; but, to avoid the *hazard* of being *Childleſs*, you will *rather* dye *your ſelf*.

In this place, *my Lords*, the *Cruel* Old man ſtrives to *patch* up an *Excuſe* for his *Raſhneſs*, from the *Conſent* of his *Phyſicians*; *They deſpaired*, forſooth, *of them both*. But I'le lay aſide a while the *Savageneſs* of the *Father*, who, to eſcape the hazard of *Childleſneſs*, would give any *Credit* at all to them; and in the Name of *all* that's *Man*, I will complain againſt the Men of ſo *bold* and *daring* a Perſuaſion. How many *Tricks* hath the miſerable *care* of *mortals* found out? 'Tis by *Fate*, we Live, we are *Sick*, we are *Well*, we *Dye*: What can the *thing*, call'd *Phyſick*, doe, but that, accord-

according to her *Rules*, none may *deſpair*? Do you think, I will ſay, I don't beleive them when they *give over* a *Patient*; or that, I am not of their mind, when they utterly *leave* and *forſake* him: *Tuſh*, for my part, I'le not *truſt Doctors*, no not when they *promiſe* and *encourage* me: Look upon the *greateſt* part of *mankind*, and, in my judgment, that *Luſtier* age, which liv'd in the *Firſt true* Frame of *Nature*, knew no great *Profeſſors* of ſuch an *Art*; yet for all this, ſhe could cure *Wounds* received in *Battel*, and the *attaques* of *diſeaſes*, not by the *Learned* vanity of *diſputing pro* and *con*, but by *mere Experiment*, and by drawing *Obſervations* from *like* and *unlike* events, ſhe *ſuccours* us by the *way* ſhe has been taught. 'Tis not the *medicinal Art* that *Cures*, but whatſoever hath the hap to *Cure*, that's *medicine*. How can I take it, d'e think, that an *Art*, invented (as you ſay) for *our Life*, forſooth, ſhould take ſuch a *guiſe* and *authority* upon *her*, as to foreſee mens *Exits long before*? That it ſhould pronounce *that Fate* to be at hand, which we *dreamt* not of? When it begins to be the cheifeſt part of this *pretended* Science, to ſay, We are *paſt Cure*: Will any man *leave* a perſon that can *ſpeak ſtill*, that *breaths*, that *underſtands*, as he would *give over* a *dead Corps*? Or, will he think, that *preſently* there is an *end* of *Life*, whenſoever his poor *skill* is *gravel'd*? If we conſider the *Frailty* of our *mortal Fabrick*, with the uncertain *hazards* that attend *it*, you'l find, that the caſe of *every* Sick man is *alike* dangerous. 'Tis unreaſonable, to call thoſe *caſes deſperate*, as often as *Phyſick* cannot find out a Cure, and to make the *ſcantling* of

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our *skill*, or of our *underſtanding*, to *reflect* upon the *Fates*. I think *nothing* concerns every body more, than that our *hope* for a man ſhould hold out *as long* as his *Life*. Whence, d'e think, doth it proceed, that men are ſo *ſlow* in their *Funeral-preparations*? How comes it, that *they* are always *diſturb'd* with *beating* our *Breaſts*, with *weeping* and with immoderate *howling*? But that, it ſeems, we are *loth* to beleive, that *death* it ſelf can *diſpatch* us ſo *ſuddainly*? And therefore, we frequently ſee ſome return'd to Life again, after their laſt *Farewel* has been cry'd; ſome have *recover'd*, even by not being *look'd too*: *That* hath ſav'd *ſome*, which perhaps would have kill'd *others*. Unadvis'd *Indulgence* has help'd *ſome*, and deſperate *Reſolution* has don as much for *others*. Perhaps this *Art* may be able to *foreſee diſeaſes*, and to *find out* what's *good* for them; but how can it poſſibly tell, how much *Life Nature* hath granted in the *Inwards*, in the *dark* corners and *receſſes* of the *Breaſt*? What *property* the *Spirit* may have receiv'd, and *what*, the *Body*? There is not ſuch a *difference* in our *Shapes*, nor ſo great a *variety* in our *Countenances*, as there is a *latent diſſimilitude* in our *Breaſts*. Whatſoever the *various* compoſure of the *Elements* hath fram'd us, 'tis *unſearchable*, and never like to be found out; And, as *more* or *fewer* of *Celeſtial Principles* are united with the *Terrene*, ſo by a *hidden* reaſon we *laſt*, or we *knock* off. Whether we ought to beleive ſuch as *give men over*, judge you? They, who deny'd the *Sick Infants* were capable of a *Cure*, ſaid not *true* neither in him that *eſcap'd*, nor in him

him that *miscarry'd*, for he dyed not of any Sick-
ness.

Certainly, A *woman* might have had *just* cau
of *complaint* against *you*, if you had gon a
and *unusual* way to work, thô you had *saved* h
It never shews any *great Affection*, to make *Try*
of *desperate* Remedies, thô they *may* do us good
For in a very *hazardous* Prescription, the *unad-*
visedness of the *Tryal* only argues a *desperate* re-
solution. What matter is it, of *what* condition
the *Sick man* is? How much of *Hope*, or how
much of *Life* remains behind? Let the *Fears* and
Dreads of *Parents* for their *Children* be *sacred*.
God forbid, that, of our *Children*, *he*, that is like
to dye should be *less* regarded. *The Physicians de-*
spair'd! What's that to the *Father*? Pray, do you
hope notwithstanding, and bid the *Mother* hope
with you: Trust to your *own affections* rather,
and to your *own* ardent *Prayers*. This shews, that
you were too too willing to *commit* the *Murther*,
when for your *Son's* Sickness, you chose to go
only to *despairing Physicians*. Do you beleive *such*
men, that give one another the *Lye*, and against
whose *Opinion* you give *Credit* to *one* single *Per-*
son, before *all* the rest. Again, I should think ve-
ry hardly of your *Cruel-heartedness*, if in the *Case*
of a *Son*, whatever it be, you did not acquaint
your *Kindred*, send for your *Friends*, have regard
to the *Mothers* mind, and did not *first* consult
this Impatience, (on one side) and that *Fear* (on
the other side) of the *Parents*. A *Father* ought
to allow himself *less liberty* in the case of *no Son*,
than of *him* that's e'n just upon *dying*.

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But they were *Brothers*, says he, and *Twins* so, and therefore 'tis *probable* they *ail'd* the *same* thing. Pray, who can endure that any man should be *ignorant* and *positive*, in the same thing? He that *knows* not, what *kind* of *disease* 'tis, can't *know* whether it be the *same* or no. *My Lords*, Nature never made any thing in the *World* so like, but that some *property* or other did *distinguish* it. What matters it, that the *First* constitution of *Two* Bodys and Spirits *springs* from the *same* Principles? Yet, every man is compos'd and made by a *Frame* of his *own*; *Two*, or *more*, *Brothers* may be born, but their *Fate* may be *singular*. That *indifference* and *indistinguishableness*, that we behold in *some*, which men *admire* when they see, and *all* the *Town* wonders at, yet the *knowledge* of their *Parents* can distinguish them, the Nurse knows Which is Which, and thô the *distinctive marks* are not easily *discerned*, yet there is something *again*, where even *likeness* it self creates a *difference*. In *some*, thô they are not distinguishable by their *Countenance*, yet there is found a *different* Tone, another *Meen*, and a distinct *Gate* or *Pace*; and suppose *all* these *differ* not, yet there is a *different* Wit, *contrary* dispositions, and *courses* of Life which are *quite cross* one to the other. Moreover, That *Twins* have not the *same* Nature is evinced by their *several* Fortunes; she depresses *one* with *constant* poverty, she pranks up *'tother* with an *Estate*, he could never look for: She conducts *one* to *Titles*, *Places*, *Offices*, the other passes his *whole Life* in *obscure* and *ignoble* privacy. All that *Twins* receive from their *Father* is *like* enough; but what from *Fate*,

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is *unlike*. Neither did they *slip* out of their *Mothers* womb *together*, so that the *same* birth *consign'd* them. How much time, d'e think, did pass between the *womans* being *laid* of her *first Twin*? Whilst her *womb*, having a little *delivered* is open'd a *second* time for *another* bearing? Perhaps it may seem a small *Term* to *our* Eyes; but if you consider the *vastness* of the *Heaven* over us with a *groveling* mind, you shall know, that there is a *great Arch* of a *Circle* runs between *Nativitys*. This *vast Frame* of the *Starry* Heaven *roles* over our heads by a *swift motion* turning downwards, and, the *huge* distance between *East* and *West* being measur'd out by the *short* space of *Day* and *Night*, we meet with *different* Constellations from what rose at *first*, by the *continued revolution* of the *Axis*. Do you reckon *this*, a *small* space of the *Heavenly Circumference*, that presents you with such *distinct* appearances. *How much* appears *above* the *Horizon* every *moment* of a *Flitting hour*, and *how much* again doth disappear? And therefore, *when*, I pray, did the *Children* set out to *Travel together*; When did they *list* themselves for *Soldiers together*? What have they don, but when they were *separate* and *apart by themselves*? When was it, that they were *Sick together*, and when were they *conjoined* in their *last Funeral*? And thô 'tis necessary, that *Twins* should sometimes be *Sick together*, yet this happens to them, not as *Brothers* but as they are *Several*. That our *Twins* were not *Sick* of the *same Fate*, how would you have me *prove* it more *breifly* than *thus*, *That both of them were not Murther'd nor both of them Cur'd*? But suppose this be

true,

rue, that the *Phyſicians* deſpair'd of them: Yet, ray, *You, who are the Father*, leave us ſome *In-ocence* in our *Calamity*, leave us an intire *Com-rt* in our *Children*, whom you ſeem not to have *ſt*, but by *Fate*. What *Parent* is ignorant, that e procreates *Children* under the *Fatal* Law of *Mortality*? But *inhuman and unbecoming Exits* are *orſe* than to be *barely* Childleſs. For this cauſe, e bewayl thoſe *more*, who hap to be taken a-ay by *War*, or who chance to be burnt with *ire*, or to be caſt away at *Sea*. You may the etter bear with the *loſs* of *thoſe Children*, who *ye* with *all* their loving *Friends* and *Aſſiſtants* a-out them; when we have *ſaid* what we have to *y*, when we have given a *departing* kiſs, when hey have made their *laſt Will*, and when our *Conſcience* tells us, we have don all that we *could* o *ſave Life*. *Theſe* are the men, if we ſpeak *Truth*, that may be ſaid to *dye*, others are *all* but *aſt away*.

Again, I ſee not, how the *Father* can fetch any *Excuſe* from the *Conſent* of *Phyſicians*. Why this is hat, which exceeds all *Parallel* of *Barbarity*. A *Father* murthers his *Son*, for *another*, who, he hought, could *never* be *cur'd*. What a kind of *Monſter* and *Prodigy* have we here! Can you *ndure* the *Murther* of a *Child*, and yet can't *en-ure* the *Loſs* of a *Child*? Is it come to this, that *hen* only you can *endure* the *Death* of your *Son*, *hen* you have added a *Villany* to it? Do you *Murther* him, becauſe the *Phyſicians* gave him *ver*. For my part, I would have *complain'd*, if *ou* had but *let him alone*, or if you had *diſcon-inued* or *remitted* any part of your *paternal Care*;

Then,

Then, it ſeems, *you* will do no more, than *they*, who go about to *viſit* many a *Patient*, who are call'd away and taken off by *other Cures* in hand. Ah, *traſt* your *Children rather* with their *Mother*, let *her* complain of *angry fortune*, let *her* caſt an *Odium* upon the *mercileſs Gods*. That *woman*, which can't endure the very *thought* of your *giving* a *Child* over, you will never be able to ſatisfie her by his *Murther*. Oh, *my Lords*, who can endure this piece of *Impudence*? A *Father* would make you *believe* this unlikely *ſtory*, *That every body deſpaired*, *and yet One had ſome hope*. 'Tis *ground* enough for my *complaint*, That the *Phyſicians* cou'd not *agree*, and when they had found *one*, who, againſt the *ſenſe* of the *reſt* that *gave him over*, pretended to *Cure*, 'twas not unlikely, *my Lords*, that ſome *other good man* might have been found, who would have given more *encouraging* and *effectual Preſcriptions*. I mean, 'tis *this* that I *complain* of, and that *troubles* me, that in a *matter* wherein he ſhould not have *hearkned* to the whole *Pack* of them, yet he gave credit *to One*. What if there be *ſome remedy*, if it be a *Sin* to *uſe* it. And where *Hope* brings along with it *as much* danger as *Deſpair* it ſelf, that's the *beſt* iſſue, that preſerves *Innocence* in *miſery*. Why do we lay an *Odium* on the *former* Phyſicians? *None* deſpairs *more* than *he*, that profeſſes he *knows* not, *What the Diſeaſe is*. What ſay *you*, the Father? Dare any man be ſo bold to *treat* with you concerning your *Two* Children, as of *Two other* ordinary *Sick* perſons? Can you give up *either* of your *Twins* to be *Murthered*? I ſhould not know how to *bear* it, if you ſhould *part them* by Expo-

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ſing *one*, or if you ſhould be content to bring up *but* one: I ſhould not endure it, if your *Son* were taken *Captive* by *Pyrates*, that you ſhould *redeem* him by ſending his *Brother* in *his* room. What, will you play *faſt* and *looſe* with your *Children*? Will you make the *Caſe* of *one* reach them *both*? I ſhould call it *Murther* of your *Child*, if, when the *Phyſician* promiſed to ſave *one*, you had *choſen him* that was *ſure* to dye. 'Tis, near upon, *as Cruel* a thing, to *part* Tvvins as to *deſtroy* them. He, vvith all his *skill*, vvhere he *muſt* be beleiv'd, ſays, *That he knows not the Cauſe of the malady*; and then forſooth, he *preſcribes* ſomthing that *cannot* be don, no not by *them* that do *know* it. This is his *method*, *Ple Kill*, ſays he, *then Ple try to Cure*. Remember, *you* that are the *Father*, he puts Kiling into the bargain *before* Curing? 'Tis not ſo *great piety* to *ſave one* Son, as 'tis a *Villany* to *deſtroy another*. Do you think now, that this is an *Arcanum* of his *profound* skill in *Phyſick*? I tell you, he *wraps* up nothing but *words* of *deſpair*, the *Cautious Braggadochio* lays hold on this ſhort *reſponſe* to *circumvent* and *deceive*: You ſee, in how much *obſcurity* the *Phyſician* involves his *Preſcript* and *Experiment*? 'Twill never be known, whether a *Sick Child* dyes of his *diſeaſe*, if he kill him any *other* way: *I did not know*, ſays he, *the nature of the diſeaſe*? When he had *once* ſaid ſo, in truth you *ought* not to have *truſted* him with the *Children*, thô he would have try'd *nothing* but a *Potion*, or ſome *novel* way of *dyet* and *fomentation*. *I don't know*, ſays he, *but if you will give me leave to rip ope 'tothers body, and break up his breaſt, perhaps and peradventure I may find ſome*

remedy there. Well ſaid, *Phyſician, now* you have *excus'd your ſelf* to the *Mother*; for you uſed *all* the means you *could*, that you might not be *believ'd.*

I will defer awhile this my *Plea*, that the *Father* acted thus towards *Two* Brothers, *Twins* too, and that *without* the conſent of the *Mother*; I will rather contend in the *name* of all that's *man*, that ſuch a *kind* of *Cure* ought by *no means* to be admitted. *Good Night* to *all* mankind, if we muſt *need* the *death* of *one* man for the *recovery* of *another*; and all way of *Cure* will be *loſt*, in effect, if *medicine* do's *as much* miſchief as *malady.* What, ſhall I *endure* a man, that ſays, *Give me another Live Anatomy, another mans Hearts-blood, that I may find out the Cauſe of a diſtemper; when I have kill'd, then will I inquire after a remedy, then will I ſtudy out ſomething, ſhall do good.* Is it *ſo* indeed, can you not find out the *nature* of a *diſeaſe* on *eaſier* terms? How *Impudent* and *Shameleſs* is this *Cruel* ſervice? He reſolves, to *kill* a *Sick man*, that he may find out a *reaſon*, why *he ought not* to be *kill'd.* I appeal to your *Conſciences, my Lords, Nature* hides no kind of diſeaſe in the *Inwards* only, but whatever *diſtemper* riſes at the *Center* is diffus'd to the *Circumference* of the *Exterior* Body. Hence comes *Paleneſs* and *Meagerneſs* of *look*, becauſe the outmoſt *ſurface ſympathizes* with the *Pain* that is within. Otherwiſe, I ſee not, why you ſhould *Probe* a man at his *wounds*, or why you ſhould tranſmit your *remedys* to the *Heart* through the paſſages of the *Body*; and *how Phyſick* can reach our *latent Canals* through our *very* skin. Why therefore doth not a *malady* admit us to the *underſtanding* of it ſelf, the *ſame* way, as it diſcovers its *remedy? Hidden*

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and *deep* diſeaſes are diſcover'd either by the too *ſwift circulation* of the *Blood* in the *Body*, or by the *quicker* drawing breath of a *panting* Soul. In theſe caſes, *firſt* and *formoſt*, beleive your *ſenſes*, I ſay, beleive your *own* eyes: Interrogate the *Sick* partys *one* while by themſelves, *another* while *both* together, *whereabouts* the *greateſt* preſſure of their *diſeaſe within 'm* doth *chiefly* reſide, and *whence* their *Feeling* pain, burſting forth into *Groans*, doth proceed? A *Phyſician*, who, by *theſe Indications* can't *find out* a *diſeaſe*, never did, nor never will, *find out* a *remedy*. But what if a *Phyſician* can give ſome *reaſon* to one, that he hath *Cur'd* already? Is the *inſpection* of *one Anatomy enough*, to make your *Phyſician* underſtood the *Nature of all Mankind* in general? What can you bring to a *Sick Patient*, which the *Experience* of ſo *many Ages*, and of ſo *many* perſons, hath not *already* found out? Will you chuſe rather, in the ſame *bold* and *dangerous* way, to *try* your *remedys*, as you do *find out* the *abſtruſeneſs* of a *diſeaſe*? There is a *ſhorter* way of *Cure* for us, and a more *compendious* Expedient to *health* and *recovery*. If too much *heat*, of *Bowels* within, hath *hardned* the *parts* about it, uſe *Emollient* remedys: If the Sick *Patient* overflow with *moiſt* humours, *Recipe's* ſhould be ready, whereby, the *Veins* being *diſcharg'd* and *contracted*, the *Body* may come again to a *ſtronger* and *dryer* temper. If *Abſtinence* from Food will do little good, let him be cheriſhed with good *Kitchin Phyſick*. If the *Spirits* be *overladen* with too much *Feeding*, let the Body be attenuated by *faſting* and refraining from *Food*, for the *cleanſing* of the *paſſages*. Here's *ſubject* enough,

for *all* your *Experiments*, *Doctor*, in *Two Sick* perſons, and their *diſeaſes* the ſame. You muſt never look to get *various choyce* of *remedys* by practiſing your butchery upon *one poor* man. You muſt *try* at the ſame time, what's *proper*, what's *different*, what's *contrary*: Here's no conſideration of Launcing, of Ripping up, of the *higher Regions*: You can't know, how *one* Sick party can be *cur'd*, unleſs you have *firſt* cur'd the *other*. Beſides, thô a *diſeaſe* be never ſo much the *ſame*, yet it muſt needs be *diverſified* in the *Variety* of *Two* perſons. You can never find in *one* mans *Bowels* the *whole* of what you ſeek, for *another*; a *different* Sick perſon is a *different* diſeaſe.

Why ſhould you *maintain* the *greateſt* of *Crimes* by the *recovery* of the *other* Son? A man, in whom you *only* ſeek the *Cauſe* of any *diſeaſe*, is ſlain for the *Phyſicians* ſake. Adi hereto, that the *Cauſe* of any *diſeaſe* cannot be found out from *him* that was not *cur'd*. Whatever puts us, out our of *Natural* ſtate of *health*, to *ailments* and *diſtempers*, is either a *Plethory* of *Blood* in our *Veyns*, or an *exceſſive* heat, or too much *Phlegme*, or a *conflux* of *Spirits* running up and down their *ſecret Canals*, with a more than uſual *Freedom*. Now *which* of theſe, upon an *Anatomical* Diſſection, will not be prejudic'd in the *Sick*, when the paſſage of the *opened* Breaſt preſently *vents* the *pain* of the *over-preſſed Spirit*, and when the *Blood* guſh's out of the ſame *Orifices*? Do you think it *likely*, that the *Bowels*, when *opened*, will retain their *natural* hue? That the intimate *receſs* of *Life* and *Spirit* will *loſe* nothing of its former *vigor*, when it takes *air*. Alas, we find our ſelves much *alter'd* in the *re-*

gion

gion of our *Breaſt*, even by a little *fear*. How, think you, do's *Carefulneſs*, *Jocundneſs*, *Greif* or any ſudden *Paſſion*, change us? How *oft* do we ſee, while a *Sick* man is *preparing* for his *Applications*, and while he lays his *Body* in a *right* poſture for his *remedy*, that he *Swoons* away? In our caſe therefore, at every *gaſh* of the *Knife*, when the *wounded* perſon thinks he will *never* have don, how much of the *whole* man is *alter'd* by his *Outcrys* and *Groans*? The very *Foundations* and *Feements* of *Life* muſt needs *all* ſuffer, as long as *Life* it ſelf is prejudic'd; and in a perſon, who is *ſlain* for *better* underſtanding of a *malady*, the *malady* it ſelf dies *with* him but by *piecemeal*. Oh, ſtay ſuch *Cruelty*, *you* that are the Father, put it off, at leaſt for a while; what *Experiments* you will *make* upon your *Son*, *make* them upon his *Corps*. If his *diſeaſe* may be *found out* whilſt he is *killing* him, he may as eaſily *find* it when he is *dead*.

Here it were good to ask, *Which* of the *Two* choſe out *him* that was to dye, The *Father* or the *Phyſician*? The *Phyſician* ſays, 'twas all one to him, *which* he *kill'd*: So by this, if the *other* had dy'd too, he would have prov'd, that *both* wou'd have dy'd. And therefore, ſay I, when *one* recover'd, he wou'd have prov'd, that *both* wou'd have *liv'd*. Of a truth, the *Father* might have found him a *ſubject* for his *butcherly Cure* with more *eaſe*, if he had had but *one* Son only. Now he muſt endure the *torment* of *comparing* and of *reſolving* to execute, *one while* whether *This*, *another while* whether *That*, be *decrer* to him, or like to be *better*? Where is the *impatient affection* of a

Father, that can ſcarce *endure* to follow his *dead* Son to his *Funeral-Obſequies*? That is loth to part with his *dead Body*, but ſtands *embracing* it *again* and *again*? *Good Heavens!* How *Cruel*, how *Mercileſs* is this your *deliberation* and *delay*? All the while you ſtand conſidering firſt *one* then the *other*, you ſhew your *Murtherous inclination* to *both*. 'Tis a ſign you care for *neither*, when you can ſuffer *either* of *Two* Brothers to be *Murther'd*. Never, *my Lords*, that I could hear of, was there *ſuch* an horrible *Butchery* and *Inhumanity* acted. A *Father* deſtroys a *Son* for that *Son's* ſake, which *very Son* alſo he could as willingly have *deſtroyed* too. The *Defendant*, *my Lords*, labours to put off the *Odium* of the *Election* upon his *Phyſician*. *'Twas He*, ſays he, *That gave his judgment of both, and 'twas he, that pitch'd upon one.* 'Tis plain then, that 'twas not the *ſame* diſeaſe; of the *Two*, he had *more* hopes of *that* one, for whoſe ſake he *Murther'd* the 'tother.

Have *patience* a little, *You poor unhappy Mother*, let *me* declare, how the *Cure* of your *Son* was. O happy, ye *Sick* perſons *all*, whoſe *hap* it is to *dye* by *Natural diſeaſes*, who *graſp* your *laſt breath* amidſt the ſorrowful *Farewels* and *Embraces* of your own *Kindred* and *Freinds*: But our *Poor Youth*, as he was tormented *firſt* by the *uncertainty* of his *Lot*, and *afterwards* by the *Fatal choyce*, ſo the *firſt* thing to be don was to *turn* away his *Mother* from him, and the *Officious* aſſiſtances of the *Servants* were chang'd upon a ſuddain into *preparations* for his *Funeral*. The *Clothes* muſt be ſtrip't from his *yet* ſhivering *Limbs*, and that his *whole* Body might lye open to their *butcherly* hands,

hands, his wonderfully pitcous *Sceleton* muſt be *ſtark* naked. Next, he muſt be *ſtretcht* out as far as the *Bed* reach'd; he muſt not *ſtir*, but lye *ſtock-ſtill* to *bear* it out, and to *endure* whatever they did to him *there*. See, *now* the *Butcher* takes his *Inſtrument* in his hand, not to give him his *Death-blow* at *once*, but to carve him up by *inches*, and ſo to keep his *dolorous* Soul *long* a *hovering* between the *confines* of *Life* and *Death*. Now the encouraging *Speech* they made to the *dying* Child, was *this*, *Well ſaid*, *bravely don*, *Flinch not*, *thy Brother will be the better for't*. *Be not diſheartned*, *nor faint away for the Pain*; *Oh*, *take heed you do not weary your ſelf by Outcrys*, *nor diſplace your Bowels by your Sighs and Groans*, *for if you do ſo*, *you'l ſpoil all*; *your Brother will be never the better for it*. Hereupon the *Poor* Child underwent all the *Cruel* traces of his *wandring* Knife through *every* part of his *diſſected* body. D'e think, the *Phyſician* could be ſatisfy'd, at *firſt* ſight, to learn his *Experience* from the view of his *whole man*? No, no, he *pull'd* out his *vitals* *once* and *again*, he felt them *over* and *over*, he parted them *one* from *'tother*; his *Hands* were *more* cruel than his *Knife*. Where ſtood the *Father now*, but juſt by the *Phyſician*, *gazing* upon his *diſſected entrals*, and whil'it he *tumbles* and *toſſes* his *bleeding* Heart, the *ſeat* of *Life*, with his *gore* hands, he charges him not to make too *much* haſt, he bids him be ſure to make a *deep* and *careful ſearch*; he ſtands to put *Queſtions*, to raiſe *Doubts*, he *Diſputes* with him, he gives his *Opinion*, he takes the *minuts* of his *Sons* death. While the unhappy *woman*, falling on her face at the

door that was *ſhut*, with *all* the *weight* of her *Body*, *breaks* ope that *Cruel Conclave*, and *crys* out, as if it were for his *laſt Funeral*. *Hear me, Oh my thrice miſerable Youth, if thou haſt any ſenſe yet left, hear me; 'Twas not your Mother that gave conſent to this, beleive my ſenſe of Childleſneſs, beleive my tears: nay, I'le tell you, your Brother himſelf did not deſire to be Cured, at ſo dear a rate.* While ſhe ſaid *these* words, the *Poor Youth* was refreſh'd as with a *Cordial Potion*, he hearkned to his *Mothers comfortable* words, the reſt of his *Blood* was *ſtanch'd*, and his *open'd* Bowels were clos'd again. No man ever ſuffered ſuch new-coyn'd *methods* of *Cruelty*, he was *Kill'd*, as if he were to be *Cur'd*. Where are ye now, that ask the *Queſtion*, Whether he might have liv'd under the Phyſicians *Cure*, who you ſee, liv'd ſo long, while he was a Killing. D'e think, that the *Phyſician*, at that time, did *ſeek* for the Cauſe *only* of *that* diſeaſe? No, he ſought for *all* that he did not know before, and, making his *beſt* of ſo *rare* an *opportunity*, he would have benefited himſelf for any *novel* Cure. Oh *Heavens*! What a portion of *Spirit*, *Blood* and *Life* fell to this *Poor Childs* ſhare, that he cou'd endure the *method* of ſuch a *long tedious* Cure? The wretched *Thing* could *ſcarce* find a way to *dye*, his *Soul* was *hardly* parted from *his Body*, no not by *all* his *Torments*. D'e think, his *malady* was found out *hereby*? Nay, it was found, that *he* might have been *Cured* too. *Go too* then, *you Proud Old Fellow*, boaſt of your *Project*, you have don *ſomething new*, to ſay, you have *obliged Children*, *Parents*, yea the *Age* you live in, you have made a *Phyſician* more *ex-*

pert,

pert, than he was *before*, by practiſing a *Murtherous Experiment* upon your *Child*.

I have a mind truly, to ſurvey this *Young Pair*. You have *one* of the *Sick perſons* as *given over*, not by the *ſalubrious hand* of the *Phyſician*, nor by *that Art*, which was found out for *Lifes ſake*, but by the *feirce* and *cruel Bitings* of *Wild-Beaſts*, and by the ſatiated *ravening* of *Birds*; you have *another* of them, riſing up to *new* ſtrength with a *freſh* briskneſs. Would you know, *my Lords*, whence came this *great diverſity*? Why, the *Father* look'd after *the one*, but the *Mother*, the *'tother*. How much *Pain*, *ſays ſhe*, did I, *Poor woman*, undergo, whil'ſt I made much of *ſo ſad* an *object*? I did not *try it out* with the *diſeaſe*, nor did contend with an *Obſtinate diſtemper*, that would yield to *no* remedy: He was *given over* to *Tears* and *Melancholy*, he hated the very *Light*, he could not *eat* nor *drink*, nor could he brook his *Life* for *ſhame* of the *Murther*. In all his *loud* Expreſſions and Lamentations, you could hear nothing, but, *Brother*; 'twas *He* that troubled his *Thoughts* day and night, 'twas *He* that *haunted* his *Eyes*. Of *what Sick Perſons* then doth this *Lawleſs*, more than *Audacious*, *Phyſick* tell us ſuch a *Lye*? He would never, never, have *dyed* of a *mere diſeaſe*, when even his *Brothers death* could not *kill* him? Why then, *ſays* our moſt *wretched woman*, O thou *Cruel Old Fellow*, doſt thou, after the *memory* of ſo *ſad* a loſs, turn thy ſelf to theſe *Locks*? Without doubt, 'tis your *Son*, and, after the ſorrowful threatnings of the *Phyſicians*, reſtor'd to *Life* too. But let *Nature* and *Affection* pardon me, 'tis *no* comfort to a *Mother* to ſee *One* for *Two*.

Two. More happy is *that Greif*, which may have its *due* paid it as long as we have our *Eyes*, that is *renewed* and *refreshed* by them, and that *fancys* it sees, every day, *'tother* perishing in *this Childs* looks. Nay, he *himself* neither, can take no *Pleasure* nor *Joy* in the *recovery* of his *Health*; nor can he beleive, he was preferr'd before *'tother* out of any *Love*, when he was left *only* to the *Physicians* choyce. The *unhappy Child* perceives, of how *great* a loss *he* is the *Relief*, with what *Tears* his Kisses were *bedewed*, and with how great and profound *Sighs* his *Embraces* were shaken. *Miserable* is the *Shame* of so *unwelcome* a *Recovery*, it seems to him, that all's well, now *he* is *alive*, thô his *Brother* was *Killed*.

In this place, *my Lords*, the *unhappy woman* turns about, and, as if her *lost* Son were in *presence*, she *thus* bespeaks him: *Whether*, says she, *you, being at last delivered by an all-securing Death, do rest in some modest Eternal Seat of the Blessed*; *or whether, as an Excluded and Vagrant shade, as yet in fear of the Fabulous punishments by Dilaceration, you wander up and down amongst the Dreadful Terrible Ghosts, hear the Lamentable complaint of your wofull Mother*; *I was not permitted to break into that Chamber, which was your Execution-place*; *nor was I allowed to cover your dear Body by the prostration of mine on your Wounds in your Bowels. This is all I could do, poor woman, I gathered together into this my bosom all that body, which the Physician and the Father had left*; *I again filled up that empty Chest with your cold and cast-away Bowels*; *your scattered Limbs I hugg'd and joyn'd*

joyn'd togeather; I ſet the parts in order that were torn in pieces, and, of a Gaſtly Horrible Spectacle, I made up ſomthing of the appearance of a dead Corps. Yet, this is the principal thing I can't endure in my ſad loſs; 'Tis plain, you were Murthered for your Brothers ſake, but it can never be made appear, that you did recover your Brother.

Gladiator:

Gladiator:

OR,

The *Roman* Gladiator.

DECLAMATION IX.

The Argument.

The LAW. *A* Father *may* caſt off, renounce, *and turn his* Son *out of doors.* The CASE. *A Poor man and a Rich were* Enemys one *to the* other, *but they had* each *of them a* Son, *that were great* Freinds *and* Chronies. *It hapned, that the Rich man's Son was taken by* Pyrats, *whence he wrote back to his* Father *to* Ranſom *him. His* Father *making ſome* delay *in the buſineſs, the* Poor man's Son *undertook*

undertook the Voyage, *and not finding his* Freind *amongſt the* Pyrats, *who had ſold him to a* Fencing-Maſter *before, he went to the* Town *where a* Prize *was* ready *to be* plaid, *juſt at the* nick *of time, when the* Rich man's *Son was entring the* Liſts, *as a* Combatant. *The* Poor *Youth agrees with the* Fencing-Maſter, *to* redeem *his* Freind *by putting* himſelf *in his ſtead: And of his Comrade he* deſir'd *only, that if his* Poor Father *where ever in want,* He, *at his return, would* maintain *him. The* Poor man's *Son* fell *in the* Combate. *The* Son *of the* Rich man, *finding the* Father *of his* deceas'd Subſtitute *in want, when he came home, did openly* releive *him. Whereupon his* Father renounces *and* caſt's him off.

For

For the Son *againſt the* Father.

I AM perſuaded, *my Lords*, you will eaſily beleive, that never any body, no older than *myſelf*, ſuffred *more* by *Land* and *Sea*, than I, in my *laſt* Voyage, either *endur'd*, *fear'd*, or *ſaw*, conſidering, that, of *all* the men I know, there can be but *one* inſtanc'd in, more *miſerable* than *myſelf*, and *him* 'twas I that made *ſo*. Yet even in this *hurry*, wherein *Fortune* ſtrives to do me *all* the *miſchief* ſhe can, I confeſs *this* Fear never came into my *mind*, that, after I was *ranſom'd* by *another* mans hands, my *mercifulneſs* ſhould *diſpleaſe* my *Father*. I was *rather* afraid of what they commonly ſaid *openly* of me, who accuſed me of *Cruelty* and *Savageneſs* before many *pious* and *worthy* perſons. I could not make any *Excuſe* to them, that I was *Ranſom'd*. They *Objected* to me, that I had made an *Old man* Childleſs, and that *he*, who, whil'ſt his *Son* was *ſafe* at home, was able to *make head* againſt the *Rich man*, *now* having loſt *all* his *Means*, in *one Young Son*, he is fain to creep, as a *ſupplicant*, to the *Houſe* of his *Enemy*. For thô we call in the *whole* power of *Fortune* to heap *Envy* and *Hatred* upon *one Poor* Old man, and thô we trample upon him with the whole *ſtreſs* of our *Greatneſs*, yet, after *all*, we muſt confeſs, that we have preju-

prejudiced him *more* by being his *Friends*, than while we were his *Enemys*? Yea, my very *Clemency* in prolonging his *unhappy* days, by beſtowing a ſmall *Pittance* upon him, ſeems to have ſomething of *Malignity* in it. For what *obligation* can it be to a Man, to be the *Cauſe* of his being Childleſs? Yet I can Apologize for *one*, thô a greater Crime, by reaſon of my unfortunate chance to be *caſt out of doors*, my *hand* was ſo niggardly and *ſparing*, that I could ſcarce give him *Food* enough to keep up his *Spirits*, I *only* gave him what juſt kept him from *ſtarving*, and no more. I hope now, all of you will *pardon* me, if I could do *no more*, whil'ſt my *Father* was *unwilling*.

Thô indeed, *my Lords*, ſometimes even this ſuſpicion riſes in my *mind*, that 'twas not the *maintenance* I gave to *one Old Man*, that *always* uſes to live *ſparingly*, (which was not very liberal, neither could I hold out *long* in giving it) that drove my *Father* to be *offended* with me. For you may be ſure, 'tis but a ſmall *Modicum* of a *Rich* Mans *Eſtate*, that the *Heir* of a *Family* can diſpoſe of under a *Cloſe-fiſted Father*. Or, if perhaps he has a *greater* allowance, yet what *Parent* is ſo *hard-hearted*; as, for a little *expence*, to *debar* himſelf of his *Son*, becauſe I did not make him *acquainted* with it, becauſe I did not commend the *poor Man* to *his Charity*, and becauſe I did not ask *his leave*, eſpecially ſince I never *prefer'd* any *requeſt* to my *Father*, but he *granted it*? But yet my *modeſt* delay, in putting off my *Suit* to him, ſhould not be *Chaſtiſed* with ſo *Killing* a *Sentence*. In regard, whil'ſt I *waited* for

for a *fit* time to ſpeak to him, and for an *eaſie* acceſs to his *Worſhip*, when he was *jocund* and in a good mood, in the mean time, I was willing the *poor Man* ſhould *live*, that *one day*, perhaps, might *beg* his *Pardon*. Yet I will not deny, but I was *backwarder* than I ought, tho I am *like* my *Father* in nothing *more* than *this*. But if *Repentance* be any *amends*, here I publickly *beſeech* him to *forgive* me before you *all*, as my *Witneſſes*. I did not run in *debt* by *my high ſpending*, neither did I *ſquander away* my *Eſtate* in *lewd* or *extravagant* courſes. Nay, I am *indebted* for the very *ſum* of my *ranſom*. If I obtain my requeſt, then I'le grant *that* to be true, which *ſome* imagine, my *Father* ambitiouſly ſeeks to *publiſh* the *Mercifulneſs* of his *Family*, that it may not be ſaid, *Poor Men only* give up their *Lives* for their *Enemies*. If he perſiſt to *hunger-ſtarve* me for giving *Meat* to a *poor Man*, and if he *treat* his *Son* as his *Enemy*, *by* expelling him from *Houſe* and *Home*, then, I fear, too *hard Cenſurers* will caſt the *blame* of that *unpardonable* and *oft reproved* hatred on my *Father*, who can be ſo *eaſily* angry. But ſo *Folks* will have it, Men differ *more* in the *Manners* that *Fortune gives* them, than in their own *natural* diſpoſitions. If you ſee a Man in a *mean* eſtate, that's as *bare* as can be, yet he'le take *liberty*, rather than be *cenſur'd* as *contemptible*, even *proudly* to *affront* the *beſt* o' th' *Pariſh*: And a *great Eſtate*, if with a *good* cauſe, takes an *inferiour Adverſary* more heavily. So *Chance* many times ſets *Enemies* together by the *Ears*, whoſe *Piques* laſt *long* from ſmall beginnings, whil'ſt a *Mean Eſtate*, is ſooner ſenſible of an *abuſe*, and a *Great*

Fortune

Fortune reſents it *deeper*. Neither was there any *Emulation* between them, (for how can there *be any* ſuch thing between *Perſons* ſo *unequal*?)but by *ſome fate* the ſame ſort of contention ariſing from *different* Springs. The *one* was *ſtiff* in his *Anger*, the other *ſtout* in *provoking*. Thô, unleſs it had pleas'd my *Father* to extort the *laſt* Confeſſion from the *yielding* Party, there were *many ſigns*, of asking him *pardon*, given, and a *deſire* to *end* the diſcord. For what elſe could be the *meaning* of the *poor Mans Sons*, *leaving* all other *Comrades*, and *chooſing* out *me* alone, to *love* and *reſpect*? Without doubt, while we were *little Children*, even in our *Infancy*, we were *dearly* beloved *Play-mates*, before any *ſeeds* of *diſcord* were *ſown* betwixt *our* Parents, or at leaſt before they were *obſerv'd by us*. Yea, when our *Families* were *Two*, *we* continued *One* ſtill, nay, *then* we ſtudied *more* to *obſerve* one another. And if I underſtand any thing aright in the caſe, ſure he did *nothing* of *all* this againſt his *Fathers* will. My *poor* judgment is, that doubtleſs our *poor* neighbour, being *aſhamed* to *yield*, leſt he ſhould *condemn* his *Cauſe*, as alſo becauſe *no* way of *favour* was open to him, ſeem'd to perſiſt in his *undertaken* courſe, yet he *eſſayed* ſome *eaſier* ways of *Addreſs*, and, till a *firm peace* could be made up, he gave *us* his *Son* for an *Hoſtage*.

Nor did *my Father* ſeem to be *offended* at our *Intimacy*, I am ſure he never *reprehended* me for it, nor forbad me his *converſie*: Yet I did nothing *ſculkingly*, nor did I ever ſhew my ſelf *obſtinate* againſt my *Fathers* command, as the very *Order* of *matters* doth ſufficiently ſhew. For

I went to *Sea*, at his *Command*, thô at that time it was *infeſted* with *Rogues*. I cannot deny, but my *Father* might have *many* and *great cauſes* to *caſt that* ſervice upon me, which he could not do *himſelf*. Thô I was *ignorant* of 'm, yet I never *ask'd* him, his *Will* was my *Law*. *Happy* are thoſe *Mariners*, who have endured *only* the *cruel ſhocks* of *Storm* and *Tempeſt*, who have eſcap'd the *Rocks* white-waſhed with *Waves*, and *other* dangers of the *Sea*, alone? For *my* part, I do even *envy* thoſe that are *Ship-wrack'd*, for I was *ſeiz'd* by *Barbarous* hands; nor was I *fettered* ſo much with the *Gripe*, as with the *Load*, of my *Chains*; I was put under *Hatches*, where all was *afloat*, and my very *leanneſs* made my *ſhackles* hang *looſe*. Who would not forgive every *body*, that, after *ſuch* an *example* as *mine*, is e'en *afraid* to go to *Sea*? I had but *one* hope to *drive* my wretched Life *along*, and *that* was to *write a Letter* to my *Father* to *ranſom* me, and (I call *God* to witneſs) I wrote to *none* but *him*. For what would *People* ſay, I thought of my *Father's affection*, if, as long as *he* was *living*, I had fought to *another*, for my ranſom? That *only* relief which, *next* to my *Father*, *Fortune* had provided for *me*, *that* I could not ſo much as *hope* for in the *condition* I was in. And indeed, to what purpoſe was it to write to my *Friend*, as long as I *knew* he had *not wherewithal* to *ranſom* me? Shall I never have a *lucky hour*, to complain to my *Father* of his *Friends*, who *tryed* to *detain* him when *he* was *willing* to go? And who *caſt* in *delays* on his *Pious* forwardneſs? Certainly, he would ha' gon, thô *againſt* all their *wills*, (for what

what *Father* would not do *ſo* for his *Son*) if my *Friend*, in the *mean* time, had not *prevented* him: The *danger* of the *Sea*, the *Creeks* infeſted with *Corſairs*, and the *nearer* leſſon of *my* miſfortune did not *deter* him. I wonder at this *leſs* in my *Friend*, but this is *that*, no *courteſie* can *requite*, his *Father* did not *keep him* back as he was a going; nay *more*, whatever his *parſimonious frugality* had *laid* up for the *ſtay* of his *Life*, he brought it out *all*, and *ſpent* it on the *Charges* of his *Voyage*, Oh *unhappy* Old Man, *here* thou *began'ſt* to *want*. Shall I *now* tell you, through *what Seas* this *brave Youth* ſailed, what *Rocks* he paſſed by, what *huge Bays* he coaſted? They, who never were at Sea, think this *nothing*. He, with all the haſt he could, without any *regard* to *himſelf*, *vent'red* upon *all*; 'tis plain, he was not *ſparing* of his *Life* in *ſeeking* his *Friend*, and yet even he, methinks, that *made* all this *haſt*, for all this *came* with the *lateſt*.

Hear, *my Lords*, pray, hear a *new* complaint of a *Priſoner*. I ſee *now*, I was not *miſerable* among the *Pyrats*. My *body*, deſtin'd for *Butchery*, was cramm'd, (which was *worſe* than *Famine*) and I, as a contemptible *Novice* of a *Fencer*, amongſt all the *Priſoners*, was deſign'd to the *ſlaughter*; I *learn'd* every day that *wicked Miſtery*, that ſo at laſt I might *loſe* even the *innocency* of my *calamity*. Yet I *weather'd*, I *bore* the *brunt* of all this, ſo *hard* is it for a Man to *dye*, thô in his *own* occupation. And now the *Fatal day* was come, and abundance of *People* were *gather'd* together to *behold* our *Puniſhment*; now the *Condemn'd Combatants* appear'd upon the

Amphitheatre, and ſo made their *own Funeral Show*: The *Maſter of the Prize* took his Place, reckoning to pleaſe the *People* by our *Combate* and *Blood*, and whereas there was *none there*, that could be acquainted with my *Fortune*, my *Birth*, or my *Parents*, becauſe of the *Great Sea* betwixt us, yet *one* thing made me an *Object* of *Pity* to *ſome*, that I ſeem'd ſo *unequally match'd*. For I was *pick'd* out as a moſt *certain* Sacrifice, of *all* his *Janizarys* the *Prize-maſter* cal'd *leaſt* for *me*. Great *ſtir* there was about me, as *preparatory* to my *Death*, one was *whetting* the *ſword*, another was making the *Iron plates* red hot; *Rods* were brought o' *one* ſide, and *Whips* o' t'other. You would have took 'm for *Pyrates*, *all*. The *Trumpets* ſounded with a *doleſome din*, and, a *Dead-mans Bier* being brought in, my *Funeral* was preſented even *before* my *Death*. Nothing but *wounds*, *groanings*, *gore*, and *extreme* danger could I ſee, *round* about me. *My Lords*, if I am *Guilty* of any thing, that *deſerves* a *Turning off* by my *Parents*, this *one* Crime is ſufficient, that I put my *Friend* to *ſuch* ſtreights. It is an *hard* thing for the *Happy*, to judge *aright* of *miſery*, yet you may *fancy*, what my *mind* and what my *thoughts* were, in *thoſe* circumſtances For as in ſuch *extreme hardſhips*, the *ſad* remembrance of *Former* Pleaſure doth *naturally break* in upon us, ſo I *recollected* the *nobleneſs* of my *Blood*, the *ſplendor* of my *Fortune*, my *education* in *Learning*, every thing, far *more genteel* than at my *new Maſter's*; my *Houſe*, *Family*, *Friends*, and many *fine* things, *never* more to be *ſeen* by me, as I was in this my *laſt* expectation of *Death*, *occurr'd* to my *thoughts*,

thoughts, while I had my *baſe ſervile Arms* in my hands, and when I was *ready* to dye an *ignominious* Death. And (if you will believe a *poor Wretch*) it *troubled* me to conſider, where my *Kindred* were now, that knew nothing of *all* this, nor could ſuſpect any thing *worſe* in my *condition*, than what I had acquainted them by *Letter*; but this was far the *worſt* of *all*, that I reckon'd, becauſe he was ſo *long* a coming, my *Father* had been *taken* by Pyrates *too*: Whereupon *all* my *thoughts* were taken up with nothing, but *Death*; I expected every Moment the *Bloody Villain to do my buſineſs* for me. Every body may eaſily tell, what wou'd ha' *become* of *me*, if I had *once* entred the *Liſts*; for even *one* of the *ſtouteſt* of us *all* was, it ſeems, *ſlain* at *that* time. As I was aſtoniſh'd with theſe *crouding* thoughts, and almoſt ſunk into the *Grave already*, behold the *ſudden* unlook'd for *ſight* of my *Friend ſhin'd* upon me. I was *amaz'd* to ſee him, a *chill* fear ſeiz'd upon *me*, *all over my Body*, and I was *aghaſt*, as if I had ſeen ſome *Illuſion* or *Phantôme*. As ſoon as ever I *came* to my ſelf, and recover'd my *freedom* of ſpeech, How doſt do, *poor Heart*, ſaid I? what *Wind* blew you *hither*? What! have the *Pyrates* ſold *you*, and all? But he, taking *me* about the *neck*, fill'd my *boſome* with *Tears*, and after he had recovered his *breath*, which was almoſt *gone*, at laſt, while I was trembling, he utter'd this *firſt*, and, for a good while, *only*, ſaying. *I have liv'd now long enough*. But when he told me the *Cauſe* of his *Voyage*, and that he was come to *ranſom* me? Where, ſaid I, is the *Money*? Unleſs you have reconcil'd

your ſelf to my *Father*, and *He* has ſent you? Hear, O ye *Foreign Nations*, hearken, *all* ye *Outlandiſh* People, let no uſual *Concourſe* ſurround this *Court*, yea, if it were poſſible, let the *whole World* take notice of *ſuch* an *Example*. Be *mute*, all *Former Ages*, wherein, even from the *Infancy* of *Mankind*, very few *Pairs* of *Friends*, whoſe *Faithfulneſs* hath been *tranſmitted* to *our* times, have been *more Admired*; whatever *Hiſtories* have reported, whatever *Poets* have feigned, and *Fabuliſts* have deviſed, let it *all* be ſilent in compariſon of *This*. Who would believe, (if it be a thing that may be call'd in *Queſtion*,) that of *Two* Friends, whereof *one* was *free* and preſerv'd from *miſery* by *good fortune*, the *other* fell into the hands of *Pyrates* and of a pitifull *Fencer*, that the *condition* of the *Priſoner* in *hold* ſhould be the *better*? If I had been *rich*, ſayes he, and *well-lin'd*, I had brought *Chink* to redeem thee, but I have brought thee all a *poor Mans* help, that is, my *Hands*, *theſe* I'le give up to the *Pyrates*, *theſe* ſhall be *your Subſtitutes*, to *play* the *Prize* for you. Forgive me, O *Father*, if in the *high ſtreſs* of my overdoing *affection*, I had almoſt *wounded* you with the *loſs* of a *Child*. I call *God* to *witneſs*, 'twas not *long of my ſelf*, that I am *now* alive. For the *Fencing-ſchool* had not made me ſo *brutiſh*, nor had the long *practice* of *killing* and *ſlaying* ſo *hard'ned* my *heart*, as to make *me* willing my *Friend* ſhould be *ſlain*, who could *find* in his *heart* to *dye* for *me*. I own'd my *Lot*, and, being as it were *bound* to a *Fencer*, I refuſed not to *Play* my *Prize*, nor could he prevail on

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me by *any entreaty*, thô he *threatned*, *He would never out-live me*, telling me, This is *all* the *Caſe*, Whether I would *rather* have *him dye* for me, or *dye with* me. With all the *Rhetorick* I had, I could not *diſſuade* him. What did you *then*, you'l ſay? Why, *My Lords*, he led me to the *Maſter* of the *Show*, and *there* what ſtrange *Prayers*, how never-ceaſing *Tears*, what woful *entreaties* did I perceive from *him*? I'le tell you, no Man *ever* deſir'd his *Freedom* with ſo *much Importunity*: Whereupon the *Arms* were taken from *my* Body and clap't upon *his*, and *before* his *Harneſs* cou'd be fitted as ſhou'd be, my *Fellow Combatant* was *haſtned* on the *Theatre*; tell me not of my *Friends laſt Prayers*, thoſe *Prayers* that paid *ſo dear* for the *relief* he ſought for his *Poor Old Father*? *Do* you think, *this* was a *Motive* and *Inducement* to me? I profeſs, I am *aſham'd*, that I put him to *ask* me. By this *laſt* hour of my *life*, ſays he, by *all* the noted *faithfulneſs* of my *Love*, whatever you do, don't ſuffer my *Father* to *beg* his *Bread*: *Maintain* him, *ſtand by* him, *ſhew* him kindneſs, if you think I *deſerve* ſo much: Be you *now* my *ſubſtitute* for *him*. No more had he *time* to ſay, I gave him my *laſt* Kiſs with his *Helmet* on; ſo, the *Officers* giving way on *both* ſides, *room* was left for the *Combate*. Oh, how *anxious* a *ſpectator* was I? and with how *aſtoniſh'd* a mind, did I *ſympathize* with him in the *ſame Motions* of *my* Body? How oft did I *dap* down at the *Paſs* of his *Sword*, as if he *aimed* to *hit* me? How oft did I *raiſe* my ſelf *up*, when *he* made towards him? Oh, what *troubleſom* thoughts had I? Oh,

the *cruel* nature of *Fear*? Now, *Friend*, there's *reaſon*, I ſee, why you had rather *venture* your *Life* in the *Liſts*. 'Twas an *unlucky* chance, that *ſuch* a Courage, and *ſuch* ſpritefulneſs was not imployed in an *Enemies* Camp, or in a *pitch'd Battel*, where true Valour takes place, without the *Gardez-vous*, or other Laws of *Fencers*. With as much *Force*, as *He* began the *Combate*, (being inrag'd againſt *his* Adverſary, as if he were *mine* ſtill) the *Veteran Gladiator* uſed *as much Craft*, and *cunningly put by* all the *Paſſes* he made; ſo that, what *ſtrength* he put forth, made againſt *himſelf*. Yet he might eaſily have *come off*, from *ſuch* an Engagement eſpecially, but he had no *mind* to live in that *Profeſſion*. And therefore he offer'd his *bare* Body to the *Swords-point*, and, that he might *pay* my *whole* ranſom at *once*, he dy'd *Fighting* on the *Spot*. He, that might have liv'd in *peace* and *quietneſs*, even to *Old Age*, in his *own* Country, in his *own* Houſe, amongſt his *Kindred*, without any *Curb* or *Diſturbance*, is *now cut* and *hack'd* in pieces, and in the very *Flower* of his Youth too, he periſhes, *Poor heart*, with the *Fate* due to *me*. But I, whoſe *due* it was to have *dy'd* the *death Fortune* deſign'd for him, am *diſmiſs'd* from the *Fencing-ſchool* with *more Guilt* upon me, than I was *ſold* thither. Nay, what *Viaticum* I have to bring me *home*, 'tis ſupply'd by my *Poor Friend*, that's *gon*. Let us *pleaſe* our ſelves never ſo much with our *ample* Fortunes, yet, *dear Father*, we ſhall never be *able* to *requite* the *Poor Man*.

Now if you'l believe me, *my Lords*, I am *aſhamed*

aſhamed to make a long *Harangue* of my *Merits* towards him, nor can I give you *reaſon enough*, why ſo *little* is objected againſt me: For what have I done for the *Father* of *him*, that *ranſom'd* me, who both *loſt* his *Son* and was *impoveriſhed* too by the *bargain*? Even no more, than *what* a *very Pyrate* would do for his *Slave*, or a *Fencing-maſter* for his *Apprentice*, I gave him a *ſmall Alms*, and a little *Victuals*, which yet he was to *crave* every *day*. How *ſmall* a *pittance* muſt *it needs* be, that ſo *watchful* a *Owner* would not *obſerve* and miſs? *This* is the *thing*, that you *ſit* about to day, *this* makes all the *buſtle* in *Court*, *A Piece of Bread given to the Needy*? And the *apprehenſion* of my *willfulneſs* is grown ſo high in *evidence*, that *ſome* ſuſpect, I will *make away* my *Friends* with the *Sword*, and my *Enemies* by *Famine*. Pray, let's caſt up *all* the *Charge* of my *Luxury*, as you call it; hear the *ſum* of it *all*, and then wonder, if a *Great Eſtate* can't *bear* ſuch an *Expence*? did my *Impriſonment* coſt my *Father* ſo *dear*, when he paid *ſo much* for my *ranſom*? How, I marvel, would you have *born* it, *Sir*, if, as a *Nice wanton Yonker*, eſpecially in proſpect of *vaſt* an *Eſtate*, I had *borrowed* my *Manners* and *Deportment* either from my *Age* or from my *Fortune*, and, like an *over-free* and *wild Debauchee* had *revell'd* and *gam'd* all night amongſt my *Comrades*, thereby ſpending *ſo much*, that you muſt needs have *found* it by your *Books* of *Account*: yet *kind Fathers* have remitted as much as *that*, upon the account of their *Childrens Youthful* years; and can you think *me* fit to be *turn'd* out of *doors*, and *worthy* to be

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ſtruck with the *utmoſt ſeverity* of *Paternal Power*, for *handing out* to a *Poor Old Man*, *nothing* but *what*, to ſpeak *modeſtly*, his *own* Son *ſent* him? You do not lay to my *Charge*, that I *purchas'd a Miſs*, or *ſpent* my *allowance* in *high Fare*, the dear-bought *Flattery* of *Bawds* and *Paraſites* is not *caſt* in my *diſh*; no, 'tis only a *little* relief given to *one Aged Man*, worn out with *years* and *croſſes*. Can this, Sir, *ſhake* your rich *Bags*? Can *this drain* your *Family*, founded on the *Eſtates* of your Father and Anceſtors, *before* you? If you are ſo *Near*, caſt up your *Accounts*, I, for my part, have lived upon *others* all this while. But perhaps this *Throng*, that compaſſes your *Judgment-ſeat*, and all this *Company*, that are ignorant of my Caſe, expect ſome *great* and *portentous* Crime to be *laid* to my *Charge*. What, *Father*, do you turn me off ſo *quickly*? I came but *juſt now home*, before I was look'd for, from that *fatal journey*, whence you could ſcarce *hope* that I ſhould *ever* return. You have paid *no Vows* as yet for my *Return*, *no Sacrifices* have you ſlain and *offer'd* to the *Immortal Gods*; I am ſure, we have made no *amends* to my *Ranſomer*. But I expected, your *affection* would have been *ſo ardent*, that you would never have had *enough* of my *Company*, and that your *Conſcience* would have ſo checkt you, for *expoſing* me to ſo much *danger* in an *unlucky* Voyage, that for *ever after*, you would never let me *ſtir*, at leaſt *very far*, out of your *ſight*. But *now*, before I had *ſcarce* ſaid my *Prayers* to the *Houſhould Gods*, I am *driven out*, ſo that *ſome* may make a *Queſtion*, whether ever *I came*

in.

in. Do you do this, becauſe you would have it thought, that he did *nothing* for *you* who *ranſom'd* me? Am I ſo *Cruel*, am I ſo *Impious*, and ſo *ungrateful* (the greateſt *character* of all *Vices*) that I do not *value* my *Fathers* kindneſſes? Perhaps I know not, to whom I owe my *Life*, his *Merits* and *Obligations* have no room in my thoughts. What an *unhappy* man am I, that I cannot *pay* what I am in *debt*.

Thô indeed, my *Father* fetches the *Cauſes* of my *Expulſion higher* than ſo, he *inquires* into *matters before* my *Voyage*, and that, upon a *double* accompt. *Firſt*, that the *Defendant*, whom the *heynouſnes* of the *Crimes*, he is accuſed of, could not *cruſh*, their *number* might. In the *next* place, that a *Fathers* cenſure might carry *more weight* with it, becauſe 'tis *he Condemns* me, that ſhould by right *Pardon* me. Why, ſays he, muſt *you*, when the *beggarly Father* was *my Enemy*, make *his Son* your *friend*? Here, *my Lords*, I'le lay aſide all *Fending and Proving*, I acknowledge, *I have don amiſs*, *I ask his Pardon*; as a *Son* may offend, ſo, I hope, a *Father* may *Pardon*. The *likeneſs* of our *Age* drew me, his *Kindneſſes won* upon me, his *Faithfulneſs took* me *ſo*, that I cou'd not *find* in my *Heart* to *Hate* him that *Lov'd* me. Nevertheleſs, I have *ſuffer'd* enough and enough, and, if I well underſtand your *affection* to me, 'tis *more*, I hope, than *you* would have me. Let me offend never ſo much, what could the *ſurlieſt Don* exact *more*? Was I not puniſh'd *enough* by being *ſold* to the *Fencing-School*? *What*, will you put no *end* to my *undoing*? Is it a *ſmall* matter (think you) that I have *weather'd raging* Seas, that, being given over

over to *cruel* ſtorms, I was *hurryed* aloft at the *Pleaſure* of the *Winds*? Is it *nothing*, that I fell, as a *Prey*, into the *wicked hands* of *Rogues*? And, (which is the *hardeſt* condition of the *worſt* of *Slaves*) that I was *ſold* without any *Conditions* made on *my* behalf? So that my very *Enemy* might have *bought* me, if he had *liſted*? Is it nothing, that the *Pyrats* kept me ſo *long* in *Priſon*, becauſe I told them that my *Father* was a *Rich man*, and would ſend to *ranſom* me, and that at laſt they *ſold* me to a *Sword-man*, ſeeing they thought, I had *Cheated them*? That by a daily *Practice* of *Arms*, I was ſo *long* aforehand *learning* to *dye*? That being *all-ready*, and *arm'd*, I had entred on the *Stage*, and ſo had *Periſhed*, if I had been a *better* Freind, unleſs a *new Tempeſt*, aſſaulting me as 'twere in the very *Haven*, had caſt me out from my *Fathers* Houſe and had ſent me *up* and *down*, with an *Hunger-ſtarv'd Belly* to other *Folks* doors? I can't for *Shame recount* my *calamity* ſtep by ſtep, *firſt* the *Pyrat*, *then* the *Sword-man*, and at *laſt*, my *Father*. But, *my Lords*, *this part* of my *Crime* is worthier of *Praiſe* than of *Apology*. For I find *nothing* in the World, that *Nature* hath provided more *excellent*, than *Freindſhip*; What greater *Bulwark* againſt the *Aſſaults* of *Fortune*, than mutual *Concord*? For *firſt*, *ſhe* hath put a certain *ſociableneſs* into *our* minds, beyond *other* Creatures, whereby we are taught to *rejoyce* in one another's *Company*, to *gather* a *People*, to build *Citys*, and thô *ſhe* hath *furniſhed* our *minds* with *ſeveral Inclinations*, yet *ſhe* hath given us *no affection* better, than *kindneſs one to another*. For what would be *more* happy than

than *us*, *men*, if *all* of us were *Friends*? For *then*, *Wars*, *Seditions*, *Robberies*, and *other Miſchiefs* that ariſe from *our ſelves*, would not alſo come upon us on the *ſcore* of *Fortune*. But becauſe *God* thinks not *fit* to beſtow ſo *great* a *Bleſſing* on *us*, yet certainly at *all* times, and amongſt *all* Nations, 'twas ever held *one* of the *greateſt* and as it were moſt *Sacred Offices*, for men to *agree* together in *honeſt Principles*, to obſerve *Truth* and *Faithfulneſs*, to return *Love* for *Love*, (for it *belongs* only to the *beſt* minds that are, to *beſtow* or to *receive* ſo much *Love* as we ſpeak of.) And ſhall I be *afraid* of *ſuch* a *Crime*, as *this*? You ſhould know, *Dear Father*, how much I would have *glaried*, if my *Friend* and *My-ſelf* had come home together? Uſeleſs perhaps I had been *drawn* in with the *like* Vices, that I ſaw in *my-ſelf*, and had *grown Great* with a *debauch'd Youth*; which kind of *Life*, thô doubtleſs it deſerve not *ſo much* as the *very name* of *Freindſhip*, yet ſometimes we ſee, that, by a *Natural Rule* of *Like will to Like*, *vices* themſelves have *counterfeited* a *ſhew* of *Amity*. Upbraid me with my *Freind*, and *then* you have ſome *Argument* to *ſpeak* againſt me. *He was a Swordman*, ſay you, *and how could you be ſuch a ones Freind? Here*, I think, you *wiſh*, *you had never don't*. Alas, *Father*, your *Greif* carries you too *far*, ſeeing you are *hurried* with too much *anger*, you don't conſider, *whither* you are a *going*. Do you not perceive, *Dear Sir*, that *you* upbraid *me* with *this*, that I am *ſtill* alive? Can any man *complain* of *ſuch* a *Freind* as *this*, except perhaps the *Poor man*? But, ſay you, *I and his Father were at Daggers-drawing*: Nay, but 'tis fitting,

fitting, that *animosities* and *grudges*, which *Wise men* think should of *all* things be the *shortest-liv'd*, should *conclude there*, *where* they *began*. For if it were otherwise, yet *Fortune* still puts up *endless* motives of *Quarrelling*, thô we *inherit* not our *Fathers* Feuds, and the *Enmity* last longer than the *Enemy* himself. For all this, if the *Young man himself* hath *acted* any thing against *you*, *Sir*, let him be even *my Enemy* too: But if he be *Innocent* and *free* from all blame, he would fain *merit* your *Love*; if the *Son* of *none* of my *Freinds Love* me more *ardently*, pray, *Father*, how can I *refuse* him, how can I *wrathfully* thrust him away? *You* your self would not have *hated* the *Poor man*, if *he* had *Loved* you. He *offers* himself, he *vyes* with us in *kindness*? You knew the *Young man* performed *This* with all *his Heart*, he *Lov'd* me to *that* pass, thô you were his *Fathers Enemy*. Add farther, that if there hath appeared *such* an *Ingenuity* in the Youth, as no *Age* ever heard of; if his *Faithfulness* were of the *Ancientest* Date of all, hardly *known* even in those *Heroick* times, wherein *men* had more *Communion* with *God*; if he always counted *me dearer* than his *life*, what, must I *slight* the *opportunity* of so *rare* and *extraordinary* a *kindness*? For my part, I shall reckon it a *perpetual honour* to me, that *such* an *Heavenly* Soul cull'd *me* out, before any *other*, for an *Object* of his *Love*, and that I was *approved* by a *Person* of so *great* a *Judgment*. Upon this, *Fame* may spread my *Name* too throughout the *World*, and I shall be *gloriously eterniz'd* in the *Praises* of my *Friend*; for *some* good man or *other* may think, that I would have *don as much for him*.

But

But why, ſays my *Father*, were *you* all *one*, when *we* were at odds? Here I acknowledge *another* Fault. I confeſs, we did *amiſs*, we committed an *Offence*, that *we* were *Friends*, when *you*, it ſeems, were *Enemies*. I would ſay *more* to this *Accuſation*, *my Lords*, but that I am *quit* in *Court*, my *own Father* hath *clear'd* me. 'Tis a great while ago, ſince I incurred this *Offence*, 'twas never *Objected* to me *before*, nor was he ever *angry* with me upon *that* account. And why may we not be *Freinds ſtill*, but that *you* are pleaſed to run ſo *far back* to fetch in *Objections* againſt *me*? Some of our *Ill-willers*, out of *miſconſtruction*, may think, that you would not *ranſom* me, out of *Spight*; but if I had committed any thing *worthy* of your *hatred before*, you need not have *entertain'd* me, when I was *ranſom'd*. And therefore 'tis plain, that the *Young man* was my *Freind* by *your ſufferance*, which is as much as to ſay, *You* would *have* it *ſo*; nor were *You alone* of this Judgment, for the *Poor man* gave the ſame liberty to *his* Son. But if this part of my *Accuſation*, from which I am *confeſſedly* quitted by your long *ſilence*, and is *now* brought in upon the *neck* of *another Indictment*, can be ſo *happy* as to *deſerve* your *Pardon*, certainly it will be the *eaſier* to *diſpatch* what follows; for grant, that *he* was the *Son* of an *Enemy*, *this* now is the *Father* of a *Friend*. Neither am I ignorant, *my Lords*, how ill this *Plea* deſerves of all *Mankind*, if *mercy*, of it ſelf, be of ſo *little* account, that, except ſome *further neceſſity* preſs too hard upon *modeſty*, a piece of *humanity* more *uſeful* than *neceſſary* ſhould be condemned for the *higheſt Crime*. Wherefore

if

if I ſhould perchance *releive* a *Stranger*, and
Perſon utterly *unknown* to me, as long as he is
Man, (there being ſuch a *publick tye* and *cogn*
tion between *every* mortal Man, on the accoun
of *one common Parent*) ſhall it be counted *Crim*
nal to *ſuccour* a *dying* Soul, and ſo to have take
pity on *humanity*, on the ſcore of our *Comm*
Condition? by which *act* we do, as it were b
way of *Religion*, preſent our *Offering* unto *F*
tune. If *this*, I ſay, be *blame-worthy*, then wh
have I to do, but to *break* out in *Praiſe* of *Cruel*
and to account no *mortals Sager* and *Wiſer*, th
Bloody Pyrats and *Sword-men*? Let us have *T*
Examples of *mercy* (at leaſt) *recorded*, for t
benefit of *Mankind*, *both* within a *ſhort* ſpace
time, *one* diſcarded, and *'tother* ſlain, for his *C*
paſſion. But if I muſt own *it* for a *Fault*, I c
ſay this, that I did not create *my-ſelf*, nor
my *Paſſions* govern'd, as I pleaſe. I was *made*
Nature would have me, which *forms* the *ma*
of *all* men, and I brought my *Crime* into t
World with me. For, whether it be *Gods* Pro
dence, or *blind* Chance, or the *Neceſſity*, th
ſeizeth us at our *Birth*, from the *Courſe* of t
Stars, whether 'twas *this* or *that*, yet *ſo* it is, th
they have given us ſeveral *Inclinations*, and the
is as much *variety* in our *Souls* as of our *Bo*
There are *ſome*, that can't endure to ſee ſo mu
as a *Malefactor* puniſhed, that grow *pale* wh
any Mans *Blood* is ſhed, be he what he will, t
are ready to weep for the *woful ends* of *thoſe*, t
were *mere* ſtrangers to them. *Some* there are
'tother ſide, who have no *relent* even for their o
Friends, in *ſuch* caſes. As for *me*, I am of a
diſpoſi

diſpoſition, and my *tender heart* trembles *within* me at the *ſight* of *any* mans *miſery*. Do not make a *Judgment* of me by my *Fortune*, *good Father*, for I'le aſſure you, I have not a *Sword-mans* hard *Heart*. I wiſh my *Cauſe* would ſuffer me to vaunt *thus*, A *Young man* was I, *Born* of *Noble* Parentage, and thinking it was the *only* advantage of ſuch a *brave* Fortune, to be able to do *good* to *others*, and to open as it were a ſecure *Port* of *humanity* againſt *all diſtreſſes* whatſoever, I aim'd at the *Credit* of a *Civick Garland*, in *ſaving* a *man* that was *periſhing*, whether he were *undon* by *Shipwrack*, by *Fire*, or by *Robbery*. I ſet him *at rights* again, I reſtor'd him to his *Life* and *Fortunes*. Now *I am even* with the *Republick*, who *loſt* one of her *Commoners* on my account. I had rather be *expenſive thus* way, than in buying fine *Clothes*, *Plate* or *Offices*. For *where* can *Money* be *better* laid out, than *when* we *reſerve* our *Charity* with the *largeſt Intereſt*. 'Tis a *great* ſatisfaction in point of *Conſcience*, to have *merited* Happyneſs. What care I, thô he be a *Forreiner* or a *Stranger*; I enquire not, what he was *before*, *after* he has don what he did, he *muſt* be my *Freind*. And to ſpeak Truth, the *Greater* any one is, and the *Wider* he lies open to the *Attacks* of *Fortune*, he ought *more* to *mind* and to *remember*, what *huge* Power *ſhe* hath over us, and on how *tickliſh* a point *human* things ſtand. For neither my *guilded Seilings*, my *glittering Marble Pillars*, nor my thick inlaid Pargetings have, or ſhall, make me unmindful of my *frail* Condition. Many *Croſſes* often fall even to the *Richeſt*, and the *greateſt* heights ſink as *low*. I have ſeen

in *my* time a *Poor man* be an *Aſſiſtant* to a *Rich* at a *dead liſt*. But let *long Felicity* make a *piſh* at *Calamity*, and thô too much *ſecurity* may deſpiſe another Mans *hap*, yet I, as often as I ſee any one *ſue* for *relief* in *diſtreſs*, cannot but be *moved* with my *own Fortune*. *That* time comes preſently to my *mind*, when *once* I my ſelf *petitioned* for the *mercy* and *help* of *others*. Pardon me, *dear Father*, if this *affection* be deeply rooted in me; I was *miſerable my* ſelf, and I could not *chooſe* but *love* mercy *ever ſince*.

But, ſtill, *He is my Enemy*, ſays my *Father*. Pray, *Sir*, *who* would commend us, I wonder, if we had done *ſo* much *only* for a *Friend*? This is *that*, which is to be commended in us for *Virtue*, this is that *moderation* of *ſpirit* to be *admir'd*, when we can *overcome our ſpleen*, and, in the *midſt* of our *Feuds*, remember the *Man*. Thus * *Fabius Maximus* got *immortal Honour* for delivering his private *Adverſary* out of the *Enemies* hand, ſo all the *World* admir'd *Tiberius Gracchus*, when he would not ſuffer *Scipio* to be *dragg'd* to *Priſon*: The ſame *Greatneſs* of mind will alſo *perfume your memory* to *Poſterity*. For 'tis at *your Charge* that your *Enemy* ſubſiſts. Whatever it was the *Poor Old Man* received from *our Houſe*, if you will give me *leave* to ſay it, 'twas *you your ſelf* allow'd it, *you*, and none but you, muſt have the *Honour* thereof. As for me, if I *beſtow* any thing on the *Father* of him that *ſaved* my *life*, I am not *Praiſe-wor-*

* *Minutius*, being *Magiſter Equitum*, or *Lord Deputy* under *Fabius* the *Dictator*, grew emulous of *his* Power, & obtained *Equal Authority with him*, ſo that, in a *battel* againſt *Hannibal*, he ſcorn'd to be *under* the *Command* of *Fabius*, but divided the *Army*, *he* himſelf being *ſupreme* Commander of *one* half, and *Fabius* of the *other*: *Hannibal* ſets upon *Minutius* and *routs* him, *Fabius* comes in to his *ſuccour* and *recovers* the *day*. See the ſtory in the 22*d*. Book of *Livy*.

thy

thy. Nor can you expect, *Father*, that in this place I ſhould uſe ſuch *Pleas* as *theſe*, *viz.* that *mutual Hate* is always *honeſtly* laid down and *buried*; or that, ſince *grudges* teem with *nothing* but a *deſire* of *miſchief*, 'tis a *glorious* change of *mind* for the *better*, and a *noble* example *too*, when Men can joyn *Hands* into a *near* allyance, that before were *almoſt* ready *to go together* by the *Ears*. How came this *Poor Man* to be ſo *Conſiderable*, that you ſhould look upon him as *your* Enemy? You may ſee, that he is a *lonely indigent Old Man*, that hath no *Houſe* nor *Friend*; don't you *diſgrace* your *ampler Fortune*, by *hating ſuch* a Man, and by thinking you ſhall get any *great matter* by his *Death*. You can *attain* to no *greater* revenge than *this*, that he is ſo miſerably *poor*, that even *we* our ſelves have ſome *pity* for him. Oh, 'tis a *mighty* puniſhment *ſure*, that you mean to *take* upon your *Old Adverſary*, to *ſnatch* the *bread* out of a *Beggars* mouth, and thereby to *augment* the *preſure* of his *Fortune*, which was *hard* enough *before*. Tell me, pray, ſuppoſe he were *dead*, would you *kick* his *Corps up* and *down*. The *wildeſt Beaſts*, that are of the moſt *generous* kind, paſs by *thoſe* that are *proſtrate*. I don't mention thoſe greater *Examples*, of *defending Priſoners* of *War*, or *reedifying taken Citys*? I urge *only* what I ſee, even *Sword-men* ſpare *thoſe*, that they have *worſted*. After the *loſs* of his *Son*, after his *penury*, what *worſe* thing can befal him, than *what he* himſelf deſires? Can you imagine, that a more *terrible revenge* can be *ſought* for, or that it can poſſibly be found

out in *nature*? Who would not have thought *you* the moſt *unmerciful* of all *Mankind*, if you had but *wiſh't* ſuch a thing againſt your *Enemy*? Certainly, if your *hatred* were *irreconcileable*, and your *Enmity* out-went whatever is *recorded* in *Fable*, yet I durſt *aver*, if *you* had loſt your *Children* for his ſake, you could not have *refuſed* ſuch a *ſatisfaction* at *Fortunes* hands; at leaſt to avoid the *Cenſure* of *Inſolence*, which does ſometimes carp at *Greatneſs* undeſervedly, leſt while the over-pityed *Beggar* walk up and down the *Town*, People lay the *Cauſe* upon the *Firſt Author* of *his Miſery*. For I know not how it comes to paſs, all *Favour* inclines to *him*, that's *going* down the *wind*, nor does any *Victory* obtain a *laſting welcome*, but *that* which is *temperate*. Let him be *kept*, chiefly by our *kindneſs*, the *rather* leſt *others* ſhould *pity* him in *our* ſtead.

The *Tenor* of my *defence*, as, I hope, you obſerve, *my Lords*, goes on pretty *roundly*. But before I begin to *urge* my *unqueſtionable* Plea, my *conſcience* is *afraid*, and my *reaſon*, being as it were engaged between two *Rocks*, knows not *which* way to *turn* it ſelf, *one* thing being *objected* and *another pleaded*. I dare not *inſiſt* on my *Courteſies*, you have heard me *open* my *Breviate*: I have told you, how *great* and how *incredible* the *merits* of this *Good Man* have been towards *me*? *All* which, to be ſure, he made *good* upon me. But to what *purpoſe*? I am a *nice* kind of *debtor*: What ſhall I pretend, *my Lords*, in this *part* of my *defence*? I will ſay, I deſire to return him *amends* for his *Courteſie*. Can any Man

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brook it, to ſee his *Friends Father* go a *begging* from *door to door*? But he *redeem'd* me, without any *requital* at all from *me*. Shall I ſay, I was wrought upon by my *Friends laſt entreaties*? There's a *fine* compariſon indeed? But what he did for me, 'twas *without my* asking. Which way ſhall I *turn* my ſelf? Shall I call it a *laudable* Fact, or ſhall I call it a *neceſſary* one? *This* is more eaſily to be *diſpatch'd*, but I think it juſt, and the *Intereſt* of *Truth* requires it, that *t'other* ſhould have its *due* Praiſe. The *maintenance*, that you think you give *gratis* to the *Poor Man*, pray, *Father*, conſider *how much* it *coſt* him. If, when he heard the *news* of my *Impriſonment*, the *Young Man*, without any *Entreaty* or *Letter* of mine, had of his *own* accord undertook a *Voyage* to rid me from the *Pyrates Bondage*, how ſhould I *ever requite* him, for performing *that*, which I could only *look for* at a *Fathers* hands? To *venture* to *Sea*, eſpecially after ſo *frightful* an *Inſtance* in *my ſelf*, to go and ſeek out the *raging Pyrates*, and that too, when he had *nothing* wherewith to *redeem* me, but his *own Perſon*; to *ſail on* with a *longing deſire* after *Impriſonment*, who could do *all* this, but *he*, that was willing, if need be, even to *dye* for his *Friend*? This, *my Lords*, is a *Great* thing of *it ſelf*, and ſcarce to be believed in *this* Age of *Ours*. But what follows is above all *Rhetorical Encomiums*: He left *all* and made a *Voyage* to *redeem* me, when he knew his *own* Father would go a *begging* the *while*. 'Tis true, he might have *hop'd*, that his *Friend* would have been *redeem'd* notwithſtanding, without any *hazard* of his own, ſeeing I had a *very ſufficient*

Father. Ay, but he would not *ſtay* to make long *preparations* for his *Voyage*, he *hurryed* away, that not a *minuts-time* of my *redemption* might be *loſt*. Hear, O *Heavens*, hearken, O *Earth*, what *poſt-haſte* did *he* make to *redeem* his *Freind*, whoſe *own Father* was *backward* enough? The *Ancients* have *Recorded*, That *Terence*, whom † *Scipio Africanus* had *Freed*, among other *Priſoners*, in the *ſecond Punick* War, was *gaz'd* at in the *Triumph*, for that *Liberty* which he had *receiv'd*, he wearing a * *Pileus* on his *Head*, in *Teſtimony* thereof. 'Tis true, he had his ſhare in the *Publick Happineſs*, by means of that *Victory*, which was *more* upon his *Heart*, yet he thought he *ow'd alſo* a *private* acknowledgment of *his Kindneſs* to the *Conqueror*. How much *then* am I bound to *him*, and *none* but *him*, for my *Liberty*, who *ſought* after me thrô the *Seas*, thô *infeſted* with *Pyrats*? Who has reſtor'd me my *Life*, my *Liberty*, and whatever elſe I *owe* to my *Father*, not in *Ignorance*, as at the *firſt* hour I was *born*, but in *full knowledge* and *notice*? Nor was I *alone enrich'd* with *theſe mercys*, but *withal* I was *freed* from the *greateſt miſeries*? Shall I not *own*, that I *received* my *Life* from ſo *true* a *Freind*? And that I am *bound* to *him* in *ſtronger tyes* than to the *other*? Oh thou moſt *wretched*, who art *yet* the moſt *faithful* too of all *Freinds*, thy *death* hath made me *ungrateful* to thee? What a poor buſineſs is it,

† *Scipio* would not *treat* with the *Carthaginian Embaſſadors* about a *Peace*, before they had *releas'd* L. *Terentius*, a Valiant *Roman*, whom they had taken *Priſoner before*; who thereupon in *Scipio's Triumph* wore a *Pileus*, in token of his deliverance, as Ordinary Apprentices, when they were made Free, did. See *Plutarchs Apothegms.*

* *A Cap, as a Badge of Manumiſſion or Liberty.*

it, that *ſtill* I am ſpeaking of my *unlucky hap* amongſt the *Pyrats*? That is but a *ſmall* misfortune, and, you now ſee, it admits ſome *ceſſation*. *Pyrats* are wont to expect *ſome* body to come to *ranſom* their *Captives*. But I was got to the *Fencing-School*. No *Villany* ever *ſmitted* under a *greater* puniſhment; in compariſon of *it*, a *Priſon* is not *worth* the *ſpeaking* of. If you had known *ſo much*, *dear Father*, I dare *affirm* and paſs my *word* upon it, *ſuch* is your *Piety*, that no body *living* would have made *more haſt* toward *me*, than *you*. I preſume now, you would have me *relate* my *Condition*? I dwelt amongſt *Villains*, *Boutefeus*, and, which is the *onely* Excellency of *Sword-men*, *Murtherers*, lock't up in a *filthier Confinement* than *they*, in naſty dirty *Priſon-Cells*. I was come *now* to that paſs, that if I had been *worſted*, you could not *take* me *home*, nor *would* you *deſire* it, if I *had* the *better*. So it was, that the very *hour* of my *Puniſhment* was *at hand*, there was no *putting* of it *off*, I was *preſently* to *offer* up my *Throat*, and to *ſpill* my *Life* with my *Blood*. There could no *doubt* at all be made of the *Iſſue*; for I *found* my *Sampler*, one *Kill'd* before my *Face*. If *Money* could have *redeemed* me from theſe *perils* that hung over me, yet nevertheleſs the *Curteſie* would have been *more* than the *Money*. But amongſt *Malign* Cenſurers of things, he may ſeem to have in his *Eye ſome hope* of the *Future* or ſome *Pleaſure* of the *Preſent*, time. *This is* to be *admired*, and can be referred *only* to his *Piety*; He beſtowed a *Kindneſs* which could *never* be *requited*; he was not *like* to *enjoy* the *Friend* he *redeemed*, ſo that he bought

only a *Noble Conſciencious* deſign to *dye*. Look then, how he *transferr'd* my *Fortune* on *Himſelf*, and all, that he thought would have been *miſerable* to me, he underwent it, not *only bravely*, but *chearfully* too. Here's a thing *hardly* to be beleiv'd, The *Gladiator* was diſmiſt, and his *Redeemer* ſlain in *his* ſtead. He received the point of *Sword to rights* and with a *full body*, as if he wou'd have *tranſfus'd* that *Life*, which he *let out*, into my *Breaſt*; and when he died, he greived *only* for *this*, that he ſhould never ſee his *Friend* again. Go then, *you Poetical* Tribe, *Founders* of old *Stories*, think not, that you have *done* any *great* matter in your *Verſes* to encourage *true Friendſhip*, when you tell us, that *ſome* have travelled o're *Sea* and *Land* to accompany their *Friends* in their *misfortunes*, or that a *Greek Hero* engaged himſelf in *inauſpicious Wars* for the *death* of his *Murther'd* Friend. For in that moſt *admirable* caſe, where *Brother* would dye for *Brother*, yet the death was *alternate*, it concerned *one* as well as the *other*. There is † *one onely Dame*, pretended to have redeemed the *Life* of her *dying Husband* with the *loſs* of her *own*; and that which adds to the *miracle* of the *ſtory* is, *ſhe* did *that* which his *own* Father *would not do*: But now, behold the *indubitable* Glory of this *Age*, and that which is *above* all *Fiction* whatever: My *Freind*, to *dye* for *me*, leaves *his own* Father; *my own Father* would not have done *ſo much*. And indeed, my *Fathers* haſt would have done *me little* good, thô he had come to redeem *me ſooner* than *my Freind*? No body *elſe* would ever have *ranſom'd* me at ſo *deer*

† *Alceſte*, the Wife of *Admetus* King of *Theſſaly*, who, as the Poets feign, when he was *deſperately* ſick, obtained Leave of *Apollo* that another ſhould die for him, which *all* his other *Friends* refuſed, ſave his Wife *Alceſte*.

a *rate*. Nor was his *dying* for me ſo *much*, ſeeing *Life loſt* has *Recompence* made it by his *Glorious Name* and *Title*; but *this* I reckon to be *harder* than *that*, namely to *ſtoop* ſo *low*, as to take the name of a *Butcherly Gladiator* upon him, and to endure a *Sword-man* for his *Maſter*. *My dear Friend*, I ſhould have *leſs* reaſon to *praiſe* thee, if thou hadſt got the *better*. What ſhould a *man* of *ſuch* a *Spirit* return to his *Hole*, ſhould he undergo a *fulſome dyet*, ſhould he endure a *Maſter* and a *Raskal* too? You *fought* for *my ſake*, my *dear Friend*, but you *dyed* for your *own*. Yet he took off all theſe *blots*, of the *baſeſt* and *loweſt* Fortune, from *me*, and put them on *himſelf*. He came upon the *Stage*, as a *man* neither *wicked* nor *unlucky*. Did you *ever* hear *ſuch* a thing before, *my Lords*? 'Twas his *Goodneſs* made him a *Gladiator*. I wiſh, *my Lords*, theſe things, which are ſo *Glorious* in *him*, were as *Creditable* for *me* alſo. As oft as I *caſt* my *Eye* upon the unhappy *Old man*, by whoſe *deſtitution* I *live*, when I conſider that he is *quite undon*, and only kept *alive* for a *Puniſhment*, I muſt needs *confeſs*, *I am aſhamed*, *I coſt him ſo dear*. I ſee the *Old man buried* before-hand in what he *counts* his *better part*, I ſee him *Childleſs*, *Deſtitute* and one that hath *Out-liv'd* all his *hope*: Yet this is *ſome comfort* to me, that, unleſs I had had *ſuch* a *Friend*, all theſe *doleſome* things, *Father*, would have been *ſpoken* of *you*: He being *ſuch* a *Father*, and in *want* too, I hope (Sir) ſome of your *ſpightful* Liberality, will fall to *his ſhare*, it will be *Criminal* too, as being *earn'd* before by his *Son's* death. Otherwiſe, we ſhall *both* be in *want alike*, and go *beg*

an

an Alms together, at *every bodies*, even at *Strangers*, doors. If there be any *Parent* of *Years*, he will *pity* the *Old man*; if there be a *Yonker*, and a *Son* too, he will *pity* the *Youth*. Perhaps, when I *go a begging*, it will be *ſomething* in my way, that I, when *time* was, did *maintain* a *poor man*, when he was in *want*. *Accept* of this *ſatisfaction*, my *dear Friend*, in what part ſoever of the *Univerſe*, thou haſt a *Being*. I did not *forget* thy *Charge*, but *Fortune* fail'd me, my *Eſtate* is taken away. All that I can do, is, I *promiſe* my *hand* as *Subſtitutes* for *thy Father*. Would you have me do ſomething *elſe*? Shall I ſet my ſelf to *Country-work*, being *bred* as I have been? My *Fortune* taught me no ſuch *leſſon*? Beſides, the *wages* of every *days work* will not be *enough* for us both. Wo is me, if I will be as *good* as my *word*, I muſt, I think, *return* into the *Fencing-School* again.

Sepul-

Sepulcrum Incantatum:

OR,

The Enchanted Sepulchre.

DECLAMATION X.

The Argument.

The LAW. *A* Wife *may have an* Action *of* Ill-Treatment *againſt her* Husband. The CASE. *A certain* Gentlewoman *ſaw the* Appearance *of her* Son *in the Night-ſeaſon, who was* dead *and*

and buried: *She* acquaints *her* Husband *therewith*; *He ſends for a* Magitian, *that* Inchanted *his* Sepulchre, *ſo that her* Son *appear'd to her* no more. *Whereupon* She *accuſes her* Husband *of* Unkind Treatment.

For

For the Wife *againſt the* Husband.

THô, *my Lords*, amongſt *thoſe*, who are left *deſtitute* by the *loſs* of their *Children*, and who carry out, *before* them, all their *Wiſhes* and *Hopes* prepar'd againſt their *Old Age*, this bitter *conteſt* and *diſpute* uſes to *ariſe*, that *every* one thinks, a kind of *dignity* and *preeminence* accrues to his mournful *Tears*, if *he* ſeem the *Miſerableſt* of *all* the *Company*: Yet *this woman*, who is become *pityable* on *no ordinary* or *common* account, do's, I hope, without *Impudency*, *affect* to claim the *Cheif* and *Principal* place of *Mourners*, amongſt *all Mothers*, who have *loſt* their *dear* or their *onely* Children, in their *Youth*; ſuch is the *ſpecialty* of her *ſtrange* misfortune, the *ſhe only*, would you think it, of *all* the *women* in the World is ſo *unhappy*, as to undergo a *double deſtitution* in the loſs *only* of *one* of her *Sons*. Her *firſt* loſs ſhe underwent as *ſtoutly* as ſhe could, it being *common* to *others*, and alſo hapning by the *Law* of *Fate*. For the *poor woman* loſt *nothing* of her *Son*, but his *Company* in the *day-time*; 'twas come to *that* paſs, ſhe did not *fear* at all, *that Son* ſhould *dye* any *more*, whoſe *Company* ſhe did *ſtill* enjoy. She was come to *that*, if you will give me *leave* to ſay it, that ſhe was not *ſo immoderate* in her *Mournful Tears* and

beating

beating of her *Breaſt*, nor did ſhe ſuffer her *grief* to *lanch* out *too far*, as long as her *Son* was *coming* to her *every Night*. But now ſhe is *bereav'd* of all *comfort*, and *deceiv'd* in her *opinion*, while ſhe *thought*, *he* was not *quite loſt*, whom ſhe had *leave* to ſee, and her *unkindneſs* hath *depriv'd* her of her *New Relation*. The *Poor Youth*, unleſs he had been *hindred*, by *this* time had come to his *Father* too. The *Woful Mother*, deſires *only*, that ſhe may not ſeem to *loſe leſs*, than ſhe *miſſes*.

The *Ghoſt* took his *appearance* not from ſome *vain perſuaſion*, or *Phanciful* thought of the *mourning Parent*, nor did a *light skipping Image* trouble her *half-broken ſlumbers*, nor was his *Countenance begrim'd* with the *Aſhes* of his ſad *Urn*, nor his *gaſtly Pole* cover'd with *Embers* in the *Dark*; No, her *Son* appeared, as *fine* as he was *before*, *Youthful*, and *ſightly* to *behold*; who was not *contented* to be ſeen *only* and *look'd* upon, but, if you will believe the *Poor Woman longing* who *only* ſaw him, he *kiſs'd* and *embrac'd* her, as if he had been *alive*, all night long. The *Mother* now hath *loſt much*, if this were *real*, and *as much*, if it did but *ſeem* ſo. But now ſhe lyes *waking* by her *ſleeping* Husband, and being *quite* deſolate, ſhe, with *Weeping Eyes*, meaſures out the *long darkſome Nights*, without any *comfortable Apparition*: I ſay, he was not *form'd* by *phancy*, *diſguis'd* in his *Hue*, nor as is uſually ſeen in *vain flitting dreams*, but ſhe ſaw plainly, that the *whole Perſon* of the *Man was* not *dead*, and therefore ſhe expected *that*, which was not *devour'd* by *Flames*, nor *extinct* by *Aſhes*, nor detained

tained *faſt* enough under *Urns* and *Sepulchres*. Now ſhe thinks, his *Soul* is *lock'd* up in a *Priſon*, and that he *ſtrives* againſt the *Magick Iron-Bars*, that *detain* him. The moſt *unhappy* of *Mothers* thinks her *Son* to be ſomething more than a *Shade*, ſeeing he can be *kept* in *durance*; and, the *loſs* of her *Child* being *diſanull'd* as it were, ſhe is *now* troubled not ſo much for her *pain* and *affliction*, that ſhe can *ſee* him *no* more, but *rather* for *this*, that he *cannot* come, thô he *deſires* it *with all his heart*. Now he *knocks* all *night* and *beats* upon the *ground*, that is made *burthenſom* to *him* by the *Barbarous murmur* of the *Inchantment*, and he wonders, that, whereas *before* he could *make* his *way* through *Infernal darkneſs*, now the *Poor Ghoſt* can't remove ſo much as *his own Grave-ſtone*. *Poor Man*, that is *ſhut* up, not only by a *bare Charm* of *Words*, (for *that* perhaps he might have *broken* through) but *Iron Bars* and *ſolid links* have *reduc'd* him even to *Death* again. How *ſtrait*, think ye, is the *Poor Thing* kept, that can't come, ſo much as to *make* his *complaint*?

I take *pity* on the *Woman*, to *ſpight* whom, *all* this *gear* is *imputed*. The *Husband* hath *got* him ſo *inchanted* up, as if the *Mother* complain'd, he had *diſturb'd* him. So then, *my Lords*, no Man need *wonder*, if the *Ghoſt* came not to ſo *cruel* and *unkind* a *Father*. *He* knew well enough, where *he* might find *Tears*, and where *Groans*, and *who* would *miſs* him *moſt*. As for the *Father*, he had an heart of *iron*, *ſteel-hard*, he had *no* ſenſe at all of the *loſs* of his *Child*. What *Father* can be found more *Inhuman* and *Mercileſs*, than *he*. He envyed the *Mother*, that ſhe might

not

not enjoy her *Son*; Nor did he do *this*, becauſe he had rather have the *ſight* of him, *himſelf*; for alas, while he was *living* and *well*, he had not *ſuch a kindneſs* for him, thô he *deſerv'd it well enough*, that he ſhould reſerve any *affection* for the *deceas'd*, and ſo ſeem to be *his Father*, even *after* he was *buried*. The *Mother* did *take on* ſo *much* the *more*, as *anſwering* her *own* duty and her *Husbands* too. *She*, of the *Two*, was *paler* in her *Fears*, *prompter* and *readier* for her *Prayers* and *Wiſhes*, 'twas *ſhe*, that had *no* reſt by *day* nor by *night*. And the *poor defunct* underſtood, *which* of his *Parents* had the *moſt* and *readieſt affection* for *him*; And therefore he came to *kiſs her*, *to chuſe*, he *hung* about *her* neck *only*. Now becauſe it were *too* tedious to run through all the *paſt* particulars of her *Motherly affection*, take a *view* of *her* carriage in his *laſt* ſickneſs *only*, when *he left* us his *frail mortal* body behind; how *extremely*, how *exemplarily* did the *Poor Woman* ſometimes *weep out* her *Eyes* over his *pale Viſage*, ſometimes *complain*, that ſhe had *Suckled* him in *vain*, and otherwhile, ſhe *beat* her *Body*, that had brought *him* into the *World*? The *Poor Youth* obſerv'd *this*, as he was *drawing on*, and *told* the *Fates*, *Who* it was that was *loth* to *part* with him. Where are Ye now, who bid us *ſtint* our Weeping for a Friend? Who don't *like*, we ſhould *take on* too *much*? We ſee, the *Ghoſt* paid his *requital* to his *Mother*. I *know* and am well *aſſured*, when any *Dead Corps* lies in the midſt amongſt *all* his *Mourning* Kindred, and ſeems to take *Care* for *nothing*, that *then*, even *then*, it *obſerves*, *underſtands*, and *knows*, *which* of them *all* is *kindeſt*

to

to him. Therefore I adviſe you, if you will be rul'd by me, you that have loſt all your *Children* before you, I adviſe you, I ſay, to be *liberal* in your *Tears*, to make a *greater ado* at their *Funerals*; and never believe that the *Dead* are *ſenſleſs*. The *Ghoſt* of a *Son* is angry with *that* Parent, to whom he doth not come and appear. Now the *ſtanding* Blood of his *Child* body had *contracted* all his *Veins* for *Death*, and the *laſt ſhine* of his *twinkling* Eyes was *going out*, when the *Father* believ'd the *deſpairing Phyſicians*, yet even *then* the *Mother* hop'd ſtill, and what part ſoever of his *Body* the *Poor Woman warm'd* with her Kiſſes, ſhe cry'd out ſtraight, Oh, 'tis the very *warmth* of *Life*, without *queſtion*. She could not endure the laſt *Fire*, ſhe could not abide to hear of the *Funeral Pile*, ſhe would rather have the *Body* laid up *ſafe*, and all his *limbs* kept *entire*. And *now* it *more* repents the unhappy *Mother*, that ſhe *buried* him at all, ſeeing he could *come* again. You your ſelves know, how *hardly* ſhe was pull'd away from *her Son* on the *day* of his *Funeral*, and how *long* ſhe held his *Body*, even while the *Flames* were *playing* about it. For how could ſhe *hope*, *ever* to *ſee* him *again*? How could ſhe *recover* a view of him after he was gon? Now the *Poor Woman*, even ſought for a * *Magician to raiſe* him from the *Dead*. For the reſt, *Poor Woman*, you were beſt tell it *your ſelf* to the *Judges*, for unleſs, by your *Loſs* and your *Tears*, your *Voice* be changed all into *groanings*, you would *deplore* your *Night-ſtories* better with your *own* Mouth? However, I will do it, as well as I can. Be contented, *Poor Woman*,

* *Manum* for *Magum*, in the Original. *Oxf. Edit.* 1675.

be contented, at leaſt with the *remembrance* of *that* day, when we *all* went to the *Burial* of your *only* Son. For now, ſays ſhe, I have ſpent all my *groans* and *tears*, and I rejoyc'd to ſee *darkneſs* come upon me, as *much* as if it were a *perpetual* one. Now our *Attendant Kinsfolks* were wearied off their *Legs*, and *deep* ſleep had put an end to the *Out-crys* of the *Family*. Pray, let no Body caſt ſuch an *affront* upon the *Mother*, as to ſay, her *Son* came to her, while ſhe was *aſleep*. For how, I pray, could the *Poor Woman* take any *reſt*, at *that* time? As for you, the *Husband*, I don't *complain* at all of *you*. You would have been puniſhed *ſufficiently*, if you had but *wept*, as I did, *all* Night long. For then you would have ſeen *him*, not as *airy imaginations* are wont to *clothe* things with a *Body* in our *Fancies*, or as *fooliſh Whimſies* do create *appearances*, when the *judgment* is aſleep, but your *own very* Son, *ſuch* as he was, when moſt *Lovely*, and *ſuch* as I ſhall ſee him again, if he can *get* away. He ſtood *preſently* by my ſide, the *Curtains* of *Darkneſs* being *drawn* aſide, not as when he was *pale* or *macerated* with his *acute* diſeaſe, nor yet as he look'd upon the *Funeral Pile* and amidſt the *Flames*, but *freſh*, *youthful* and *brave* to ſee to. I wonder, where he left all that was *Death*, behind him. His *Hair* was not *ſing'd* with the *Fire*, nor his Face *ſmutted* with *Funeral ſmother*, nor was he much *diſcolour'd* by the *Flame*, as *Freſh Shades* uſe to be, afore their *Aſhes* are well *laid* up. His *unhappy Mother* would have *hardly* complain'd; if ſhe had *ceas'd* to ſee him, even in *ſuch* a Caſe. The *firſt* time he only ſtood *ſtill*, and *permitted* himſelf

self to be known, *Who* he was; while I was wonderfully *frighted*, and did not *dare* so much as to *kiss* or *embrace* him. I *unhappily* lost the *First* night, in *fearing* he would be *gone*. Do you call this, my *Persuasion* or *Fancy* only, *Husband*, and a *vain mistake* of my *mournful Melancholy* Spirit? Whatever it was of a *Son*, it seemed *more* to a *Mother*, when she cou'd see *him* no longer. Would you know, *Sir*, in short, what you have *abridg'd* your *Wife* of? Why, she hath *nothing* now to *hope* for from her *departed Child*. Now came the *next* night, and assoon as ever it was *dark*, *Who* was there but *her Son*, not standing *aloof* off, as *Yester-night*, for a *Prospect only*, but *bolder* and *nearer* he came, even *up* to his *Mothers* hand, like a *very very* Body: And he *went* not away till 'twas *broad day*, and *all* the *Stars* had *disappear'd*; *then* he *vanish'd* out of *sight* as it were *unwillingly* too, with many a *stop*, and *looking backward*, as if he would have *promis'd* to come *again* the *next Night* after. *Now* there was no time for *grief*, the *Mother* saw her *Son* in the *Night*, and she expected to see him in the *Day* too. 'Tis to no purpose to *relate* every *particular*? There was never a *Night*, that I was left *destitute*, says she, as long as I (*now naughty* Woman) kept my *own Counsel*. I was *fated* with his *kisses*, with his *embraces*: I spake to *him*, and He to *me*; *Poor Woman*, how *much more* am I a *loser*, if no *Body* will *believe* this!

And now, *Cruel Husband* as you are, I began to *plead* for *you* too, and desir'd *Our Youth* to *appear* to his *Father* in as *gladsom* a posture: And I was willing, O *Ungrateful Man*, that the

Ghoſt ſhould *part* the *Night* betwixt *us*. And the *Poor Youth*, what did he do, but promis'd me he would. *This Confidence* was my *undoing*, for it made me *break* the *matter* to *you*. Pray, what could *ſhe* do, more like a *Woman*, or more like a *Mother*? Oh *Husband*, ſaid ſhe, I'le tell you *joyful News*, to *morrow Night perhaps* you'l *ſee* your *Son*; whom you *conſumed* in the *Cruel Funeral Flames*, and left *nothing* of him behind, but his *Aſhes* and a few *Bones*, him you'l ſee in his *Prime*, and there is *Hopes* perhaps, that you ſee him by *Day-light* too. For *my part*, all the *Night* long, I am no *Childleſs* Mother, I *ſee* him, I *enjoy* him, and *now* I *tell you* as much. Would you know, what comes of his *Fatherly affection*? Why, he was *afraid* (forſooth) *to ſee* his *Son*. So this *Projector*, that devis'd a *new Death* for his *Child*, goes me to a *Magician*, unknown to the *Mother*, one, by whoſe *horrid Mumblings*, and *all-commanding Charms*, *Celeſtial* and *Infernal* Spirits *both* are *vex'd* and *diſturb'd*, his *errand* was not, that thoſe *appeas'd* Spirits might be *removed*, nor that the *Ghoſt*, being *rais'd up* by his *Night-yellings*, might *go* whither it *wou'd*; no, but as if the *Grave* had not made him *ſure enough*, and the *weight* of his *Tomb* were too *light*, My *Son*, ſays he, is not *laid low enough yet*; he *enjoys* the *brightneſs* of the *Stars* above *ſtill*, and our *Night-ſhine* here *below*. For when the *day* ends, he is *dead* no more, he comes *home* to his *Fathers* Houſe, as when he was *alive*, and *diſturbs* his *Mother's reſt*: Pray, find out, find out, *I ſay*, ſome *ſtrong binding Charms*, uſe *all* your *art* and *employ* all your *pains* poſſible, ſo to do. You will get a

great

great deal of *Credit*, if you can *lay up that Son fast*, that comes, even after he is *dead*, to his *Mother*. Hereupon his *Grave* was *encompass'd* with a *mischievous* Charm, so the *Urn* was *closed* by those *horrible* words; *then*, and not *before*, was he made a *Dead Shade*. Go your ways now, and perswade *your selves*, that the *Mothers* Solace was *delusory only*: If *she* had seen her *Son* but in her *Fancy*, and vain *imagination*, she would *see* him *so* still. But what *Torment* did the *unhappy* Mother endure in the very *first* Night of the *Inchantment*? When all the House and Family were in their *first sound* sleep, when all was *hush-night*, then came the *Mothers sweet* and *welcom hour*. When she lay *awake* and *restless*, nay, says *she*, now he will *appear*, sure he'l come *presently*: Yet he never *came so late before*. *Ah Poor Woman*, Thou, *my Son*, wer't *here* last Night by *this* time: I see now by the *Stars*, that *half* the *Night* is spent; you have *fretted*, you have *angred* me, you can't *satisfie* me otherwise, unless *you* have been with your *Father*. Oh *woful me*, now, to *spight* me, it begins to *grow day*. When de' think of *coming*? 'Tis time now, that you should *return* again. But after the *Poor woman* had past over two or three Nights in such *vain* Complaints, *then* her *Mourning* was *louder*, *then* she put on her *frowzy* apparrel, *then* her *arms*, that were almost *well* before, were made bloody *again* with *repeated beatings*. No Body can be more *unhappy* than *that Mother*, who *loses* something of her *Son*, even *after* she has *Buried him*. But when she found, that her *Young Son's* Night-appearances were intercepted

by a *Magick* ligature, in his *Inchanted Grave*, Oh, how *oft* did ſhe beat the ſealed and *faſt-cloſed* Sepulchre with her *naked Breaſts*? With what abundance of *Tears* did ſhe *drench* his Monument? with what loud *groans* did ſhe *fruitleſſly* call upon the *Ghoſt*, who *perhaps* heard her, and was *as willing* to come forth? Oh *Cruel Nature!* That a *Conjurer* ſhou'd have *more* Power than an *Own Mother!* Where are thoſe, that complain of the *inevitable neceſſity* of *bitter Death*, of the *Iron-decrees* of Fate, and of the *unalterable Laws* of the *Airy Shades*, that *no* Mourning can *reverſe*? *Unhappy Woman*, 'twas not the *load* of *Earth*, laid on his Grave, that ſhut up thy *Son* amongſt the *Spirits* below, nor did the groſs *Miſt* of an *Eternal Night* and *Darkneſs* keep him in, nor the Fam'd * Lake of the *Fabulous Poets*, nor thoſe *Fiery Torrents*, ſo much ſpoken of for their *turning and winding* Streams; no, he *paſs'd*, he *broke* through, *all* theſe in the Night, and made his Death *eaſier* to her, than if he had gone a *journey*, or had been otherwiſe *abſent* on a good account. And now his *Caſe* would be leſs *woful*, but that he *knows* and *feels* his hindrance. He, who *comes* not *now*, as being tranſlated, from his *Tomb*, to I know not what *Priſon* or *Incloſure*, labours under *ſuch Witchcrafts*, as *Men* do, when they are *Alive*. Great therefore are the *Chains*, that fetter *Ghoſts*, that ſtraitly *tye* and *bind* the *Soul*, (thô it be but a *ſlitting Airy Shadow*) to *Death*, as if it were a *true* Body bound over to *Priſon*. But to incloſe a *Ghoſt* with *Iron-bonds* and *Stones*, as Men uſe to fortifie the *Gates* of a *City* in time of *War*, to Impriſon it in *Chains* and *Barricados*

* *Styx.*

ricados, I don't ſay, 'tis a *Cruel*, nay rather 'tis a *Monſtrous* and *Abominable* thing, eſpecially if he, that is the *Cauſe* of this, believes his *Son is ſenſible* thereof. And now the *woful Mother* is ready to think, that thoſe *Spikes* do enter into his very *Limbs*, all his Body over. O thou *ſavage*, hard-hearted, *Conjurer*, that haſt ſo many *tricks* to make us *lament*, I wiſh you had not *ſhown* ſo *Great* an *Experiment* of your *Black Art*. We can't chuſe but be *angry* with *you*, thô we are forc'd to *Flatter* you too. For when *you look* up the *Ghoſt*, we perceive *you* are the *only He*, that can *diſmchant* and *raiſe him* too.

Therefore the *Woman* ſeems to depart from a *Grief* befitting her *dignity*, when ſhe *brings* ſuch *Womaniſh* grievances, and as it were *ſqueamiſh* complaints of *Ladies*, into *Court*. 'Tis not for *gawdy* Apparel, for *guilded finery*, for a ſtately *Dreſs*, that ſhe *Sues*, her *deſtitution* is contented with *courſe* weeds. Nor is ſhe *touch'd* with *grief* for a *Rival harlot*, as if out of *Impatience* and Womaniſh *Foolery*, ſhe did bewayle the *Cloſe Amours* of her *Husband*. Nor doth ſhe *revenge* her forſaken *Marriage-bed*, as a poor deſpiſed *Wife*; no, ſhe hath quite *other* Concerns for every one of *her Nights*. Never fear, whatever is her *Decorum*, 'tis the *Grandeur* of *Grief*; the *Poor Woman* complains of nothing, but what's as *bad* as the loſs of a *Son*, but what *beſeems* a *Mother*, what all *the Town* may well *grieve* for, and what may fetch *Tears* even from *Strangers* Eyes. For would you know, how *great* a *wrong* ſhe *received* from her *Husband*? Her *Son* dyed to his *Mother* alone, and yet ſhe can't blame *Death*

neither. Therefore, *before* you know, *My Lords*, what kind of *Grief*, what *Mourning*, and how much *Impatience* has broke out in her, that ſhe ſhould at laſt *forget* her *ſweet* beloved *Nights*, and now endure the *Bright Glare* of *broad Day* (the *Day*, I ſay, that ſhe *hated* when ſhe was at home,) in *Court* and amongſt *Lawyers*, where, being *drawn* from her *Sons* Grave, ſhe is made a *Spectacle* to be *gaz'd* at; you ſee, 'tis clear, that the *Complaints* of the *Miſerable*, in *ſuch* a Caſe, proceed not from *boldneſs*, *impudence* or *indiſcretion*. What is *true*, if *that* be not, which Men cry out on in *Calamity*, nor do *fained* and *counterfeit groans* ordinarily proceed from the *Wretched*? A *Woman* that holds up her *Bloody* Hands to the *Bench*, a *Woman* that appears before them with a *rent* and *torn* face, and with a *Breaſt* all *black* and *blew*, by no *ſmall* grief is compell'd to do *ſo*, rather than to *kiſs* her *Sons Aſhes*, or to *embrace* his *Urn*. Her Orbity is a witneſs of the *reality* of her *grief*, beyond all exception. But before I come to the *Nature* of the *Injury*, ſo *unreaſonably* offer'd, Why, Sir, a *Woman*, that *loſt* her *Son* by your means, do's complain againſt you? *Cruel you*, you wound her deſtitution with another *freſh* grief, as if her *longing* deſire, after her *only Son*, did not *waſt* and *pine* her enough: You do not ſuffer the *Poor Heart* to ſpend her time in *mourning*, who owe your *boſom*, your *ſolace*, your *embraces* to her. How miſerable is *that* Woman, who complains of *him*, that ſhould have been a *Comfort* to her? Let a *Wife* do what ſhe will, as to *mourning*, do you *nothing harſhly*, *nought* againſt her *Will*.

Every

Every Mother in *misery* hath a certain *Privilege*; *ſoft* hands and *gentle* Fomentations muſt be applyed to *wide* Wounds. If a *Wound* be permitted to be launc'd after *all* this, 'tis as *great* as can be: A *Mans* heart perhaps may ſtruggle more againſt *Grief*, he being of the *ſtronger* Sex, than a *weak Womans* can. Wherefore the *whole* of *Mourning* belongs to the *Woman*, and aſſoon as *Orbity* invades her *weak* Breaſt, the Heart, which *gives way* to its *Mourning*, begins to have a *liberty* to ſhed *Tears*. I beſeech you, *Sir Husband*, let your *Wife* have leave to *weep* her *fill*, to be *ſated* with *Mourning*, let her *Orbity* be *allow'd* to *weep* afreſh, as it *pleaſes*. Who can endure a *Father*, that, when he has *loſt* a *Son* himſelf, grudges that the *Mother mourns* for him *too much*?

But why then, ſay you, do's ſhe *Complain*? Firſt of all, that like a *naughty unkind* Man, you do not *miſs* your *Son*, as much as you ought to do. You have a *ſtout* heart under your *loſs*, you ſay only that he was *Mortal*, and reckon that nothing *ſurvives* of him, after his *Funeral-Pile*. Your *Wife* ſtands *weeping* and *wailing* by *your* ſide, and you have as many *Tears* as *Milſtones*. She *makes Funeral Howlings* and *Laments* all *Night long*, while you *ſnug* cloſe and ſleep ſoundly, like a *Pig*. O *Cruel* Father, O *Father* that haſt *ſoon forget* thy *Child*, What *can* we object *more* againſt *you*, than *This*? Since the firſt hour you *loſt* your *Son*, you were never ſo *fond* of him, as to deſire to ſee him again. Beſides, you have depriv'd the *Mother* of her *ſolace*, ſuppoſe it were a vain empty fooliſh *one*? I would not have you

cenſure

cenſure her by any means, I would not have you *chide her*, you ſhould know how *great* the *ſalve* was, if *you* could but *Grieve* as much as *ſhe*. There can't be a more *unworthy* thing, than when a Man requires to be believ'd in *that*, which he *never* ſaw. Pray, give her leave to ſuppoſe it was but a *Fancy*, *excuſe* it in her, they that *bewail* their *loſt Children* are content to be *deceived*. In *ſuch* a condition, a *miſtake* many times may help a Man to bear great *preſſures*, becauſe *miſerable* Perſons indulge their own *Fancys* and *perſuaſions*. The *leſs* it is, that belongs to the *wretched*, the *greater* cruelty 'tis, to take it *from* 'm. Therefore the *unhappy Mother* cryes out *again* and *again*, if you ſhould take away from me any *Image* of my *Son*, either when he was a *little one*, or when he was *ſhooting up*, or *laſtly* when he was in his *Youth*, yet I, *Poor Woman*, would lay faſt hold on that *Image*, as if it were a *real Body*; I would, with Tears in my Eyes, *retain* that lively Portraiture and *Similitude*, thoſe pretty *Eyes*, that *ſweet* Face, thoſe plain *Features* of his Countenance, ſo artificially drawn by a *Cunning Artiſt*. But I have loſt the *Original*, from whence I would *draw* this *Image*, this *Likeneſs*, this *Solace*. O my *Son*, I have *loſt more* this day, than on the day *I buried* thee. For I *ſaw* thee, even after thou wert *Dead*. I profeſs, if you ſhould ſtrive to take away any Suit of Apparel, that my *Only* Son wore, I would ſay, *Don't abridge me of my Solace*. All theſe are as *good* to *me* as the *very* Body and *Touches* of my Child, I will kiſs them, I will *embrace* them, I will *weep* over them. Perhaps, I have no *Reaſon* for it.

Why

Why then, what ever goes beyond *Reaſon* is *Affection*. There is nothing *more wicked*, than a *prudential Orbity*.

But what, ſays he, theſe are but *ſmall* matters, you yet ſpeak of, *For certain I ſaw my Son*. What *good hap* was it, and what ſtate of *Nature*, which indulg'd you ſo *brave* a *viſit*? Thô you *loſt* him, yet you could *ſee* him ſtill. Now, *Good Woman*, 'twas come to this, you thought your *Child* was *only* abſent in the *day-time*. Death hath loſt it's *greateſt bitterneſs*, if you can be admitted to *ſee* him, whom you have *loſt*. Then 'twas your *hap*, it ſeems, *Madam*, to have a ſight of his *countenance*, of his *meen*, of his *perſon* and *gate*. I ſhould not *believe* her, but that ſhe is ſenſible, ſhe has loſt *ſo much*: *Death* and *you* parted *Stakes* between you, for *every* Night you enjoy'd your *Son* as if he had been *alive*, even after *all*, that *Death* could do. How *great* your *loſs* was, may be judg'd by *this*, if *this* had not hapned to you, you could never have been ſo *preſumptuous*, as to have *wiſh'd* for it. Here's a Man (O *Piety*!) *dead* and *buried*, his remaining *Corps* turn'd to *Aſhes* and *Embers*; yet he aſſum'd a *Body* in the *Night*, and, being *reſtored* to the *Limbs* he had, when he was *alive*, he *preſents* himſelf to his *Mother* ſo to the *Life*, that ſhe could not believe, he would *ever diſappear* or vaniſh away. Nor have we any reaſon to complain of the *Day-time* neither, for *there* he was to be *ſeen*, as much as he *might*. And you, *Good Woman*, it ſeems, *ſaw* him, and enjoy'd his preſence. I did, ſays ſhe; and what *matter* is't to *any* body, if I were *deceived*? But why

why do I call Thee to *Witneſs*? I give credit to the *Conjurer*, I believe thou *didſt* ſee thy *Son*, but *now* thou *doſt* not ſee him. But you, *Poor woman*, expected *nothing* more *cruel* from your *Husband*, than that *he* would not *believe* you. Let no body, ſays *ſhe*, ſay, that I may not *truſt* my *Eyes*. O my *Son*, moſt lovely and affectionate *Son*, I ſaw thee *again* and *again*. 'Tis for *certain*, I am *fix'd* upon it, no man ſhall ever *perſuade* me out *on't*. How *impious* is the *Father*, who *labours* to deny thee *thus*, that I may not believe, thou cameſt to me? This I did not *prate* of, nor *fooliſhly* blaze abroad, no, I told no body of your *coming*, but *he* that *ought* to have *wiſhed*, you might do ſo. I told it *only* to your *Father*, your *Father*, I ſay, (pardon a *Poor dreaming* woman) I *confeſſt* it to *him*, when I ask'd him, Whether *he* had ſeen *you* too. Therefore, O *unhappy* woman, you undergo too *great*, too *hard*, a puniſhment. The *Conjurer* was the *Cauſe* you did not ſee your *Son*, and he left only *this* with you, *To remember that you had ſeen him*. Pray then, *Poor woman*, tell, if you can, the *All* of your *ſolace*; and *firſt* confeſs *honeſtly*, Whether it were the *weight* of *ſleep*, and a *vain imagination*, when you were *faſt* and *thought* of *nothing*. Grant it were *ſo*, yet I ſhould have *thought*, that the poor *Mother* was *unhappy* and wretched enough, if ſhe had *loſt* but ſuch a *fine Dream*.

But, ſays ſhe, be not ſo *cruel*, *Gentlemen*, think *better*, I pray, of my *affections*. I had not wearied my ſelf with mourning, when I perceived *Night* to ſteal in upon me; O my *all-waking* eyes, you *deſerve* to ſee my *Son*, but whileſt I was in a

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ous *Worſhip* in *Temples* and *Conſecrated* Groves, when *Mortals* are all huſh't aſleep, and *Profa*ne perſons are far out of the way, is ſaid to enjoy *Solitude* and to come forth out of its *ſhrine*; ſo my *Young man* repreſented my *Son* all night long and enjoy'd his *Fathers* Houſe and every Room in it, *Sweet*, *Gentle* and *Kind* to his *Mother*, as a *Deity* or *God* uſes to ſlide down from the *Stars* and to ſhoot throw the *Region* of the *pure* and *liquid Air*.

What *Imprecation* ſhall I beſtow on ſuch a bad unreaſonable *Father*? He would try, whether it were a *Ghoſt*, or no? Have pity on me, my *Lords*, with What *ſentiment*, will you entertain this *Fact*? It is *fouler* than *Parricide*; 'tis more *heynous* than if he had quite *thrown* down his *Sons* Monument, or if he had *broken* his *Urn*, and *ſcatter'd* about the *Stones*, *conſecrated* by his *death*; yea, and diſturb'd his *Bones* and *Aſhes* in their *Religious* reſt. He ſends for a *Fellow*, whoſe *Art* 'tis to go clean againſt the *Grain* of *Nature*; who, aſſoon as he had *thundred* out a *barbarous* noiſe from his *naſty* mouth, he cauſed the *Powers* above to *fear*, the *Infernal Spirits* to *hear* him, and the *Earth* to *ſhake* and *tremble*, as *Fame* reports from *Experience*. He appear'd by the *Poor Youths* Tomb, as a ſecond and *ſurer* death. Now, ſays he, O ye *Powers* of *darkneſs*, give me, that am your *Proſelyte*, ſutable *aſſiſtance* in my *Blind-night-work*. Now every *Deity*, *black* and *white*, and the *myſterious Right* which I direct to *him*, *come* in and *aſſiſt*. I muſt *now* take *more* pains, than when the *Stars* are pluck'd out of the *Firmament*, or when *Winter-inundations* of *Rivers* are commanded

manded to be *ſtopt*, or when *Serpents*, being not able to hold out againſt my powerful *Charms*, are *caſt*, as with a *ſtronger* Poyſon, upon my very *Tranquums*. Here's a *Young man* to be laid up, to be confin'd to the *Infernal Holds*, he is a *Wanderer* and *muſt* be *ſhut* up in *thicker* and *ſtraiter* darkneſs. Were it not an *eaſier* buſineſs by *far*, to raiſe *him up* again? Hereupon, 'tis ſaid, he fell *proſtrate* on the *Urn*, and ſo *ſeal'd* up his *words* between the *Bones* and the *Aſhes*. Yet he *ſtill look'd* back and *confeſſed*, That the *Ghoſt* was *unwilling*. Therefore, ſays he, I beleive my *Charms* are not *ſtrong* enough, let us *make faſt* every ſide of the *Tomb*, and *cramp* it with *Iron-ſpikes*. So, now 'tis well, he is *dead* at laſt; he can neither be *ſeen* nor *ſtir out*. Whether I lye or no, you ſhall *know* to *morrow-night*. Certainly, all *Parents*, eſpecially thoſe that have *loſt* their *Children* ought to *fly* upon this mans *Eyes*, in his *head*. Do you *lay up* your *Sons Ghoſt* ſo, as *guilty Spirits* uſe to be *laid up*, which, wandring *up* and *down* in *ſick Families*, and *ſad Infected Houſes*, are pretended to be *laid* by *Magick Vanity*? What did he *hang* himſelf, after he was *condemned* by the *Jury*? Was he guilty of *Self-Murther*, by *ſtabbing* himſelf? Or did he *Poyſon* himſelf before hand, out of a *guilty Conſcience*? So that he could not be *laid*, till he was *ſhut in* by a *Charm*. When, when, I ſay, did *he* trouble your *Houſe*, or *your Self* either, with his *gaſtly frightful appearance*? O thou *cruelleſt Father* that ever was, Thou haſt made a *guilty Ghoſt* of thy *own Son*! What were the *thoughts* of your poor Wife now, think you? Now my *Son*, ſays ſhe,

lies

lies *faſt tyed*, in piteous *torment*, and cannot get out *thence*, whence he uſed to *come*. He complains now, that the *Earth* lies *harder* upon him, eſpecially when he perceives, that *night* is come, the *time*, when more *happy ſhades* are let *looſe*, to go home to their *Mothers*. And if there be any *diſcourſe* amongſt *Spirits*, as I believe there may, *one* or *other* of them may ſay to my *Young man*, How *vile* and *contemptible* were you to your *Friends*? How *eaſily* have they *parted* with you? What ſay you of *your Mother*, whom you uſed to *viſit* ſo *kindly*. Theſe *Chains*, theſe *Fetters*, are *theſe* all the *requital* ſhe makes you for your *kindneſs*? So *unhappy* is the Caſe of the *Poor woman*, that, if the *Conjurer* ſhould be diſcharged, ſhe *yet* runs this *hazard*, That her *Son* may think, he came to her, againſt her will.

But now, the *Husband* pleads his *Cauſe* with more *Gravity*, *Depth*, and *Wiſdom*, as a man *above* Greif. He ſays, There are no *Sprites*, he maintains, that *all* periſhes with the *Body*, and that nothing, endu'd with *Senſe* and *Underſtanding*, returns from the *Grave*. As for *Ghoſts*, there's no ſuch thing, they are only *imagined* not *ſeen*, and our *Eyes* aſſent to our *Melancholy*. If this be ſo, Why, pray, did he ſend for a *Magitian*? He is the very worſt of *Parents*, who uſually *weep* only when they *bury* their *Children*, that they may return *ſtrait* from the *Funeral* with *dry* Eyes; but he denies, that deceaſed *Spirits* and *Ghoſts* are any thing the *better* for our *waylings*; he ſays plainly, That our *Tears*, *Sighs* and *Sobs* are *ſpilt* and *loſt*. Oh *wicked* man, who *mourns* for the deceas'd, and yet thinks it to *no* purpoſe neither. So then,

all

all *Wiſe* men have been mightily *miſtaken*, hitherto, who have *taught* us, that *man* is *made up* of a *Soul*, and an *Elementary Body*. The *Body* is *Brittle*, *Frail*, *Earthy*, as *Drought* and *Moiſture*, *Heat* and *Cold*, *Volatile* and *Fixt* don't agree, ſometimes we are ſubject to pain, or at *laſt* to be diſſolv'd by *Old Age*. But our *Soul*, they have told us, is the *Effort* of a *Fiery Vigor*, deriving its *perennity* not from our *Common Fire*, but that *Spirit* which *moves* the *Stars* in their *Courſes* and *Wheeles* about the Sacred *Orbs* of *Heaven*, from thence *that Spirit* comes, which gives *Life* to *us* and *every* thing *beſide*. It *dies not*, nor is *diſſipated*, neither is *it* affected with the *Fate* of *Mortal* Natures: But whenſoever *it* breaks through the Priſon or *Encloſure* of a *human* breaſt, and, having *put off* all its *Mortal* part, hath *luſtrated* it ſelf with a *light Fire*, then it *aſcends* to its *ſeat* among the *Stars*, till, being *maſtred* by *Time*, it alters its *Condition* by *Tranſmigration*; and *there* too it remembers his *Former Habitation*. Hence comes it, that *Spirits* are raiſed by *Invocation*; hence they *borrow* the *Perſon*, the *Countenance*, and whatever we *ſee* of them, hence they appear as beloved *Portraitures* to their *Friends*, and ſometimes turn *Oracles* too, giving us *mid-night admonitions*; hence they are *ſenſible*, what *Monumental Preſents* we bring to them, and they perceive, what *Honour* we do them at their *Burials*. I beſeech you, when a *Son dies*, is it not better to believe *ſo* of him? Oh but, ſays he, I did it for *your* ſake, that you might take your *reſt*, and not be troubled with *terrible frights*, which made you paſs the *nights*, in *anxiety* and *ſuſpenſe* perpe-

tually. So then, you, *Murtherous* man, have made the *Villany* in *Common*: And yet do you upbraid and twit me, that I *too* muſt not ſee my *Son* any *more*? For I *minded* my *ſleep* and pleaſant *ſlumbering before*. But now, 'tis you, O *Cruel* man, that have *diſturb'd* and *affrighted* a *Mother*, ſo that ſhe can have no *benefit* of *her Nights*. Could you think the *ſhade* of your *Son* could be a *Bugbear* or *Hobgoblin*? Oh, 'twas a *ſweet* Bugbear, 'twas a *fair deſirable* Hobgoblin! What could ever *careſs* the *Eye*, *more*? What could a *weeping* Mother deſire *more* to *gaze* upon? The *ſhade* of ones *Son* is no more to be *fear'd*, than the *Relicks* of his *Corps*. 'Tis neceſſary, that a *Terrible Spectre* muſt always be a *Strangers Ghoſt*. But perhaps *others* Images may *fright* us, and we uſe to call thoſe *Spirits*, who are *unknown* to us. And therefore, 'tis wiſely don, when they appear *only* to their *own Friends*. A *Wicked* and an *Impious* man is he, who ſees his *deceas'd* Child, and yet thinks it can't be *he*, becauſe he *buried* him *before*. You were *frighted*, *ſays he again*, and you laboured under *haunted* nights. How *cruel* a *Husband* are you? What, wou'd you have *laid* up your *Son*, if he had *appear'd* to you? I tell you, *ſays he*, there was no ſuch thing, as a *Ghoſt laid* up by the *Conjurer*, he *only* relieved your *Fancy*: And therefore you think your *Son* do's not *appear*, becauſe he *appear'd* not before, and nothing was don, whereby your *reſt* was *diſturbed*: If you ſay *right* in *this*, then the *Mother* begins to *comfort* herſelf thereby. He is not lock'd up, ſays he, he is not *faſt bound* with any *Charm*, or *grip'd* with any *Iron-Links*: Do but *remove* then

then all the Premiſes, and I'le ask him a *Queſtion*. Ah, did I, *Wicked woman*, ſo *quickly* beleive, that he would not *appear* to me, if he were *unbound* and at liberty? Would he not ſhew himſelf to *theſe* Eyes of mine, and run in to *theſe* Embraces? For when did the *Young man* find *me*, but I was a *weeping*! When did he not behold my *Breaſt black* and *blew*, and my *Arms* all *Bloody*, for him? When was he not afraid, that he ſhould in the *leaſt fright* his *poor Mother*? No, the *Poor Child* is made *faſt* by *Magick*, I ſay, by the *Black Art* is he detained. What would you have *Charms* do for *you*, more? They have *perform'd*, what they *promiſed* you. Can you leave *bluſhing* now, when your *Son appears* no more?

But *You*, *Sir Fauſtus*, by whoſe *Laws* the *Gods above* and *below* are *tortur'd*, who by your terrible night *yellings* do ſhake the *profound Abyſs*, and the very *Center* of the *Earth*, who one while art a *Iaier* of *Spirits*, that obey thy *Commands*, and other while art as *cruel* and *inexorable* a *Jaylor*, hear *now* the *Prayer* of the *Mother*, as you did of the *Father*. I'le *contract* and *bargain* with you for what you will; you ſhall, if you pleaſe, have all the *Eſtate* of a *poor Mourner*; I would not have you *take* too much *pains* neither, or betake your ſelf to your *horrid Incantations*; no, I would have you *only* take off the *Iron-Chains*, you put on, and ſpeak your own *Charms* backward, I would have you do *nothing*, only *unbind* him, and then you have as good as *raiſed* him for me. I know, what you did was not in *Cruelty*, you *only* obey'd the *Fathers* Commands; but then be *ſo kind*, as to do ſomething *too* for the *Mothers Tears* and bit-

ter *plaints*; do ſomething for your *own Credit*. O *thou man of Art*, you will *your ſelf* be more abominably hated, if you will be *more eaſily* intreated by the *Father*, to *ſhut* up his *Son*. And you, *Husband*, be not afraid to be *diſturb'd* with the vain *Frights* and *Apparitions* of the *revengful* Ghoſt: No, you will *ſleep* the better for't; when he is *diſmiſſed*, he knows to *whom* he muſt *come*. O thou Dutiful *Child*, O thou Sweet Kind *Youth*, never *Shade* or *Sprite* to thy *Mother*, if thou canſt *free* thy ſelf from thy *Magick* weight, and from the *Enchanting* words, which are beyond all *frights* and terrours, by the *Conjurers* leave, then, *Come to me*, *Sweet-heart*, ſays thy *woful Mother*, come to my *Weeping*, and to my *Embraces*, which *ſtill* are *living ones* to *me*, *poor woman*. I know *now*, what did *prejudice* me, I underſtand what 'twas, that did *miſcheif* and *torment* me. When you *come*, I will enjoy the *Sights*, and I'le tell it to no *Fleſh* alive.

Dives

Dives Accuſatus Proditionis,

OR,

A Rich Man Accus'd of TREASON.

DECLAMATION XI.

The Argument.

There was a Poor *and a* Rich *Man, that were* Enemys *one to 'tother, and they had* both *Three* Children *a piece; there hapned a War in the* Country, *wherein the* Rich *Man was made* General, *and* took *the* Field. *In* his *abſence, a* Report *was raiſed, that he had* betray'd *the* Common-wealth,

Whereupon the Poor *Man went to the* Senate, *and* accus'd Him *of* Treaſon. *Upon which the* People Ston'd *his* Children *to* Death, *while* He *was in the* Camp. *The* Rich *Man at laſt return'd a* Conqueror *from the* War. *And finding his* Children *put to death, he requires, the* Poor Mans Sons *ſhould undergo the ſame* Puniſhment: *Their* Father *offers* himſelf *in* their *room. The* Rich Man oppoſes *him; for the* Law *ran, that a* Traitor *ſhould be* puniſh'd *with* Death; *and that a* falſe Accuſer, *ſhould* ſuffer *the* ſame *Puniſhment, as the* Accuſed Perſon *was to do, if he were* Convicted.

For

For the Rich Man *againſt the* Poor.

I Was full of expectation, *Country-men all*, that no *diſpute* would have been made concerning the *Puniſhment* of my *Adverſary*, nor did I think it *poſſible*, I could be *deceiv'd* in a *Revenge* and *ſatisfaction*, that a *City*, which was *ſaved* by *me*, does *juſtly* owe to my *Grief*; but, ſeeing I am arriv'd at ſuch an extraordinary and ſtrange kind of *miſery*, that, in the *firſt* place, you think good to *Conſult Laws* and *Statutes* about my *ſatisfaction*, I beſeech you, it may not make for the *Poor Man*, that he can't be *defended*, without ſome ſort of *Puniſhment* inflicted. The *Fellow* deſerves to *ſuffer*, more than I, who, you ſee (by his own Confeſſion) is *worthy* of *Death*! *This*, of *all* my *hardſhips*, *my Lords*, is moſt *unſupportable* to me, the *Poor Fellow* thinks, he hath e'ne *liv'd* long *enough*, after he hath *deſtroy'd* my *Children*. He thinks it *worth* the while, to make *himſelf* a *compleat happy* Father, ſeeing I make ſuch a *ſtir* to be *reveng'd*; and he adds *this* alſo to the *glut* of his joy, to *bequeath* my *Orbity* to his *own Children*; I beſeech you, *my Lords*, let it be no *prejudice* to my *Cauſe*, that I *proſecute*, and *ſeek* my *ſatisfaction* from a *Good Father*: I would not give *This* for my *Revenge*, if the *Poor Fellow* were *willing* to part with his

Children rather. One thing, *My Lords*, I much admire in this *Impudent Fellow*, he *Murthers* my *Children*, to the ſhame of our *Abuſed* City, and *now* he calls me *Cruel* too. He ſhews me his *Children* are but *little*, *that* he alledges, as if I may not *rather* complain, that *any* Father may do the *ſame*; nor doth he *conſider*, how *much* accrues to my juſtly *Impatient Grief*, ſince I have ſuffer'd *that*, which 'twould even *pity* one to ſeek *ſatisfaction* for; 'tis a ſad Caſe, *my Lords*, that a *Man* ſhall be *hardly* thought of, for the *miſery*, he has *undergon*. You ſhould look upon my *ſatisfaction* in *this* light, as if, when he *Kill'd my* Children, he *Kill'd* his *own* too. Nor am I, ignorant, *My Lords*, that many do believe, that the *Cunning* Fellow is not *willing* to *dye* neither, ſo that, when he lays *open* his *Throat*, and puts forward his *Breaſt*, theſe are *only Tricks* to ſave his Life. But I, for my part, don't think he *diſſembles*, I, who *know*, what *I* would have yet *more* than he *offers*. None, but one, that could hardly part with his *Child*, would ever have *found* out ſuch an *Expedient* againſt me, he has devis'd a *new-found* way of ſuffering at my ſuit, out of his dear *affection* to his *own* Children. No Man can deſire to do *worſe* with his *Enemy*, than *put* him to *that*, he cannot bear *himſelf*.

My Lords, the Innocency of us, *Great Ones*, hath *this inconvenience* with it; that we know not who 'tis, that *hurts* us, till we *feel* the *ſmart*. And when an *Inferiour* hates us, then we lye open to all manner of *Treacherous Aſſaults* whatever; A *Fellow*, becauſe he was ſo *poor* and *baſe* himſelf, was therefore *inraged* againſt his *Superiours*,

riours, he thought it a kind of *Liberty* and *Property* in him to hate his *Betters*; having no love, no Affection, in regard he was himſelf *low* and *deſpicable*, he grew up to *ſuch* a *madneſs*, as he durſt *cope* and *grapple* with me. Firſt of all, he pretended I was his *Enemy*: Oh *Heavens*! What a *Monſtrous* cunning Fellow have I had to do with? What a *wild Gameſter* have I *encountred*? I reckon'd him an *Enemy*, who could find in his heart to *Kill* me, and then to *Dye* himſelf: I give thanks to you, my *Country-men* all, that, in thoſe *Extremities*, wherein you did nothing for *favour* or *affection*, I was commended by the very *teſtimony* of our *dangers*. You intruſted *me* with the *fate* and *iſſue* of the *Publick*, then in *hazard*. Now I could not have done the part of a *better Commander*, than when I left my *Children* behind me: A *General*, that wou'd ha' *betray'd* you, wou'd *never* have don't. I think, *My Lords*, 'tis not *now* to be *queſtion'd*, from *what* ground thoſe *Sham-ſtories* and *falſe fears* did break out, of a ſudden, and *who* the *Raſkal* was, that *firſt* fill'd the *Ears* of your *Poor trembling City* with ſuch a *Confounded Report*, when you ſee, *who* ſo *wrought* with you, as to make you *believe* it. He *obſerv'd* and *laid* hold of the *Opportunity* in the *midſt* of your *Tears*; and becauſe, when Men are in trouble, they are *apt* to *believe* the *worſt*, he *abus'd* you with this *pretence*, that *he* might *ſeem to* be ſolicitous for the *Publick*, as well as *you*. So that the *Fellow*, who could name *no Complice*, nor *Article* any *Crime* againſt me, hop'd he ſhould be believ'd, even by the very *greatneſs* of his *Damn'd Accuſation*.

So,

So, Gentlemen, when you were perſuaded by my *Accuſer*, that I wou'd have *betray'd* your *City*, you dealt with me, as *bad* as he would have you. You *Murther'd* my *Poor Children*, whom my *Enemy* had *pointed* at all along his *Speech*, after the manner, as *Innocent Perſons* commonly uſe to *ſuffer* in a *hurry*; give me leave, *my Lords*, to ſpeak *freely*? I muſt needs ſay, you have done a thing hardly to be *copy'd*, even thô I had *betray'd* you.

I know, *my Lords*, You admire I ſhould be clearly *Innocent*, as to this my *Accuſation*; for aſſoon as ever the *News* of my *ſad diſaſter* was brought to me, into the *Camp*, I threw down no *Arms*, I did not *ſtinch* or *ſtir* from my *Line* or *Ground*: I turn'd all the *Anger* of my *Childrens loſs* upon the *Enemy*, even as if *they* had been Murther'd by them. *My Lords*, if ever any ſuch *Profane* thoughts could have *took place* in me, if I could ever have *hated* my *Country*, even for my *Childrens* ſake, then certainly you had made me a *Traitor*: When I return'd, *my Lords*, this muſt needs be my *Firſt Out cry*, what, ha's my *Enemy* any *Children* ſtill? Is his *Family* as *big*, as when I *left* it? Oh unhappy *Preſumption*! Oh *Falſe defeated* Thoughts? Was this to *come* home, as if I had a *recompenſe*? What *Indignation* of your *Soldiers*, what *pain* of your *Gallant* Men about me, did I *appeaſe*, when I promis'd them all, their *Children* were ſafe, and when I *modeſtly* reckon'd, whatever I did could not *challenge ſuch* a *ſatisfaction*? Let all imaginable Puniſhments be *heap'd* up together upon the *greateſt* Villain in the *World*, yet I have loſt the *Main* comfort

comfort of my *ſatisfaction*, becauſe you *your ſelves* ſhould rather have *ſum'd* againſt mine *Adverſary*. But ſeeing 'tis ſo, that I muſt *try* it out with this *Fellow* by *Statute-Law*, I demand his *Children* for *Puniſhment*, inſtead of their *Father*. What can I *wiſh*, *bad* enough, to fall upon *that* Man, who ha's *forc'd* me to demand *ſuch* a *ſatisfaction*? Oh but, ſays he, *The Falſe Accuſer muſt undergo the ſame kind of Puniſhment, that the Accuſed Perſons ſhould. My Lords*, my *calamity* do's give me *leave* to *object* againſt this very *Law*, as not making ſufficient proviſion of *Quid pro Quo*; It ha's found out a Way of *ſatisfaction* againſt my *right*, wherewith I ought not to be *contented*. Can any *Mortal* Man term his *Generous Act*, his *Puniſhment*? Do's any Mans *Heart* ake ſo much, for a *juſt Puniſhment* as for a *dire Calamity*? Oh, he never conſiders in the leaſt, how great a *reſolution* it *creates* to bear his *grief*, what *hardineſs* it brings to both *Body* and *Spirit*, to own, he's *juſtly* Puniſh'd. There muſt be *Innocence* in the caſe, whereſoever any pain makes us *miſerable*; ſuppoſe, he ha's as many *Children*, to be given up to *ſuffer*, as I had, *Murther'd*, and the *Juſtice* of the *Law* do's allow as *many* of his to be *ſlain*, yet the *Law* comes not *home*, unleſs they be *Innocent* too. And whatſoever they ſuffer, after they are *apprehended*, altho it be *ſufficient recompence* according to the ſtrictneſs of *Law* perhaps, yet in *reaſon* and *equity* 'tis *too* little: You can make the *Puniſhment* and the *Crime*, of an *Offender*, equal no *other* way, unleſs you make it *unſupportable*. In vain do you reckon, how *Cruel*, and how *Bloody* a thing 'tis,

I require, becauſe it *exceeds* all *uſual* kinds of *puniſhment*: The *ſpightfulneſs* and *odium* of a *Law* is *taken off*, *my Lords*, when a Man *ſuffers* that, which he *acted before*. Beſides, Is not *this alone* a *kind* of *puniſhment*, where an *offender* can *complain* of *none* but *himſelf*; and ought he not the *leſs* to be *pitied*, the *more heavily* Men take it that *he ſuffers*? What can be *thought*, or *found out*, more equitable and more *juſt*? He that has *Murther'd* a Man on the *Highway*, let his *own* Life *anſwer* for't; ha's he temper'd *Poyſon* for *another*, let him *drink* it off *himſelf*; has he run and *tore* out *another* Mans Eyes, let his *own* be pluckt out, to make him *amends*. I can't endure, that *any* Man living ſhould *refuſe* to *ſuffer*, what his own *wickedneſs* hath deſerv'd. 'Tis the *ſhorteſt* way of doing *vindicative* Juſtice, when the *Offence* and *Puniſhment* are *Commenſurate*. And if you well conſider the nature of a *Compenſation*, a Man is *beſt* aveng'd in the ſame way and *method*, he was *wrong'd*.

I beſeech ye, *my Lords*, don't you therefore think it *juſt*, what the *defendant* deſires, becauſe I am againſt it; you would not *like*, that I ſhould have *deſir'd* their *Fathers* Death, if *he* had *offer'd* his *Children*; yet of all the Men, that *ever* have *ſuffer'd* after a *ſtrange* and *unuſual* manner, I think none are more worthy to have *right* done them by *this* Law, than *they*, whoſe *Children* have been *Murther'd*. What doth the *Law* ſay to *this*? What *requital* can *ſhe* make me? How am I reliev'd? Where ſhall I *receive* any *comfort*? 'Tis *well* remembred, my *grief* has *very well* remembred me, let me have leave to

ſeize

ize upon *thoſe*, *thoſe* I ſay, who *now* are *dearer* and *better belov'd* than they were, whoſe price is rais'd by my *deſtitution*. Yet after all this, we ſhall *come ſhort*, unleſs the *Children* be *full as many*, unleſs their *tender Ages* be *equal* and *alike*, and above all, unleſs they have a *Father*, *excellently kind* and *good*. You had *got* the *better* of me, Oh *Fortune*, you had been too *hard* for me, if *he* had had never a *Child*, who had committed ſuch a *grand offence* againſt me. Beſides, let's compare *all unrighteouſneſs* whatſoever, no Man in the *World* is more *deteſtable* than *He*, that makes the *Laws themſelves*, *blame-worthy*. Upon your *own* account, you ought ſo *highly* to be *inraged* againſt *Falſe Accuſers*, whoſe *villany* can do *no harm*, but *by* and *thrô* the *Judges* Act. *Good night* to all *human ſafety*, if *Lyes* may be ſo *bold* with your *Accuſations*; nor was there ever any *Innocent* yet ſo *happy*, as to be able to *baffle* the *diligence* of *Knights o' th' Poſt*. If any *mortal* Man, in a *matter* that he hath *forg'd* and *deviſ'd* himſelf, find *any* thing which he can *call* a *Proof*, and ſo make out the *Fact* by a *voluble Tongue*, why then we muſt *hate* the *Lye* the *more*, becauſe it *apes* the *Truth* ſo much. Whenever 'tis plain, that a Man hath been put to *death unjuſtly*, you muſt *therefore* be more *incens'd* againſt a *Falſe Accuſer*, that you may *excuſe them*, that *believ'd* him. Add alſo to this *Curſed Crime*, that he *accus'd me*, when I was in the *War*, and for no leſs than *Treaſon* too, when I was a *General*, and all this he did upon *pretens'd malice*. He has no *pretence* to *ſhelter himſelf* under the *Publick miſtake*, nor can he make his *Apology*, as if he alſo *believ'd*

leiv'd thoſe who had *coyned* the *Lye* to his hand; No man was ever *ſo deceiv'd*, that he ſhould *hap* to tell a *Lye* of his *Enemy*. The *rumour* was, *ſays he*, that you had *betray'd* the *City*? Now I *remember* it, I *thank you* for *that*, for this *very rumour* is the chief thing I *retort* upon you, for your *ſlander*. For, *my Lords*, who knows not, but that *this* is the *very Nature* of *Fame*, to take its *Riſe*, at *firſt* from *one* mans *impudent ſham-report*? The whole *Body* of a *People* do never *diſcourſe* of any thing at an *inſtant*; was ever any thing ſo *ſuddenly ſtarted* abroad, that the *Talk* of *all* the *Town* ſhould preſently *agree* about it? What *City* would not be *diſturb'd*, what *People* would not have their *Heads* full, if you ſhould tell *all us* and *every* body elſe, if you ſhould ſpeak of it in all Companys, and then at *laſt*, in a *thing merely* of your *own deviſing*, you ſhould ſay, it was a *rumour*? What a *mighty ſubject* might you have to make your *Lies*, on *every* occaſion of the *leaſt* danger? There is nothing more capable of *malignant buzzes* and *miſconſtructions*, than *War*. What matter is it, whence the *Report* had its *Riſe*? You can't *deny this*, 'twas *you* that made a long *Harangue* about it, 'twas *you* that *manag'd* my *Accuſation*, 'twas *you* that made me *Guilty*, by *Hearſay*. In every *rumour*, for which you have no *Proof*, nor *Argument* to produce, 'tis a kind of *baſe calumny*, to be the *Firſt*, that *credits* it.

But ſays he, 'tis I *muſt dye*, becauſe the *Law*, on which I *accus'd* you, *Ordains*, that a *Traytor* muſt be ſerv'd the *ſame ſawce*. I might *anſwer* in a word, that the *Law*, which *Enacts*, *A Falſe Accuſer ſhould ſuffer the ſame puniſhment*, doth exact

ct the *penalty* of *that Act*, which he *had don*, not
f *that* which he *intended* to do. Yet, let us ſup-
poſe, the *Poor Fellow* did not *aim* at what *follow-*
d, at *whoſe* door, I pray, muſt the *ſad Iſſu* be
aid, that proceeded from the *miſtaken* perſuaſi-
n of the *Commons*, upon *your calumny*? May I
art here another *Queſtion*, *my Lords*, of which that
onal Law had no *proſpect*? He accus'd me at that
very nick of *time*, when, if I had been *condemned*, I
could not have *ſuffred*. Go now, and ſay, if
you can, *I was not the Cauſe*, *your Children were*
lain, but call it, if you dare, the *City's Act*; yet,
by all your *skill*, you ſhall never make me, not
to *pity* my *Country more* than *my ſelf*; 'twas *ſhe*,
that ſuffer'd under the *miſchief* of that *Villany*,
as much as the *Father*. *She* was *plainly forc'd* to
Murther the *Children* of her *Victorious General*. He
is *much* miſtaken, *my Lords*, who thinks any
Fact in the World comes *firſt* from the *Mobile*.
What the *Generality* of a *City* does, proceeds from
the *Aſcendant*, that *ſeducing Orators* have *over*
them; whatever the *Commonalty* does, they are
never *angry*, but *according* as they are *exaſperа-*
ted. Thus our *bodies* receive no *motion* but from
our *Spirit*; and our *Limbs* lie *quiet*, till our *minds* uſe
them. There is nothing more *eaſie*, than to
work the *Common People* to any *Paſſion* whatſo-
ever. When we meet together in our *Aſſemblies*,
no body brings his *own private thoughts*, his *pri-*
vate ſentiments, private *perſuaſion* or *reaſon* along
with him into the Senate. Nor has any *Conven-*
tion the *Wiſdom* or *Humour* of *ſingle perſons*; whe-
ther it be, that the *Publick Intereſt* doth not *enter*
ſo much into *us*; or elſe, becauſe a *man* is more
negligent,

negligent, when he thinks *he* is not to give a re*ſon*, *alone*; and therefore when *many* are *gather* together, we *vote* things in *confidence* of the *whol*. What *Commonwealth* can there be, but would b much *troubled* and put into *Confuſion*, if any bo dy ſhould *cry* out of a *ſudden*, *Your General ha betray'd you*, *look to it in time*, *you are Bought a Sold by him*; *and yet this your General now*, *has h Children among you?* I know aſſuredly, that i after this *very Speech*, O thou *wicked Adverſar* thou hadſt *ſhow'd* them the *Temple*, they wou *immediately* have *ventred* upon *Sacriledge* to *burn* i *down*; if thou would'ſt have had them *pluck* dow *Shrines* and *Images*, their *audacious* Impiety woul not have *ſtuck* to *abuſe* the very *Deities*. Woul *you* know, that whatever the *City* did, 'twa your *own Act?* I'le tell you, you would hav been *proud* and have *boaſted* of it *too*, if I had b *tray'd* it *indeed*.

There is no Cauſe, *my Lords*, that your *ſorrow* for *ſuch* a *ſatisfaction*, ſhould *take* you off fro the *ſtrictneſs* of *Juſtice*, upon *this* account, be cauſe my *Enemy* offers up his *own* life; no ma would ever beg *death*, except *he*, that, by *right* ought not to be *Executed*. Setting then aſide for a *while*, that ſatisfaction, which my *greif* ma *juſtly* challenge, I *only* ask this of your *Wiſdom* in the name of *all* mankind, that you would not le any *Malefactor* chuſe his own *Puniſhment*. *My Lords*, you will *open* a *door* to a *boundleſs* preſum*tion in wicked* men, if a *Condemned Perſon* may pic and *chuſe* what *Puniſhment*, he pleaſe *himſelf*; no can you keep any mans *Innocency* within the *Fear* of *Law*, if when a *Criminal* is *apprehended* he

he may *ſuffer* what he *liſt*. It eaſes all *Pain* and *Torment* whatever, when the *mind* is *prepar'd* before-hand for its *ſuffering*. He is *miſtaken*, that thinks human *Tortures* are meaſur'd only by the *Cruel Appellations*, they go by: No, there can be *no* ſuch thing as *Puniſhment*, but to him that is *loth* to come *to it*; No man is *pained*, but when *he* is made to *abide that*, which he *can't abide*: For 'tis *Terrour* that makes any thing *Cruel* and *Piteous*. Do's any man call *that* a *Puniſhment*, which he *freely leaps* at? Which he *earneſtly* deſires? Which he *cares* not, how *ſoon* it comes? No, no, drag, I beſeech you, your *Condemned Perſons thither*, *thither* I ſay, where they are *loth* to *follow* you. *Then* call it *Puniſhment*, when the *ſufferer* trembles at it, when he will go *no* further, when he *plucks* back his *Chains* with *all* his might. Let me ſee the *pale viſage*, let me hear the *deep groans* of a *man*, that's going to his *Execution*: Let me ſee him *look* about him, as if he ſought for *pity*. I beſeech you, *my Lords*, again and again, let no *Criminal* have the *choice* of his *Fatal Puniſhment*. 'Tis better, a *Guilty* perſon ſhould *ſcape* his *Puniſhment* than *ſcorn* it. Whoever *allows preſent death* to a *Malefactor*, do's him a *favour*; nor indeed can there be any *other Courteſie*, don him, in *ſuch* a Caſe. He is out of the way, that thinks *death* is the *upſhot* of all *Puniſhments*: To be *ſlain outright* is *no Puniſhment*, but a *deliverance* rather: For whenever we look upon it as our *Fate* to *dye*, it do's not admit a *ſtrugle* of *Impatience* or *Greif* at all. What if you now muſt *leave* your *Children*, *leave* them did I ſay, nay, you *preſerve them* rather? What a brave joyful

Iſſue is it, and full of comfort? He makes a *gain* of his *death*, thô it be never ſo *cruel*, that is *cry'd* up for *dying*. *Kill me*, *ſays he*. O *my Enemy*, no body wonders at what you *deſire*, but he that is *wholly Childleſs*. O thou *Bloody*, *Cruel* one! Shall I do thee the kindneſs, to let thee *go to't*? But what *better* to my ſelf, can I wiſh? Doſt thou not ſee the *grand* heynouſneſs of the *Villany*, that thou haſt committed? I was not *allow'd* to offer the ſame for my *Children*. Hold *thou* thy *little ones* in thy *Arms*, that they may *breath* their *laſt* in thy *Embraces*, to *chuſe*; yet for *all* this, you ſhall not *ſcape* the *Law* nor *put me off*. Which way ſoever they deſired *Orbity* draws thee, I will be at thy *heels*: If thou haſt *prepared* any *Poiſon*, I will *poure* it clean out; I will take away every *Inſtrument* of *death*; I will cut the *Rope*, that thou haſt *faſtned* on a *beam*; if thou wouldſt throw thy ſelf down headlong from a *Precipice*, I would *pull* thee *back*. When all thy *Children* are *ſlain*, O my *Cruel Enemy*, thou wilt not *ſuffer* what I did, unleſs thy *Life* be ſav'd.

Nor do I fear, *my Lords*, leſt you ſhould think, that both our *Orbitys* are to be *treated alike*. For *lo*, my *Children* ſhall be *brought* into *Court* againſt my Tears, which no body will *know*, they are ſo *mortify'd*. The *ſmall Children* of an *Innocent Father* were *Murthered*, whom if they had been *now* alive, you would have carried in *Triumph* about your *Temples*, and about whom all your *Feſtival hurrys* would have been *employed*. 'Tis unjuſt, *my Lords*, that we ſhould take *leſs* pity of them, whoſe *Murtherous deaths* are *paſt* and *gon*. I don't find, how the hate of the *Father* ſhould

ſhould advantage the *Children* at all: For, you ſee, thoſe *Children* periſhed, whoſe very *Father* de*ſerv'd* no *death* at my hands. *Oh*, what a *Caſe* am I in, thou wilt *ſtill* have *many* things, which I, even when I am *revenged*, ſhall *envy* thee for! Thou wilt *give* them a *parting Kiſs* before they *dye*, thou wilt *ſpeak* to them, thou wilt receive their *laſt requeſts*, and thou wilt have *opportunity* to *promiſe* them, that thou wilt not *tarry long* behind them. Thou *wilt eaſe* thy *Grief*, when thou ſhalt promiſe every *one* of them his *ſeveral Monument*. But *this* will moſt of all *wipe* away *Tears* from thine *Eyes*, that *now* thou wilt ſee *my Houſe Deſolate* and *Childleſs* too. Did ever any man ſee ſo *miſerable* a Caſe as *mine*! 'Twill be *only* the *Poor mans* comfort, that we are *both equally* miſerable. Beſides, if we compare the very *kind* of *their deaths*, will thy *Children* ſuffer the *ſame*, as mine? They perhaps may be *killed* at one blow, and the *Puniſhment inflicted* on them, will be only by the *hands* of *one Executioner*. But my *Poor little ones*, were Murther'd by *tag*, *rag*, and *longtaile*, every Sex, every Age, even the weakeſt, every one that could, or could not, hold a ſtone, made a ſhift to *hurle* it *at them*. There's nothing more *Cruel*, than the *Murthers* of *thoſe*, whom the *Rabble* do *deſtroy*. And this is the *only* death, wherein they allow no *pity* nor *reverence* to our *dead Bodies*. Do you think now, that I *lament* my ſelf *only for this*, that I was not *ſated* with the ſight of my *Children*, before they *dyed*? Oh wretched man! I could not come near their *Bodies*, after they were dead; I could not bring them into the *Sepulchres* of *our Anceſtors* with my

own hands; neither had I *opportunity* to *cry* out over their *Carkasses*, *'Twas not I, that Murther'd you.* Oh my *dear Country*, what a *day* did I *lose*, the *day*, when I your *General*, and *Commander*, return'd from a *concluded* War! The joyful *Soldiery* did not make a *Lane* for me, nor did the *numerously* scatter'd Citizens dance and skip about my *Chariot*, with a *Triumphant Jollity*; no, I *follow'd* my *Prisoners*, being *sadder* than *they*, thô I brought home *Victory*; the *Soldiers* round about me were very *Melancholy*, my *Kindred* met me with *tears* in their *Eyes*, and the People knew not, whether they might give me *joy* or no, for they *blush* at my *return*. Oh the *miserable condition*, even of my *good success*? so that, I can't relate my very *Victory* without *weeping*, nor shall any of my *Friends* or *Kindred* speak a *word* of the *War*, in my *hearing*. There is nothing more *intolerable* than *that* calamity, that *Festival* joy *recalls* to our *mind*. As oft as that your *Anniversary* Feast shall, for the memory of my *punishment*, come about, bring me *mourning* weeds; you, *my Servants*, begin your *lament* afresh; prepare *Cordials* for me, my dear *Kindred*. No Children are more impatiently *miss'd*, than *they*, who were *Murther'd* for their *Fathers* sake. But to tell *Truth*, *my Lords*, I am very much afraid, that I shall not *hold out* to *receive my satisfaction*; and lest that *affection*, wherewith I am *incens'd* for my *Children*, should fail me in the midst of my *revengeful Execution*. But *assist* and *pity* me, *all* ye my *Kindred*, help me all my *Friends*; and, if perhaps I should not *hold* out, do you, *good Citizens*, make up my *satisfaction*.

faction. I am ſo *tender-hearted*, that I fear, when the *Executioner* draws near, I ſhall cry out all of a *ſudden, I had rather now, 'twere the Father*. But *you*, mine *Eyes*, if you have any *Shame* in you, put away *Tears*, away with *groans*, I muſt *compoſe* and *frame* my ſelf before-hand to be a *bloody-minded* and *Mercileſs* Perſon, and yet *miſerable* too. Then, Oh thou *craftieſt* of *Mortals*, I ſhall *catch* this paſſionate *affection*, that you now *counterfeit* and *ape out*; then I ſhall know, what was in *your* mind, when *you* deſir'd to dye, rather than your *Children*. But if I well underſtand your *wicked heart*, which no manner of *villany* or *miſchief* comes *amiſs* to, thou wilt live, Oh my *Enemy*, and that *gladly* and *ſtoutly* too, yea as *one*, that had *got* the *better*.

Paſti Cadaveribus:

OR,

Citizens, (in time of *Famine*) devouring *one* another.

DECLAMATION XII.

The Argument.

When the Famine *rag'd in a* certain City, *the* Inhabitants *thereof ſent an* Envoy *beyond* Sea, *to buy 'm ſome* Corn, *injoyning* him *to return at a* day prefix'd. *He* went *and* bought *it*; *but*, *in his* Voyage homewards, *was* carryed, *by a* Tempeſt, *to* another City; *where he* ſold *his* Corn

Corn *for* double *the* price, *and went and* bought *a* double Quantity *of* Corn *with the* Money. *By reaſon of this his* delay, *his* Country-men *were fain to* eat *one another. He* returns *at the* day appointed, *yet is* Accus'd, *and* Arraign'd *for his* Life, *as a* Traitor *to the* Common-wealth.

For the Citizens *againſt their* Envoy.

ALthô, *my Lords*, *reaſons* innumerable, of *Indignation*, do put me to a *Non-plus* in the very *begmning* of my *Plea*, becauſe I can't *ſpeak* 'm out all at *once*; nor can I ſtop my *Flood* of *Grief*, which *crowds* and *breaks* in with *might* and *main* upon me, (for 'tis a *light Grief*, than can be *marſhal'd*) yet *that*, I had *almoſt* call'd it, *Fury* of my *mind*, challenges the *firſt* place, which hath its *riſe* from the preſent *ſitting* of this *Court*, and the *demur* of our too *ſlow* revenge: when we do *implead* a *Perſon*, ſo *vilely wicked*, that he ha's drawn *us* in *too*; that we *ſuffer* him to make his *defence*; that we *pray* the *Court* he may be *puniſhed*; and, when he is *condemned*, that he may be put to *death*, that *death*, which we, in our *dreadful* Famine, did even *heartily* wiſh for, as long as we cou'd commit our *dead* to the *ground*, *undevoured*: Or elſe, that he ſuffer by *Baniſhment*, a *penalty*, how *little* he regards, appears by his *ſlow* return to his *own* Country. Yet of *what Baniſhment* do I ſpeak? Let us *brand* him with all the *Infamy* we can, and ſend him *packing* from us, he knows *whither* to go. Why did not our *whole* Town *tear* him in *pieces*, when he *firſt* ſet foot on *ſhore*, and, (ſeeing we are at laſt

laſt *us'd* to it, and begin in *ſober ſadneſs* to be a *City* of *Wild-beaſts* and *Cannibals*) why was not he *himſelf* made the *Firſt morſel* of his *too ſlow* Proviſion? For *ſo* he ought to have been *Quarter'd*, *ſo* torn in pieces, *ſo devour'd* every *bit*, by all the *right* in the World. Who can *believe* me, that I could *abſtain* from *eating* up *that* Man, when I was *famiſh'd* and *inrag'd* too? But *all* our *mind* was upon the *Corn*, our *Eye* was fix'd on *nothing*, but *that*. Oh, how *great* was *that* Famine, that *Maſter'd* ſo *grand* a *rage*! For my part, if *ſuch* a *revenge* had took place, if I had *vindicated* my ſelf on ſo *nefarious* a *deſtroyer* of the *Common-wealth*, not with my *Tongue* but my *Teeth*, yet I had offer'd up *little* or *no* ſacrifice to my *wrath*, or to my *revenge*: For why? I did the ſame, even to my *own Relations*. The *Bowels* of our *Kindred*, *buried* in our *Paunches*, do yet *boyle* up, and ſeem to *ſwell* and *ſtruggle within* us, and ſo *rejounce* upon us, who *too late* repent, we *devour'd* them. For *now*, we are at leiſure to *mourn*, *now* we can *bury* what *fed* us, now we can *burn* our *Bowels*? For the reſt ſhall be *buried* with us. Oh *Famine never* the *like* heard of, in which to be *hunger-ſtarv'd* is the *leaſt* of our *miſeries*! Yet *pardon* me, *All* ye my *dead Relations*, whom I *violated*, for *now* I ſpeak to *you*, *pardon* me, I *ſay*, that I *debauch'd* my *mouth*, that I *degenerated* from, and threw off, all *humanity*. 'Twas not ſo much to *maintain* and keep a poor *Life* and *Soul* together, nor to *prolong* an *hated* Being; there was but *one* reaſon, why we *deferr'd* our *deaths*, becauſe, if we had *dyed*, we ſhould have been ſerv'd the like, as well as *they*.

And

And indeed, I can excuſe *my ſelf* to *thoſe* I have *devour'd*, becauſe I cannot be *angry* at *my ſelf*, for it: But this *Envoy*, as you ſee, ſtands *cramm'd* and in *good plight*, after ſo *long* a *Voyage*, and is well *baſted* upon the *Publick Proviſion*; at the *mentioning* of our *Food*, he makes a *Face* at it, and thoſe that look as if they would *drop down*, he bids 'm reckon, how much *Corn* there is for *every one*; as if I might not *readily own*, he had brought *enough* and *too much* too. For *now*, there are but a *few* of us left, we walk but *thinly* about the *ſtreets*; and thô all the *People* be call'd forth from their *Chambers*, for the very *hate* they *bear* to him that has *ruin'd* them, yet, you ſee, they do not fill up the *Seats*, fitted for them. There are but a few of us, fed after a *wicked* and *barbarous* manner, kept *alive* by other's *deaths*, *ſelf-condemn'd* and a *burthen* to themſelves becauſe they *live ſtill*, that, with *much ado*, have brought our *ſick* and *pining* Bodies into the *Publick*. This, that you ſee, is *all* that's *left* of the *City*; we are ſo *worn* away, that, *poor wretches*, we can ſhew nor *live* nor *dead*. This is the *Body of* the *People*, this is *all* their *ſtrength*, *theſe* their *hopes* and all the *Grandeur* they have. Unleſs at laſt, Mr. *L' Envoy*, you had return'd to make good your *promiſe*, we had not had proviſion for *many* days. But to what purpoſe, ſo much *Corn*, *now*? Why, your *Veſſel* ſo *laden* with *Proviſions*? You have made a *ſweet* Voyage of 't. We ſee *Corn*, but we ſee no *People*. It do's us *no good*, we have no *need* of it, now you may e'ne go and ſell't. While *you*, the *buyer* and *ſeller* of the *Publick*

health

health and *wealth*, do *barter* away the *next Chap-man*; while you *trade* either in our *Funerals* or in our *unnatural cruelties*; while you are an *Envy*, forſooth, to *another* City, *ſtrangers* to us, and your own *Country-men* periſh with *Famine* the while; in the *Interim*, we find *Food* from our *Plagues*, our *hunger* feeds itſelf, and our very *miſeries* make us *barbarous*; we may ſuffer *thee* to make thy *defence*, if withal we could be *abſolv'd* our *ſelves*.

Now for *this*, *my Lords*, is it *only* I, that complain? Do theſe things *concern me*, *more* than *others*? Have I *ſuffer'd* any thing, by *my ſelf*? Don't I *accuſe* him upon a *Grievance* common to you all, *my Lords*, with me? Can one Man be *leſs* intereſted in this *revenge*, than *another*? Was it not a *general* ſtarving, was not the *Beggery Univerſal*, of *one* and *all*? Unleſs you think 'twas no *Famine*, becauſe we fill'd our *Bellies* with *Cruel viands*, and with *wicked repaſts*. We are *Baniſh'd* and *Out-law'd* among *all* Nations and for *all* Ages to *come*, all Men will tell of theſe *Barbarous Prodigies*, and they will all *Curſe* us to the *Pit* of *Hell*, except *ſuch*, as *will* not *believe it*. We have caſt a *foul blur* even upon *Famine* it ſelf, and, (that which is the *laſt* comfort to the *miſerable*) we have *forfeited* all our *Title* to *Pity*. Yet we had ſtill one *poor* defence, that we were forc'd to do *this* by reaſon of his *delay*; But *now*, if *this* Man be Innocent, the *Crime* will lye at our *own* doors. May I tell you our *publick* miſeries, and ſo *upbraid* our *lamentable* ſtate? Can I get *out* a *word*? Will a *ſentence* follow? Shall I

not

not be *Tongue-ty'd*? *What* can I *not* do? Let me *survey*, and take a *view* of the *Order* of our *calamity*, and tell *all* and *every particular* very *plainly*? *None* so *fit* to speak it, as *my self*. But we *felt it* and *remember* it *too* well: I suppose the *Judg* need not *inform* about it; *we* may declare these things to the *Person Accused*, who was out of the *reach* of all our *miseries*, who without *all* dispute owes a *great obligation* to his *Country*, that he *alone* was sent away from *starving*. *Hearken* therefore, *Oh Man*, *hearken attentively*, that *Corn*, which you *brought* home at *last* with *interest*, how *much* it *cost* us?

Some perhaps, *my Lords*, may wonder, that thó the *Fruits* of the *last* dismal *year* were *spent*, the *happy fruitfulness* of many *former* years should *be likewise* exhausted; and they may raise a *doubt*, what the *cause* should be, why such a *wealthy City*, as *Ours heretofore* was, should have no *stock* of *provision garner'd* up, but only in their *Expectations* and *Hopes*? It must *needs* be *so*, when we sell *Corn* to our *Neighbour City*, and where a little *pidling gain* did *tempt* us: Thus the *wealth* publick is *regardlessly bought* and *sold*, and Famine comes to take *possession* without *resistance*: And if there were any *remainder* of the *Provisions* of the *precedent year* left, yet some Men to *sell* it dearer, *kept it in*, to *enhaunce* the *price*. Yet I appeal to your *Consciences*, we did not *complain* at all, as long as *Corn* was but *double* its *usual price*. For 'twas not a *Common scarcity* of *Corn*, nor a *Fayler* of *Land*, that makes the *Farmers* labour to be lost and the *unwelcom harvest* not answer his hopes, which some *Husbandmen*

andmen are wont to *complain* of; No, it was a new, *unheard* of, and a *curſed blaſt* on *Corn*, that eft nothing almoſt to *Man*, but *Mans fleſh*, to eat. Either the *ſeed* ſown *rotted* away under the *Furrows*, without *ſtriving* to *put* forth, or elſe, if a *ſmall root* ſhot out with *too little* moiſture, the *blade* hung its *head* on the *ground*; or elſe the *dying Corn* look'd *wan* and *pale*, when the *blade* or *ſtalk* was *parch'd* by the *ſcorching* Sun. No *ſhowres* laid the *duſt* of the *Thirſty* Ground, nor did ſo much as the *ſhadow* of a *Cloud* hover over the too too *dry* Land. The *winds* blew *hot*, ſo that the *heat intercepted* the ripeneſs of *Fruits*: And if perhaps, in any place, ſome *poor* lank blade of *Corn*, made a ſhift to get up *above* the ground, yet the *empty* Ears *fruſtrated* the *Farmers hopes*, and the *poor Husband-man winnowed* his *empty Corn*, and there was *nothing* left in the *barns flower*. Theſe are but *petty* Circumſtances; for the *Meadows* were *parch'd* up, *Leaves* were *blaſted*, *Trees* did not *put* forth; the Earth was bare, the *Clods* were *hard*, and *Fountains* were *dry'd* up. If I did not ſpeak all this, to them that knew the *truth* of 'm, I might ſeem to *complain*, without *cauſe*, of *this* year wherein, our *Envoy* knows, we *ſold* ſo much *Corn*. Ah, wou'd the *woods* would have *afforded* us their *wild* and *ſimple* food, that we might pick *berries*, ſhake down *Acorns* or gather *ſtraw-berries*, wou'd the *peſtilent* year had *left* us, whatever the *Men of old* found out to *appeaſe* their *hunger*, before *Heaven* ſent us *gentler reflections*: I was no *nice* Fellow; but Oh *woful remembrance*! Oh *ſad* and *deadly* neceſſi-

neceſſity! We had *nothing left* to keep us *alive* but *bare* Trees. Yet we can't complain of God altogether, for we found the *Seas*, at leaſt, *favourable* to us. If our *Envoy* would but have *improv'd* the *day*, which the *happy* ſeaſon put into his *hands*, he might have *brought* us Corn *twice* by *this* time.

Aſſoon as the *ſenſe* of our *great* miſery was noiſ'd all the *Town* over, and, our want encreaſing, we were *pinch'd* every day *more* and *more*, thô our *Caſe* was *bad* yet we fear'd 'twould be *worſe*, for there was *no* hope of any *relief* from our Neighbouring *Cities*, becauſe *they* were in the *ſame* caſe with *ourſelves*: 'Tis true, there was a ſmall matter of *Proviſion* left in our Neighbourhood, but 'twas come to that, not a *jot* would any Body ſell. Whereupon, when we ſaw, that we muſt *provide* for the *Publick weal*, from *beyond Sea*, every Man of us ran into the *Town-houſe*. As in an *Alarm*, we cry *Arm*, *Arm*; and in a Veſſel ture by Fire, *Water*, *Water*; ſo with *one* conſent without reſpect of *Age* or *Dignity*, *all* Fellows we *related* our Caſe, we *faſt*, and *determin'd* with one accord, we were wholly guided by the *ſenſe* of our *neceſſity*, without *Punctilio's* of Order or *Obſervance*. *Many* offer'd to *go* on the *errand*, but *this* Man was choſen, not by any *preference* of *Innocency*, *Authority* or *Deſert*, the *only* reaſon that *mov'd* us, was, becauſe he *promiſ'd* to make a *ſudden* return. We gave him *power* of *Money*, without *ſtint*, we *bid* him get as much *Corn*, as ever he *cou'd*. This we cry'd out for, as *one* Man, nor were we *long*

down

ding it, that we might not *hinder* his *Voyage*; he *voyce* of us *all* was *this*, (which he laid hold of, as a certain kind of *Argument* he might *ſtay* he *longer*) *If you don't come within the limited ime, you were as good bring us no Corn at all*; We *ave* this our *Envoy* with our *own* hands to the *Ship*, and for fear he ſhould ſtay, *every* one brought in his *Quota* of *Proviſion* for the Voyage, we *cut* the *Cables*, and, going *aſhore*, we *ut* off the *Veſſel* with all our *ſtreſs*. Then we *ollow'd* the *Flying ſailes* with our *Eyes*, and, as *t we* our ſelves had been a *Ship board* too, we *wiſh'd* him a *good market*, the wind *fair*, and a *Sea* without *ſtorm*. Who can *believe*, what *ſucceſs*, we, *Poor Men*, had? We obtain'd *all*, that *we deſir'd*, of the *Gods above*; only *one* thing was *defective*, we ſhould have *put* up our *Prayers* for that *other ſtrange City* too, that he *receiv'd*. He *arriv'd quickly* there, and had as *quick* a *market*, yea and *return'd* with as *much aſt*, *whither* he *liſted*. What are we the *better* or *waiting*? *Another* City was *Elder-hand*, and our *preciſe* Commiſſioner, forſooth, ſtays for his *appointed* day. We in the *mean* time *firſt* plunder our *Cattle* out of our *grounds*, we *tear* and *devour* every *bit*, yea that *no Proviſion* might be made, no not for the *ſucceeding* year, our *Plow-Oxen* were not *ſpar'd*: *Then* we ſent our *ſlaves* a *packing*, and our *Poor* lay *groveling* at the *doors* of our *Grandees*, and *breath'd* their *laſt*, in *begging* their *bread*. When our Children cry'd to us, we told 'm, *poor Things*, our *Commiſſioner* was a coming. *At laſt*, every Man was fain to *ſhift* for himſelf. Yet I mention none of *all* this, no

not

not *now*, to *aggravate* the *Crime* of our *Envoy*
for as *yet*, he might have come to us *first*.
hitherto, we have *born* our *misfortunes*, for the
ther, we may *thank* our *Envoy*.

If you have any *human Flesh* and *Blood* left
you, unless, your *Belly* being *over-full*, you ha
quit all thoughts of your *Friends*, that are a *ſta*
ving, consider the *hard* Case of your *Country*, ha
ſome regard to the *cruel pinch*, we are *put* to.
ſent you in our *Extremity*, your *pale* and almo
Bloodleſs Country-men *look* for you, that *le*
breath, they have yet left, is till'd on in hop
of your *return*. Farcy, and *ſet* before your *E*
thoſe *thin-jaw'd Viſages*, the *decay* of your *Co*
try-men, that are a *dying* every day, and th
ſtrength that was decay'd long *before*. You ca
be *ignorant* of any of this, if we may *believe* you
all, for you *ſaw* with your *Eyes*, how our *C*
labour'd with *Famine*, *before* you went. Ma
haſt, while there are *any* of *us* alive, to take
account of your *Commiſſion*; Oh, *make haſt*, l
we be *driven* to *commit* ſomething *worſe* th
Death; certainly we *deſerve* all the *Corn*, you c
bring. Why do you bring *another* Cities Famin
upon *us* too? If we *miſcount* not, we have *ſ*
fer'd a double *miſery* by *your* means. You h
ſnoring on the *deck* with *our Corn* in the *Hold*, a
you *travel* round about the *Sea Coaſts*, as if y
meant to be an *Hydrographer*. You, the gra
Diſpenſer of *Fate* between *Two* Cities, the *Pre*
vation of a *ſtrange* one, and the *Deſtruction*
your *own*, *mete* out our neceſſary Food a
ſuſtenance to *Foreigners*; and having a *Fair* wi
to bring you back into your *own Country*, y
wi

wiſh, it were *Contrary*. We, mean while, running *too* and *fro* over the *parched* Fields, pluck up the *roots* of *wither'd Herbs*, and we *pull* the *barder*, as hoping, if poſſible, we may *light* upon *poyſon*,, whil'ſt we are ventring upon *food*, we were never *us'd* to *before*. Now if we *hap* upon a *richer* piece of *Ground*, we are ready to *quarrel* for our *Paſture*. We *pill* the bitter *bark* of *Trees*, and we *crop off* the *ruſhet* Leaves of the *ſadly-withered* boughs. Whatever our *drooping hunger* ſcrap'd together, *all* went down. Now we *dye*, even in our *Forage*, and *ever* and *anon* one or other of our *Company drops* down on the ground, as *Sheep* do when *infected* with the *Coath* or *Murrain*. Now *we dye thicker* and *thicker* every day, the *Bill* increaſes; and (*woe* to *ſay* it!) *now!* we had *nothing* to *feed* upon any *longer*. What Powers ſhall I call *to witneſs?* The Heavenly *ones* above, alas, we have *driven* them from amongſt *us*, by ſo *great* a *Cruelty?* Or, the *Powers below*, as for them we are their *Fellow Citizens*, as *bad* as *they?* Or, ſhall we appeal to our *own* guilty *conſciences*, that we did all things *before*, that no Man ever did, *beſides us?* We *ſlew* our *Cattle*, we *grub'd* up our *Fields*, we *diſforeſted* our *Woods*, at *laſt* nothing was left but *Hunger* and *Death?*

If you will *believe* me, I would *willingly* put off this *Branch* of my *Accuſation*, for a while; for when ſo *horrible* a *wickedneſs* is to be *related*, a Man would fain gain a few *moments* of time; and beſides, I muſt needs *lay open* to the *Accuſed* Perſon, who was *far* enough off from *us* and our *miſeries*, to how *many* he came not at

the day *appointed*. Pardon us, O all ye *Gods* and *Men*, *pardon* us for this *highest* of *Villanies*; 'twas *woful* enough, we *confess*, to *us* when we were to *commit* it. But *good Manners* and *Hunger* can never *cotton* together; and when that *Tyrannical* Dame hath once got *possession*, she *tames* even the *monstrousest* sorts of *Beasts*. *Those* that were a *dying*, took a *mouthful* of the very *ground* in their *mouthes*: I *would* have eaten *my self*, if I had had *nothing* else to *feed* upon; but I must *own* this, I had *something*, without being *beholding* to our *Commissioner*. After that our *inflamed hunger* had *master'd* all our *Patience*, and all our *hope* was *gon*, which is the *last Anchor* to Men in *misery*, so that now our *hearts* durst not so much as *wish* for that *sustenance*, which was in *vain* so often *promis'd* us, then we began to *run* mad and out of our *wits*, and our *Hunger* did *whatever* it *listed*. Our *hearts* were stupify'd with our *hard* condition, our *Palats* were pall'd and dead with our uncouth *repast*, we began to *eat* the very *beasts* of *Prey*. Yet at first, we fell to this *monstrous* kind of *dyet* by *stealth*, every one *sneak'd* into an *hole*; so that if *thou* hadst come sooner, we might have *wip'd* our *mouths* and *deny'd* it. If any were missing of the *dead bodies*, we reckon'd he was *interr'd*, but *no* body said a *word*, nor did any one *find* it out. No Man was led on by *Example* to do *this*, every Man was his *own Teacher*; after we had been *all* guilty, then we *all* began to *find out* one another. Yet *before* I touch'd *a bit*, how *oft* did I *hye* me to the *Key*? How *oft* did I *weary* my *Eyes* in *gazing*, whether there were any *vessel* upon the

the *Main*? you, *Sir Envoy*, 'twas *eaſie* for you to *prolong* the time, who had ſold *all*, but your *own* ſhare. Look *you* to it, how *long* you can *ſtay above*, for my part I can't ſtay a *whole week*. And therefore, like ſo many *mad Dogs*, we fell upon the *Carkaſſes*, and we were fain to *ſhut* our *Eyes*, as if we made *more conſcience* of *ſeeing* than *doing*, thus we devour'd *whole* bodies *bit* after *bit*. *This* we could not *do* neither, without *horrour* for the *Fact*, *hating* and *loathing* our ſelves, *weeping* and *wailing*, when we had *done*. But when we *ſtarted* back from our *diſmal* ſuſtenance, our *hunger pricks* us *again*, and we *gather* up the *Mammocks* we had *diſgorg'd* before. Now theſe things ſeem *ugly* and *abominable* to me, *Limbs* all-torn, *Bones gnaw'd* bare, and *Breaſts*, ſtead of their *skin*, *unnew'd* and *mouldy* within. Now, methinks, I ſee the *Entrals* thrown about, the *Fleſh* black and blew, the *gore* expreſs'd and *ſqueez'd* out with my *Teeth*, and the *marrow* ſuck't out of the *bones*. 'Twas *little* or *nothing* of a *Body* the *Famine* left us. Now I *abhor* that *time*, when I lighted upon an *Hand* or a *Head* to eat, or any other *part*, that by a proper *mark* ſhew'd it was a *Man*. Now comes to my remembrance, that uncouth food, which I durſt not ſet upon a *Table*. For we can't *deny*, we devour'd the *Men*, & that *greedily* too, for *we* had not eaten a *bit* along time; and yet for all that, 'twas *hard* to begin. But after we *began* to count it *no ſin*, and none in the *City* were *aſham'd* to *confeſs* it, what did we do then, but *provide* for to *morrow*, and ſtore up *dead bodies* in *our Pantries*. We either *arreſted* dead Corps's,

and *brought* 'm *back* from *carrying* to their *graves*, or we *quarrell'd* for them at the *Funeral-Pile*. The *Heir* takes poſſeſſion of a *dead body*, *faln* to him. 'Twas a *riddle*, a *monſtrous incredible* thing, but that we *ſaw* it, there was a *Peſtilence* yet no *Funeral*. There was no *Bill* of *Mortality*, how many *dy'd*; vve knevv that *ſome* were *dead*, only becauſe we did not ſee them among the *living*. The *Sick* were *afraid* of their *Attendants*, and *call'd* back their *fainting ſouls*, when they took the laſt *Farewel* of their *Domeſticks*; and the *firſt* thing they deſir'd of *them*, was, an *Entire burial*. But when a *greater* neceſſity began to *urge*, then 'twas counted a *courteſie*, to keep *Hands off* till the *breath* were out of the *body*. No Man was ſo *near* of *kin* or in *blood*, that our *duty* vvould make us *abſtain* from. We *eat* up our *Kindred*, our neareſt Kindred; For if we ſhould have deſir'd a *Neighbours* body, none *durſt*, none would, let us, for they did eat 'm *themſelves*.

Iron. Yet notwithſtanding, you have *no* cauſe to be *angry*, for I have told you, *How much* you made *of it*: We ſold our *Corn* for *double* the *price*, for our crafty *Envoy* cheated our *Neighbour-City*. Now our *Garners* are full, there's a *good* account of his *Voyage*, our *Veſſels* are full *fraught*, and to *inhance* our *joy* for ſo *great* a Bleſſing, *the fewer Gueſts*, *the better Cheer*. As for the *Excuſe* he makes in point of time, I ſuppoſe he hath *no reaſon* to be *troubled*: For, I wis, he did not light upon a People, *deſolate* and *forlorn*, then was no *reaſon* he ſhould make *ſuch* haſt, vve could have *ſtay'd* yet *longer*. We are the only Men, that can't be deſtroy'd by *Famine*.

D'e think, I'le paſs over what he can *ſay* for *himſelf*? I confeſs, he came at the very *laſt day*, he brought our *Grain*, let's rejoyce, that *now* neither of the *Two Cities* do *pine* with Famine. Oh that I were *ſtrong* enough, that my *Lungs* would hold out, that I could get ſome *word* or *other* out of my *long-dry'd Larynx*; for hovv *great* muſt that *Indignation* be, when *One* muſt *grieve* for the *whole* Tovvn? This being *ſo*, let *all* of us, here *preſent* in this *Aſſembly*, vvith *full* cry *agree* and conſent *unanimouſly* to *accuſe* this Man, yet the *Odium* vvould not be *equal* to the *Crime*, for hovv fevv of us are left, to make our Complaint? Let every one *conſider* vvith *himſelf*, vvhat vvoful miſery he hath *undergon*, and vvhat odious *Crimes* he hath committed. Surely, he is a *monſtrous* Beaſt, vvho, having fill'd his *belly* ſo *wickedly* not for *need* only, is not *angry* vvith himſelf for *eating Mans-Fleſh*. Let me call to *mind* my *grief* and my *late* vomitings, and my *avengeful diſcontent* at my ſelf. Come hither, thou *Tyrannous neceſſity* of ſo long a *Famiſhing*; and *You*, my *Kindred*, vvhom I have *devour'd* vvithin me, *ſtir*, if you can, and *break* forth out of my *baleful Paunch*, vvhile vve expiate the *wickedneſs*, vve have *committed*, by *this devoted* perſon, and ſo, making as it vvere a *ſolemn Luſtration* of the *City*, vve ſend this *diſmal* ſacrifice to the *wronged Ghoſts*: For *ſuch dire* ſacrifices *become* us *well*. I have brought your *Crimes* in common into *Court*, and I vvould fain *alliate* the *diſhonour* of our poor *City*. We are *Offenders*, *every one*; yet here is *one*, if you pleaſe, *Guilty* enough for us all. I *accuſe* him for

dealing treacherouſly with the *Common-wealth*: by *cherouſly* did I ſay? I am ſure you wonder at the *lowneſs* of the *word*, whereby I ſeem to underſtand, as if our *Country* were *ſlightly ras'd only*, and had *receiv'd* a *Filliping* (as they *ſay*) rather than a *Wound*, when yet our City is *fully* and *wholly* conſum'd, and our *People pin'd* away. But this *injury* of *Nature* is to be born *here*, as well as in *other caſes*, that *ſhe* hath not given us *words*, high enough to *expreſs* ſuch *monſtrous Facts*; our *curſed* Famiſhing is only call'd, *Famine*; our *abominable* Gobbets are call'd, *dyet*; and after all, the *Common-wealth* a little *treacherouſly* dealt with, or ſo. Nor, forſooth, ſhall this *Offendor* be puniſh'd, without a *legal* and *orderly* Tryal: Pray, let all things be done with *ſcruple* of *Conſcience*, for fear we do *amiſs*. See, that we are *angry* after a *legal* manner, thô we have *violated* all *Law* to ſave our *Lives*. Yea, if you like it, let us have *patience* to hear his *defence*, let him yet *keep* us a little *longer* ſtill. Let him deny, he has injur'd the *Common-wealth*, becauſe he hath much more than *injur'd it*, as we *all* know. We do not lay to his *charge*, that he ſpoil'd the *Angles* of our *Palaces*, that he cut down the *Trees* of our *ſacred Groves*, nor *demoliſh'd* the *Walls* of our *publick Temples*. If he think good, he may perhaps put in, that 'tis not the *Common-wealth* that he *ruin'd*; for 'tis brought *now* to that *paſs*, that *that* very *Name* is *extinct*. Perhaps, he may come to *this* too, as to *deny*, we ever *wanted* victuals. Yet I can't deny, that his *Great wickedneſs* is not *properly* nor *fully* enough expreſſed by this *Law-Term*. For our *Anceſtors* would not have

have the *Common-wealth* injur'd, no not in the *leaſt*, wherein, I judge, that this *Caſe* of ours is *comprehended*. But no Man ever *fear'd*, that a *Crime* would ever be *abſolved*, that was *greater* than the *Law*. Beſides, he endeavours to *ward* off the *Accuſation* of *Treaſon* againſt the *Common-wealth*, and to *dwindle* it into the Fault of an *ill-manag'd Embaſſy* and *Commiſſion, only*. The *Accuſed* party chuſes the *ſpecies* of his *Crime*, which is as much as to ſay; a *condemn'd* Man would *chuſe* his own *Gallows*.

I can't endure, *my Lords*, in ſo great a *Commotion* of my Spirit to *hunt* for *Topicks*, to argue upon; nor doth the *effort* and vehemence of mine *Anger* ſtoop or deſcend to the *method* of *Firſt*, *Second*, and *Third*, *&c.* Yet this I know, that a *Grief* for the *Publick* comes under no *ſtarch'd* form. Yea, if the *Judges* ſo far forget what they have *ſuffered*, that they can endure theſe *evading Pretences*, which do not *clear* him of the *Crime* but *only ſtave* it off, muſt the *People* too paſs over his *offence* without its *due* reward, by *down-right ſtoning*? You ſhall not *preſcribe* to me, *how* to *lay* my *Attainder*. I can *accuſe* you for *ill-managing* your *Commiſſion* and *Truſt* too. For, *look ye*, if I ſhould lay to your *charge*, here are ſo *many* Men *kill'd* out-right, are not you the *Cauſe* of their *Deaths*? If I *charge* you, that our *Sepulchres* are *violated*, did not we *rob* the *Grave* by means of *your* delay? But you had a *Commiſſion*, forſooth, and what was *that*, I pray, but to *manage* ſomething for the *Common-wealth*? And he that *manages* it ill, I hope is *guilty* of *doing her wrong*. Do you think *Commiſſion'd En-*

ways have such *Licence* to *offend*, that whatever *Villany* they commit in their *Employments*, they may set *all* at rights by this *one Plea*? Oh, how *over-grievous* were the *case* of your *Envoy*, if he had *leave* given him to *break* the *Law* and to starve the *People*, too! But if I do *mistake*, and our *Laws* are *grown* out of *date* by *disusage*, because we have kept no *Courts* to put 'm in *Execution*, yet how do you avoid our *Law* aforesaid? For unless I am *mop'd* by my *misery*, there are *Two* things which in such an *Accusation* are to be *inquir'd* into; *viz.* First, Whether the *Common-wealth* be *indeed injur'd*; and next, *whether* by the *Party*, that is *Accus'd*. In which points, if you had any *confidence* at all in your *Innocency*, you wou'd not *throw* off *one* Crime upon *another*, or run from *punishment* to *punishment*, but you would rather *ward off that*, which is now *levell'd* against you: We *say*, *The Common-wealth was injur'd*. *Now* should I *launch* out into a *long Oration*, and *cast* about, as *other Accusers* use to do, how *to aggravate* the *matter* by *Flourish* of *words*. But the *commemoration* of our *Calamities* have so *horrible* a report, that if we could forget or not *reach* them, yet our *publick* ruin must not be *declar'd* so much by *Words*, as expos'd a *spectacle* to our *Eyes*. Go too then, if you will, let us *walk* out of our *Gates*, and there you may see our Pastures *burnt up*, our *Corn-Fields* overgrown with *thorns* and *bryars*, and the *barks* of our *Trees* half *eaten* away. Our *Lands* are desolate for want of an *Husbandman* to *till* 'm, the Innocent *Beasts* pack away from our hunger, our *Farms* are *empty*, and our forsaken *Barns*

are

are ready to fall down. No *ground* lies neat after 'tis *plow'd* and *harrow'd*, not ſo much as a *Clod* is *turn'd* up by the *Plow-ſhare*. So that *now* we may fear a *Famine* next year *too*. Go home again to *your Houſes*, there you ſhall ſee your very *Hearths* all-bloody, your *Fires* put out with the *ſtreams* of *gore*, running out from *Carkaſſes*, your *Rooms thick-ſtrew'd* with *dead-bodies*; and at beſt, when we carry our our *dead* (*Bones*, rather than *Men*) to be *entomb'd*, we are fain to *cover* 'm; what is left we *bury* in *this* faſhion; we commit our *broken Corps's* to the *Flame*. But where the *Famine* hath *ſwept* away whole *Families* (which is the *greateſt* Part by far,) there our *Empty Houſes* are *over-grown* with *duſt* and *cob-webs*, and there *lyes* the *Lumber* without any *Heir* to *challenge* it. When you have gon all the *Houſe* over, at laſt perhaps the *Maſter* of it may be found, lock't up in ſome *cloſe* room, as in a *Coffin*, I mean, if he has *ſcap'd* being *devour'd* before, and when his Neighbours *look'd* after him they could not find him, or if he were the *laſt* Man that *dyed* of the *Family*: But *whither* do I ſend you? Behold this very *Aſſembly*, ſee the *whole City* preſents you with the *Image* of *one* ſingle *dying* Perſon, the *Head lank* and *lean*, the *Eyes* quite *ſunk* into the *Head*, the *Skin* looſe and flaggy, our *trembling lips* cannot hide our *Teeth*, our *Faces* ſtark and ſtiff, our *Cheeks* pitted with *holes*, and the *receſſes* of our *Throats* empty. Our *Necks* ſtoop forward, our *Back* is rugged the *Bones* ſtaring out, we are like *Infernal Spectres*, and we are even *filthy Carkaſſes* already. Or if any *one* of us look not o' *this* Faſhion, let him

own,

own, that he has *Feasted* too *hard* on the *deceas'd*. Let every Man examin his *own* wretched *bowels* and his full *Paunch*, that's *accus'd* and can't *deny't*. *Say* now, *Our Commissioner*, *say*, if you will, I am *Guiltless*, because I came at the *day*. But I am sure my *Conscience* is *Guilty*, that I made a shift to live so long, by such *woful* means.

What *miseries*, compar'd with *ours*, do not *occasion tears*, more *nice* and *sparing*? Suppose an Enemy should besiege and shut up a *City* within their *own* gates, 'tis not unusual that the *besieged* are driven to *great* scarcity of *victuals*, but yet they may deliver the *Town* up; and *then* the *Conqueror* will either *kill* his *Prisoners* or give them *meat*. Some have undergon the *Tortures* of *Pyrates*, *happy* they, so they were *Innocent*. Death certainly is a *Period* to all, and our *Cruelty* should not go beyond *Life*. But if a Man should be so *stript* of *all* humanity, that he will *chuse* to punish *there*, where there is no *sense* of the *misery*, yet he would *throw Carkasses* to *Beasts* not to *Men*. Some have been burnt by *Fire*, but their very *punishment* ends in a *sepulture*. But *we* have destroy'd our very *Funeral Ashes*, and our *very* ruin is ruin'd *it self*. All Men see, what our *miseries* were, the *Fire* did not *burn* our *dead*, the *wild-beasts* did not *devour* them, the Fowls did not *meddle* with them, yet we can *reckon* how many have *dyed* by our *eating* their *Carkasses*. We are *afflicted* beyond the *hope*, yea and beyond the *wish* too; of any *recovery*; every day a *greater dislike* of what we have done, *seizes* us, for my part I am e'ne asham'd that I am alive, I dare not look up to the *Sun* or the *Stars*, I call the

dead

dead every foot *happy* Perſons, and being prick'd with the *Gripes* of an *Evil* Conſcience, I judge none in a *better* caſe, than they, who at any *rate* whatever, are laid up in their *long home*. Now alſo I envy our *very food*, I am *ſilent* of what's *paſt*, our *ſtore* and *plenty* hurts us by our *exceſſive* greedineſs; we *throw* down *unſatiably* our long deſired *Food*, and we *choke* our *wearied* hunger with too much *cramming*. And now we *dye*, even by the *relief*, you *brought* us. But the other parts of the *Common-wealth*, which are *appointed* for the uſe of the *People* and *run* to *decay* with *leſs* damage, are eaſily *cur'd* by *repairing* what's *amiſs*. Our *ſtately* Edifices may be *rebuilt*, our Treaſury may be *repleniſhed* again, our *Ships* and Tackle may be *repaired*, but our *wound* here *pierces* deep, *here* our very *heart-blood* is ſtruck at, when the *People* drop down *dead*, and every *Age* and *Sex* are laid low with *never-ceaſing* Funerals. Our *City* is *drain'd*, our *Houſes* are *deſolate*, not a *Man* to be ſeen upon our *Walls*. A *ſad* remembrance of our *once* flouriſhing Condition. Do you ask, how many have periſhed among us? 'Tis the *leaſt* portion, that is left *alive*; which you may know by *this*, they were as many as *ſufficed* an *hungry* and *ravenous* People: Yea, but 'tis very *conſiderable*, how they *came* by their *ends*; They, who *dye* by *Peſtilence*, or they who *dye* in *Battle*, dye *happily*, yea, in a word, every *death*, but *This*, is *ſupportable*: But *cruel* Famine *conſumes* the *Bowels*, it *waſts* the *Entrals*, it is the *Wrack* of the *mind*, the *waſting* of the *Body*, a *Tut'reſs* to do *miſchief*, the moſt *intolerable* of *all* extremities, and the moſt *hated* and *ugliеſt* of *all* miſeries.

ſeries. 'Tis *ſhe*, that makes *noble* hands ſtoop to *baſe* Offices, 'tis *ſhe*, that *throws* us down at other Mens *feet* in a *begging* poſture, *ſhe* oft breaks *Faith* with our *Allys*, *ſhe* hath *adminiſtred Poyſon* openly to the *People*, and *ſhe* hath driven, even *affectionate tender-hearted*, Perſons to *Murther* their *own* Kindred. Yet we had *one* remedy left us, *viz.* not to *ſtay* till the *day* of our *death*, but to *releaſe* our *Souls*, that were a *pining* every day, from all the calamities that were to *ſupervene*; For in a *Famine*, at *laſt* no Man *ſcapes*. Now 'tis true, 'twas not *your* fault, that the *Famine* began; but yet, when we were *wounded* thereby, you *kill'd* us out-right; when we *ſtagger'd* thrô *weakneſs*, you threw us *quite* down; and when we were in a *diſpoſition* to *burn*, you ſet *Fire* to *us*.

Now to deal *fairly* with you, our *miſeries* were of *ſeveral* ſorts; the *beginning* of our *Famine* I lay at *Fortunes* doors, but the fatal *Cataſtrophe* thereof, at *yours*. I diſtinguiſh, between the *time* of your *Voyage*, and the time of your *ſtay*: But I begin *then* to *charge* our *extreme* want upon *you*, ſince we *ſmarted* under it, by *your* means. And therefore, I grant, that the *dearth* of our *Corn* and *Proviſion*, our *thin* harveſt, the *ſlaying* and *pulling* our *Cattle* in pieces, may be *imputed* to *Fortune*, to the barrenneſs of the year, or to the *drougth* of the *ſeaſon*, but we can't *impute* to *her* the *death* of our *People*, nor our ravenous *tearing* of their *Carkaſſes*, nor ſuch *Food* as is worſe than *ſtarving*. *This* part of our *Famine* muſt be *charg'd* upon *your* account, and upon *no* bodies *elſe*. Suppoſe at preſent, to urge nothing *more* againſt you but this *one* thing, *You came later than you might*. I don't *yet* object, that you

you *ſtaid* twice your *time*, nor that you *traverſt* the *Sea* ſo *often too* and *again*, nor your *long lying* at *Anchor*, I don't yet make mention of ſo *much* time *waſted*, as was ſufficient for an *Embaſſy*. If we had nothing to anſwer for, in keeping our *vile Carkaſſes* alive, yet you would have *deſtroy'd* us *all* in *one* ſeaven *days*. For *Famine* hath contracted the *bounds* of *human* life. We *periſh*, we can't *ſubſiſt*. If you have any *pity* at all, make haſt, make *uſe* of every *Gale*, nay if the *winds* be *favourable*, and fill *all* your *ſailes*, yet don't be content with that, but *ply* your *Oars* beſides. For the *publick* life and health is *aboard* you, you are *laden* with the *very Spirit* of your *Countrymen*, that *ſhip* of yours is *fraught* with the *life-blood* of us *all*. We vow and ſwear to the *Gods*, what we'le do, if you *return*, we lye on our *Faces* all along the *ſtaires* of our *Temples*, and make our *Vows*, we *ſtretch* out our *hands*; for as for *ſacrifices to offer*, there's no *ſuch* thing in *nature*. Why do you *bind* our publick *hope* and *expectation* to your *ſinking* Anchors? Time *flies* all the while, and *death* comes on us, all a *flaunt* with *full-ſail*. Make *haſt*, I pray, and our *firſt Founders* will not reach *your merit*, yea the *Gods* themſelves will not do *more* for us. To thee we owe *our ſelves*, our *Children*, and whatever is *dear* to *Men*, to thee we owe whatever thou affordedſt to our *Neighbour-City*. I don't *ſay* all that I could *ſay*, for ſuppoſe you *ſhip* the *vaſt* Waves of the *Sea*; ſuppoſe your *Veſſel* is hid in the *ſurges*, that we can't diſtinguiſh your *Sailes* amidſt the *white hoary foamings* of the *working Main*; ſuppoſe the Sea *wambles* up *ſand* from its *very bottom*, that *Lightnings*

nings flash round about you, that the *Heaven* thunder, that the *Tempest* whistles, while your *Cables* crack, and in fine the Winter *stormy-star* is a *setting*; yet, do you go on *still*, *waft thi*, 'tis *Bread* you carry; it may be you are troubled with *none* of all this, and therefore make the more *hast*. I should have *complain'd* of you, if you had *over-stow'd* your *Ship*, even with *Provi-sions*, when you were *bound* to *return* in so *much* hast; wou'd you had brought but *half* so much. We are not *Coy*, we do not desire *abundance* for our *Luxury*, but any *little tiny* thing at present to save us from *starving*, only to keep *life* and *Soul* together. If we have need of *more* hereafter, you shall go *again*. Our *Jaws* are *dry* and a *faint panting* widens our *Mouthes*. Now *poor Chil-dren* do in vain lament in their *Parents* laps, and *Infants*, not yet *born*, are even sensible of the *Fa-mine* in the *womb*: *Rich* or *Poor*, no difference *now*. We *gape* after the *air*, we *lick* up the *dew*, *now* our *Hope* it self is a *Torment* to us, our *strength* fails us day by day. *Now* we *go* no more to the *Sea-side*, but *despairingly* come back *from* it. The *People* sit upon *High Rocks* to wait for your *Ship*, they *return* no more into the *Pastures*. We even *run* into the very *water*, and all stand *gazing* after *you*, and none but *you*; and when all *fails* we *dye* away. We *dye*, I say, while our *Eyes* are *set* in waiting for *Thee*, and our *dead bodies* pitch into the *Sea*. When we saw any *white Cloud* shine from the *reflection* of the *Sun*, *that* was your *Ship* straight; how *oft*, when the *hoary waves* were *broken* with the *wind*, did we call it, *your Sailes*. Oh, the *unsteady* hopes of the *miserable*!

how

ow do they *incline* to every *ſpill* of *comfort* upon
very *little* occaſion? Nay, *ſay* we, *this* certain-
y is his *Ship*, look ye, ſhe is under *ſail*, ſhe *draws*
earer and nearer, and, as ſhe *makes* her *way*,
e ſeems *bigger* and *bigger*. It muſt be *Ours*, ſhe
as had a *fair* wind *going* and *coming*, the *winds*
ave been *govern'd* according to our *Prayers* and
iſhes. This is our *Note*, *mean while* our *Fancy'd*
ip vaniſhes away. Then we do nothing but
ule and *deſpair*, and hate even our *very life*:
r nothing *torments* Men more *grievouſly*, than
eir *diſappointed hopes*. We could not ſo much as
k or *inquire* after you, for no Man *put* a *ſhore*.
ere we were *all* in *ſuſpence*, and *knew* not *what*
do, no *news* at *all* of *any thing* for our good.
we cou'd but have *known*, *where* you had *ſold*
ur *Corn*, we would have *fetch'd* it, ourſelves.
ut how were our *minds* changed every *minute*?
e *ſaid*, 'tis very well, the *Sun* ſet *clear*, 'tis like
be a *pure* day, and the *wind* ſits *for* us. *Now*
e, *he'le come*. In the mean time, we are in an
ncertain *ſtarving* condition, our *hunger puts* us
from *time* to *time*, yet ſo, that ſhe *reckons every*
ot, how *long* ſhe has to *live*: Yet, what is ſhe
e *better*, hitherto? You remember, when the
nd began to *blow contrary*, and the Waves were
rryed from the *ſhore* to the *main*, what *publick*
ailing, what *Lamentation* was there, *He will be*
back, (ſaid they) *he will run a ground*, *he will*
diſtreſſed. But, if it pleaſe *Heaven*, Our *Com-*
ſioner might *then* ſail with the moſt proſperous
etze of *all*. Whilſt we, in this *unfortunate*
d *heavy* caſe, were thus *employ'd* in our *thoughts*;
hold, *you* were *traverſing* all the *Creeks* and

Bays

Bays of the *Sea*, and were *Cruising* all along the *ſhore*, according to the *turning* and *winding* of the *Land*. At *this* rate, you may take *pleaſure* in keeping the *Sea* long enough; you ſcap'd no *fair* *weather*, you viſited every *famous* City, yet let me not *lye*, you *touch'd* too upon a *City* in *Famine*, as well as *we*. Moreover, if when poſſibly you complain of *Fear* only, I can't endure your *ſo*, how can I *ſufficiently accuſe* and *charge* you, if you make your *Markets* there too? You *rob* us of our very *life* and give it to *another*, you expoſe our *health* and *ſafety*. The *Publick* Innocency which for a *long while* could not be *valued*, you *huckſter* away and *ſell*. Our *Corn* we loſt not by *Shipwrack* or *Pyracy*, no, we loſt it by *filthy* *lucre*. A *Tempeſt* might poſſibly have driven a *Ship* on the *ſtrand*, and the *Waves* might have ſwallow'd up all a numerous *Fleet*; but we *loſt* our *Corn*, becauſe our *Fleet* came ſafe to *ſhore*; That we ſent an *Agent*, forſooth, to another *City*, and like *poor devoted Souls*, we *ſtarve* while our *Neighbours* fill'd their *bellies* with our *dainties*. Now we have no more *ſpirit* left in us, we ſtand upon the very *brink* of death, we *wait* for our *Agent* and our *Corn* with an *open mouth*, when *alas!* our *Fleet*, mean while, makes a *Trading Voyage* on and *barters* for the *plenty* of a *Neighbour City*. The *Ship* was *almoſt* come in *ken*, when he *turn'd* back and there was but a *ſmall* matter between and *ſeeing* the *duſt* of our *Corn-heaps*; ſo much time ha's paſt, ſince we *club'd* our *Money*, and ſince we *Commiſſion'd* him for our *Envoy*. Now reckoning the *time*, which the *proſperous* wind made to ſeem *ſhorter*, I am dayly in *hope*, of certain

ainly he is *now*! But ſtay, our *Commiſſioner* is ut juſt *now* gon to *buy*. To *thee* therefore I im- ute ſo *many deaths* of our *Country-men*, and ſo *reat* a *deſtruction* of our *People*. To *thee*, I ſay, imputo the *lamentable* havock of *Parents* and *Children*: Yea, what we have *ſuffer'd*, and, that which is *worſe*, what we have *done* too, all lies *at thy* door.

And do you hope, that the *moiſt'ning double Money* will drive the *Odium* of your *great wickedneſs* out of our minds? Alas, you know not how *many* things you have *ſold*. *I ſold it for double*, ſay you! What did our *miſery* entice you to *turn* Merchant? That I ſuffred my *own Country-men* to dye for *hunger*; that I undid my *own* City to ave *yours*; that I *tack'd about*, when I was ſo *neat* heir *ſhore*, that I can't come back at the *day*, *What* is it *worth*? What will you *give* me *under-hand*? *Double*, de' ſay? Alas that will *only* help me to make my *excuſe* to my *Country-men*. But ve, like a *Pack* of *ſilly Fools*, did complain of *Fa- mine, intolerable* and miſerable *ſcarcity* lay *heavy* pon us, *death* ſtood ready at the *door*. Are we ot *bound* to give *thanks* to our *Induſtrious* Agent *Iron*. Our *People* dye *round* the *Town*, the *richer* for him. Our *religious Merchant*, without doubt, hath ound out a *fit* time to *ſell* his *Cargo*. I *wonder* n my *heart*, ſeeing your *Market* was ſo *good*, why ou did not *bring* us home our uſe *Money*? *I ſold for double as much*, ſays he. You *deceiv'd* our *Neighbour-City*, you *fetch'd* 'm off, ſo that they re *angry* with you for it. *I ſold it*, ſays he again, or *double*. It muſt needs come to *that*, when ou *tranſport it thither*, you muſt *ſell* it ſo *high*.

They considered your *Voyage*, they considered the *Interest* of your *Money*; I, for my part, am *glad* that you *sold* it for so much; for now it appears *plainly*, that there was *no force* at all upon *you*. But if you once make an *Out-cry* and *Publick sale* of our *life* and *health*, if you will admit *Chap-men* to buy *theirs*, pray, let *us* know *that*, you will make the *better Market*. We are ready to *amass* all that we have in our *Houses*, and *all* that we have in our *Temples*, and *all* that the *City* can *call* her *own*, to *traffick* with you. Let all the *Money*, we have, *rebuy* the *Corn*, we'l *sell* our *Liberty* for it, we'l *deliver* up our *Territories*. Thô our *Neighbour-City* promise thee all the *same*, yet she cannot do *more*. Let *us* have the *benefit*, that *Chapmen* use to have, we *paid* our Money *beforehand*. Here's *Treble*, *Quadruple*, take *as much* as you can *ask*, take it, and with *that Money* go and *buy Corn*, and *transport* it freely, that it be to our *Neighbours*. If you *allow* us nothing of our *own* Provisions, then we'l e'ne *sell ourselves* to our *Neighbour-City*. We are *content* to be *Slaves*, where there's something to put in our *heads*. 'Tis no *pedling* matter *this*, we *traffick* for our *Life*, for a place of *Burial*, and for our *untainted Innocence*: This *Provision* cannot be *bought* so *dear*, as it *cost* us to *expect* it.

But, *says he*, unless I had *sold* it to *that City*, the *Famine* was so *great*, I was *afraid* they would have taken it away by *Force*. And therefore *forsooth*, you would *prevent 'em*, that *you* might be the *only* Person, to do us the *wrong*. Certainly, *My Lords*, you are *mightily mistaken* in your *opinions*, if you think that *any* Cause, that never

Iron.

never ſo *evident*, can be brought into a *Court*, that not ſo much as *a lye* can be caſt over it, to cover its *nakedneſs*. He *defends* himſelf with his *own* ſurmiſes; and where *no body* can *diſapprove* a Man, he brings *himſelf* as his *own* Witneſs. You were not *ſolicitous*, leſt *we* ſhould have *periſhed*; you were not *afraid*, that the *Proviſions* ſhould come a *day* after the *Fair*, I mean, after the *day* of our *death*. Thô our *miſery* was *ſuch*, that we could well *ſtrange* at *nothing*, yet, I confeſs, notwithſtanding our *Fears* of *Tempeſts* and doubtful *hazards* at *Sea*, we never *fear'd* we ſhould *loſe* our *Corn*, and yet our *Fleet* ſafe the while. Suppoſe they *pretended* to take it by *Force*; ſuppoſe that a *Company* of *People* ſtood upon the *ſhore*, like a pack of *Robbers*, to *ſeize* it, whether you wou'd *or no*: I don't ſay now, *reſiſt* them, *avoid* them, or *entreat* them. But this I ſay, you ſhould tell 'm, you would either *burn* or *ſink* your *Ship*, rather than all the *Proviſion* ſhould be loſt to the true *Owners*, in the *Caſe* they are in; give *them ſome*, *gratis* if you will, ſo that you bring home a *little* to *us* to keep us *alive*: Nay, which is the *wofulleſt* thing of *all*, *ſuffer* them *to take* it by *Force*. Let *Fortune* do her *pleaſure*, an *Envoy* muſt not *depart* from his *Precept*. At leaſt, you ſhould ha' made us *acquainted* with our *wrong*, you ſhou'd ha' *diſpatch'd* a *Meſſenger* to us, then we wou'd all ha' *forget* our *hunger*, we would ha' took up *Arms* in a *fury*, and ha' *ran* out every Man, to *beleagure* that *curſed ugly City*, without *Liſting* ourſelves or ſtaying for a *Muſter*. In the mean time, I will *plunder* their *Borders*, that is to ſay, I will *feed* on

anothers *Common*. If I can *catch* any *Cattle* on their *Grounds*, I'le *quarter* 'm, my *Hoſtility* ſhall *maintain* me. You ſhall *ſooner* arrive at the *Corn* this way, than *you* will make your return *therewith*. The *juſt Military Oaths* we have taken will *encourage* us to *fight*. If *Fortune* ſhall part *ſtakes* betwixt us, I mean to receive *Proviſion* more than my *own* ſhare; if not, I hope, I ſhall have the privilege to dye *honourably*. Let's come *hand to hand*, and *Charge* 'm in the *Field*; Let 'm *then* retire within their *Walls* and the *Seidge* hold *longer*, yet *even then* we had better *live* on our *Enemies* Carkaſſes, than our *Own*. But *alas*, there was no *Force* at all, no external *violence* offer'd, no body in the World took away any of your *Corn*. We are made miſerable, after a *Legal* way, we are undone by the very *Conditions*, we made with our *own Envoy*. He *ſold what* he wou'd, and *for as much* as he wou'd; and perhaps, that he might add *this* delay alſo to our *Expectation*, he *uſed* many *words* over his *Corn*, to put it off the *better*. All the *Money* was *very honeſtly* paid. How do I infer *this*, *ſay you?* Thus, *my Lords*, He that *ſells* for what *price* he will, may chuſe whether he will *ſell* or *no*. For, *judg* you, if they both *cou'd* and *wou'd* have taken away another Man's *Corn* by force, why did they *pay* a double *price* for it? For as in a great *ſcarcity*, whatever can be *bought* is *cheap*, ſo when you can have it for *nothing*, 'tis *dear* to pay *double* the *worth*. But you may believe me, *that* is but a *colourable* excuſe, and a *Plea* meditated before-hand at *leiſure*. There *never* was, or can be, *ſuch a Famine*, as *Ours*. The *Conſtellations* of *Heaven* *the*

this year, were ſo *malign* to us, and the *Fate* of our *People* ſo *hard*, that not *only* what we *ſow'd*, but alſo what we *brought*, *fail'd* us. We ſent for *Corn* with *ready* Money, a *ready* Fleet, a *ready Commiſſioner*, the *wind* was fair, the *Voyage* proſperous, yet for all this, we *loſt* our *Proviſion*. Alas, we are *further* off from our *Corn*, than ever. Our *Merchant* might *ply* frequently to *that City*, and bring his *laden* Fleet *thither*. *They* had no need to ſend any *Commiſſioners*; they *need* not fetch *Proviſion* from *afar* off: it *hapned* to them, as when *Corn* is moſt *plenty*, when there's *wealth* enough, and *Money* at *will*, they need *buy* nothing, but what was *brought home* to their *own* doors. So that there was *no* reaſon for *that* fear, you *pretend*, nor was any thing of *Force offer'd* you. You made *choice* of your *Market*, and becauſe you thought you had *time* enough, you wou'd make *bargains* by the *way*. *I thought*, *they wou'd ha' robb'd me*, ſay you; *robb'd me*, doſt ſay? Why, O *thou naughty Man*, if thou didſt fear *that*, why would'ſt thou *put in there*? Thou, being a *Traveller*, having a *great charge* about thee, doſt thou take up thy *Lodging* among *Thieves*? doſt thou *run* our *publick* Proviſion on the *rock* of *ſcarcity*, on purpoſe to *caſt it away*? And doſt thou bring the *Anchors* of thy Fleet, that's full of *Corn*, before a *Famiſh'd City*? Would you not *keep off* from them, as from *dangerous Quick-ſands*, and from the *All-devouring Charybdis*? ſhould you not ha' made all the *ſail* you cou'd, to *ſcape* 'm? The *credit* of your *Embaſſy* was never more *dangerouſly Ship wrack'd*, than amongſt *them*: You *your ſelf* were the *Cauſe*, that you *Iron.*

might have been *pillag'd*, and that your Corn might have been *taken* away, by your *coming thither*: We ſhall have *juſt* ſo much, as the *Mouths* of their *hungry bellies* have *left* us. What doſt thou *boaſt* of thy *double* gain? They might have *chous'd*, whether they wou'd ha' *paid* thee or Great. The *Corn*, you brought back, is *their* kindneſs, not *yours*.

Now here's another *Lye* coyn'd. *I was driven in thither*, ſays he, *by a ſtorm*. Indeed! Are you ſo *unhappy* a *Sea-man*, that the *winds* do not *anſwer* your *wiſhes*? Do we not know, that thou hadſt a *better* Voyage, than we could *expect*? Can we be ignorant, that you made *Two Voyages* for Two *Freights*? Can we be ignorant, that in *one Expedition*, the *winds* were *proſperous* no leſs than *Four* times? 'Tis enough, our *Nay* for your *Yea*. Don't hope, to put your *Shams* and *Cheats* thus, upon our *poor City*? By what *damage* can you make out your *ſtorm*? What *loſs* did you *ſuſtain*? To be ſure, all the *Corn* came ſafe to *harbour*, neither were you in any *ſtreſs* at all; Tho' you pretend your *Ships* were *over-laden*, yet, it ſeems, they could carry *double* the *Freight*. You can't complain that your *Tackle* was *diſorder'd*, that your *Cables* were *'tangled*, or, the *folds* of your *Sails rent*; No, your *Fleet* went *quickly out*, and, as a *ſign* that 'twas not *endamag'd* at all, it made as *quick* a *return*. Moreover, if a *Tempeſt* had drove you to *one* point, could not you *turn* your *Sailes* to the *other*? If you can't go any *further*, then *land* ſhort. But by all means, avoid your *Robbers*, avoid *thoſe* that will not let you *ſtir out* again. If *nothing* elſe can be done, the

go *halves* with the *ſtorm*, and run your *Ship* aground on ſome *deſert* ſhore. But what did we get, by *avoiding* the *ſtorm*? To what purpoſe did our *Fleet* withdraw from the *Frowning* ſtormy weather? All of *us*, you ſee, were *Shipwrack'd* in the *very Haven*; and we loſt our *Corn*, when our *Fleet* was at *Anchor*. But, ſays he, *I did bring Corn, yea and a double Quantity too.* Oh, what an *happy People* are we! Now let's *break* our *Bellies* with *cramming*, let's *eat* for the *time* we ha' *loſt*, and let's *recompenſe* our *ſtarving* with *cruel gutling*. Have you brought *Corn*, d'e *ſay*? Ay, but *Phyſick* is too *late* to put into a *dead Mans* Mouth. Will any Man *pour* on *Water*, when the *Fire* is out? Does not even the † *Novendial Solemnity* come *too late*, when a *People* is *wholly extinct*? What do not I now ſtand in need of *Corn*? You take away the *Plank* from a *Perſon* that's *periſhing* by *Shipwrack*; after he is *drown'd* you offer him your *Ship*. *'Tis a double Quantity*, you'l ſay. Pray, *ſhoot* it out over their *Graves*, and *mete* it over their *Tombs*. *There* are the *Gentlemen*, that gave you your *Commiſſion*. What have you effected by *bringing* us *Corn*, but to make us *repent* of what we have done, *hitherto*? Now I am more *aſhamed*, than I was; now I could *chide* my *feeding*, yeſterday I might have *refrained*. Oh *ſad*! In what a *wicked* poſture did your *Proviſions* find me? Do you thus *cry Quits*? Hitherto, we have had nothing; but *now*, forſooth, we have *enough* and to *lay up* too? But who will ever *adjuſt neceſſaries* with *ſuperfluities*. You brought *double*, but to them that are *gon*, you brought *nothing* at *all*. But we can't now *undo* what we have *done*; what

† *A Solemnity held nine days after the deceaſe of a Perſon, amongſt the* Romans.

Iron.

comes too *late* is *commonly* as good as *nothing*. But such *things* are more *precious*, and *rarer*, according to the *Critical minute*. Would you know, what *difference* there is, between *This* time and *That*? *Try* then your *Market*, *now* you can't *sell* the *whole* of what you have, for *half* the price.

There is only *one Plea* remaining, and therein lyes all the *hope* of his *desperate* and *profligate Cause*. *I came*, says he, *at the day*. Stay here, at least a while, *my Lords*, this *Excuse* is scarce tolerable, deep *sorrow overwhelms* me. Dost thou *protract* our *publick shame* and *confusion* thus *far*, thô desperate and as it were *buried* under-ground long before? Why did we not *wait* so long? Why did we not hold out our hunger, till the *appointed* day, *forsooth*? Why did we venture on so *great* wickedness, before? Our *Publick* Case, *my Lords*, hangs in this *Ballance*, either he did, what he *did*, *too slow*; or we, *too soon*. This was that, *forsooth*, that you *staid* for; and that you might not *supererogate* in your *duty*, by *returning* too *soon*, you *trifl'd* out the time on *purpose*. There was *nothing* of *storm* in the Case, nor was there any *violence* offer'd you by *any City*, you made a *stop* for this *one* reason *only*, because your *day* prefix'd was not *yet* come. How, have we so *soon* forgot our *Publick* Woes then? Are we so bemop'd at our new-come *Provisions*, as to be able to *bear* such *Pleas*, as *these*? Can this *one pretence* make the *guiltiest* Man, that *we*, or our *Fore-fathers* before us, ever *heard* of, *clearly Innocent*? This *Confounder* and *Destroyer* of our *City*, unless we can *capitally* punish him, let him be quitted. Our *Defendant* is return'd with this in his *mouth*, I

Iron.

return'd

return'd at the very day, you yourſelves gave me. But ſtay, if you had been *hindred* by *Tempeſt* and ſo had came *too late*, then, I warrant you, you would have *laid* the *Fault* upon the *ſtormy* Sea, or the *croſs ſcanty Winds*, and you would have *thought*, you had made a *ſufficient Excuſe*, *only* by ſaying, *I could not poſſibly come any ſooner.* And the *truth* is, we allow'd for this *in our thoughts*, and *that* was the *reaſon* we *gave* you ſo *long* a day. 'Tis true, *we gave you that day*; but becauſe you made a *quicker Market*, than we *expected*, your *Voyage* was *above* our wiſhes. Your *Fleet* cou'd arrive *ſoon enough* at our *Neighbour-City*. Can I be ſufficiently *incens'd* againſt you? Good Fortune *we* had ſent us, and you *deſtroy'd* it. You *out-ſtaid* your *time*; you exceeded your *day*, as much as in *you* lay: We can *ſuffer* no *worſe* than we *do*, but our *ſuffering* need not have been ſo *long*. Make the beſt *advantage* of your *favourable* Winds, of your *happy* Current and of your *rich liberal* City, that *ſold* you as much *Corn* as was enough for *Two* Cities, for *us* your *Country-men*. Boaſt you never ſo much of your *ſpeed*, yet *compute*, I *beſeech* you, from the time that you *firſt* touch'd at our *Neighbour-Port*, with your *full-Freighted* Fleet, how *ſlow haſt* you have made, from thence? But, *forſooth*, he *defends* himſelf by his *ſincere intention*; and he *asks*, what *reaſon* he could have, to *plague* his *own* City. The truth is, *This* I ſhould have *ask'd* of him. But, *my Lords*, I cannot *inſiſt* on every *particular*; If I had a *mind* to ask *Queſtions*, I cou'd *ask* many. Your *Merchants* uſe, they *ſay*, beſide their open *over-hand* price, to *agree* for ſomething for *themſelves*, *under-hand*,

hand, too, especially when they *sell* for *ready* Man. 'Tis likely at *first* he intended such *gain*, as I speak of, but *afterwards* at *leisure* it came into his *mind*, how he should *order* his *Plea* and *manage* his *Excuse*. Perhaps he *sold* the *Corn* upon the *prospect* of *gain*, but he *bought more*, to make his *defence*: Perhaps he might *curry Favour* with the *City* he *relieved*, and might have some secret *grudges* against his *own*, which (*God* knows) many times will arise from *slight* Causes. *Many* things offer themselves, *my Lords*, but (if you will *believe* me) *none* more *intolerable* than this, that he *destroy'd* his *own City* without any Cause in the world. Whatever your *Reason*, or your *Intention* was, pray mark *what* we have *suffered*, since the *time*, you might have been *with us*. I shall not mention the *Plague* of our *scarcity*, the *meagerness* of our *bodies*, nor our *Food grub'd* out of the Ground, or *peel'd off* the *boughs* of *Trees*; nor that our *Altars* were *bare* of *Sacrifices*; and that our *People laid* the *High-ways* with their *Bodies*, and that the *Beggar* knew not where, to ask a *Penny*. I would not have *thee serv'd*, as we were. Oh *woful* remembrance! O *guilt* of Conscience, *worse* than all *Tortures* whatsoever! Break ope our *Breasts* of *steel*, shake from thence our *daring* Cruelty, and our *Food* yet *alive* and *stirring* within us. The very *Souls* do *strive* in our *Paunches*, and *dead* Persons *stuff* our *Bellies*, so that they *start* out again. We have made all *impossible* old stories *Credible*, *Happiness* joyn'd with *Misery*, *Innocence* with *Villany*. All the *destructions* whatsoever, that *Fame* has ever *recorded*, may fetch *encouragement* from *hence*: Here you may meet

meet with *Murther* without *Blood-ſhed*, and Men *buried* without a *Funeral*. Whoever *feigned* the *Stories* of the *Cyclops*, of the *Leſtrigones*, of *Sphynx*, or of the *Yelpings* of *Sylla's Groyn*, heard over all the *Coaſt* of *Sicily*, and whatever I *learn'd* at *home* when I was a *boy*, and *now* ſeek for a *Parallel*, *here* they may all borrow both *Proof* and *Credit*. Some of thoſe *Stories* are baſely *falſe*; as that of *Thyeſtes*, where the *Sun* did never *ſet* at *noon*, nor made any *night*, when his *Brother Atreus feaſted* him with *Mans Fleſh*. I am ſure, the *Sun* ſaw us *Feed* upon human *Bloody* Carkaſſes, and it *ſhone* upon *us* when we *unbowell'd Mens* Bodies, to *eat* them. *Monſtrous* impiery was *acted* in the open *Air*; and our *City*, with one *bloody* mouth, committed *inexpiable* Villany. *Now* we are *puniſhed* with ſomething *more*, than *Famine*. Some even of the *wild Beaſts* would not be guilty of *ſuch* Feeding, and thô *dumb Animals* want *Reaſon*, yet moſt of them *feed* on *harmleſs Food*, as they have *always* uſed. And if any of them *chance* to faſten their *Teeth* on *us*, that they may *devour* human Fleſh, yet they don't *tear* one another; and there is no *Creature* ſo *ravenous* upon the *Face* of the *Earth*, but has ſome *reſpect*, and as it were *reverence*, for its *own Species*. But we, *Men*, to whom *Divine Providence* hath allotted a *gentler* Food, who have the *privilege* to live in *ſocieties*, to delight in *mutual* converſe, and to behold the *Stars* of *Heaven* with our *exterior* and *interior* Eyes, have even done, what was *never* ſeen *before*. We have *imprinted* the *marks* of our *black-hunger-teeth* on dead *human*

Car-

Carkaſſes, and we draw back our *lips* betwee
the *Famine* and the *Horrour*, as *unreſolv'd*, whe
we have *begun*, whether we were beſt *bite* or n
We *tumble* our *dead* all along to their *Funerals*
and we *run* as *thick* to their *Graves*, as if w
were to ſee *your Ships* a *coming*. One Man per-
haps is *breathing* out his *laſt gaſp*, yet he make
a *ſhift* to *hold* out, becauſe he thinks another
will go *before* him; *each* looks, *which* ſhall dye
firſt; and if any one lives the *longer* by the *Fan-
cy* of his *hope*, he *ſtruggles* with himſelf, whether
he ſhould *bite* or *forbear*. Every one do's not
ſtay, till they be *dead*, the *Father* ha's a *ſtomach*
for his *Children*; and the *Mother*, being *grieved*
that her *time* is *out*, *brings* forth not a *Son* but
a *Dinner*; her *Infant*, being *mangled* in *pieces*,
returns into her *own body* again. *All* men make
faſt their *doors*, that *none* many take away their
Dead from them. All our *Riches* lye in our
Carkaſſes: And, like *inauſpicious* birds, we ſtand
gaping over *thoſe*, that are *giving* up the *Ghoſt*.
Poor wretched People run into *Holes* and *Corners*,
they *fly* into *ſolitary deſert* places; and when
they find no *hope* of *life* remains, they *dye*, *un-
ſeen*: Sometimes they, that are *ready* to *dye*,
fly to the *Beaſts*. *Gape* and *cleave* aſunder, O
Earth, and, (if it be *lawful* to wiſh it) ſwal-
low up this *Guilty* City to the loweſt *pit* of *Hell*.
We *pollute* the very *Air* with our *infected breath*,
we are a *loathſome ſpectacle* to the *Sun* and the
day, we raiſe an *Odium* upon *Humanity* it ſelf.
We *deſpair* of any *Fruits* to feed on *now*; we
deſerve not, that the *Gods* ſhould be *favourable*
and *propitious* to us. How ſhall my *wicked-*
neſs

dneſs and I be *parted*? To *what remote* part of the *World*, to *what inhoſpitable* Sea, ſhall I retire? Verily, upon *ſight* of my *Wickedneſs*, the *Torches* of the *Furies* do *ſcare* my *Guilty Soul*; and, as oft as I *recollect* what I have *done*, I feel the *laſhes* of an *avengeful* mind. The Black *Goddeſſes* haunt me; and, which way ſoever I turn my ſelf, the *Ghoſts* of my *devoured Friends* *ſtare* in my *Face*. I know not what *Puniſhments neſtle* in my *Breaſt*; and that I may not *ſcape* theſe *Fears*, even by my *Death*, the grievous *torments* of *Hell* do *ſeize* me before-hand, as *Ixions* Wheel, and old *Tantalus* his *playſome* Tree. What? Can there be any *Puniſhment*, even in *Hell* it ſelf, *greater* than *Famine*? Yet *this* was all his *Puniſhment*, who ſet *Mans Fleſh* on the *Table* before the *Gods*. The * *Stone hovers* over *us*, the *Iron-gates* open for us, 'tis upon our account that *Minos* his *Urn* now is ſet, as our inconſumptible *Liver*, that's dayly renew'd, (for *Prometheus's Eagle* or *Vulture*,) for in *Hell itſelf* none but Ravenous *Birds* feed upon *Mans Fleſh*. The *Ghoſts* of our *buried Kindred* *ſtare* upon us, on the *Bank-ſide*. *Alas*, *Alas*! Is *all* this *true*, or do *I only fancy* it? I ſee the *Ghoſts torn* and *mangled*, and their *Bodies* wanting, here a *Leg* and there an *Arm*. Look ye, what's yonder? The *Ghoſts* of our *Country-men riſe*, not out of their *Graves*, nor do they *iſſue* from any *Gulph* of the *gaping Earth*; no, they come out of the *Crowd*. *Meddle* not with *us*, *get* you *thither*, thruſt your *Torches* in *His* Face, hit *him with* your *ſtinging Snakes*, and make *him* give an *account*, *why he ſtaid ſo long*.

* *Of Siſyphus.*

Let

Let him tell *you*, *I brought double*: Let him *plead* to *you*, *I came at my time*. For my part, if I ſhall ſee a *ſufficient Penalty* inflicted upon *him*, I may *then* render ſome reaſonable *account why I liv'd ſo long*.

Apes

Apes Pauperis,

OR,

The *Poor Mans* BEES.

DECLAMATION XIII.

The Argument.

The Law *allows an* Action *of the* Caſe, *(as they call it) for a* damage *wrongfully* ſuſtained. The Caſe. *There was a* Poor *Man and a* Rich *in the* Country, *that were* near *Neighbours, ſo that their* Gardens *adjoin'd* one *to t'other. The* Rich *Man had* Flowers *in his* Garden, *the* Poor *Man had a* Stock *of* Bees. *The* Rich Neighbour *complain'd, that his* Flowers

Flowers *were* nip't *and* injur'd *by the* Poor *Mans* Bees; *whereupon he gave him* Order *to* remove *them.* *The* Poor *Man not being* willing *ſo to do, What do's the* Rich, *but* ſprinkle over all *his* Flowers *with* plain Poyſon. *So that the* Poor *Mans* Bees *were* all kill'd. *The* Poor *Man* impleads *the* Rich *in an* Action of Damage, *for doing him ſo much* Wrong.

For the Poor Man *againſt the* Rich.

I Believe, *my Lords*, it will ſeem a *wonder* to *many*, that I, being a *mean* Man, and but *poor*, even before *I loſt* what I had, ſhould dare to ſue a *Rich* Man at *Law*, eſpecially a *Neighbour* and a *known Huff*, of *try'd hard-heartedneſs*, and one, that, being of ſo *great* an *Eſtate*, muſt needs be a *dangerous Enemy*, even thô he had had no *Poyſon* at *all* by him. Nor am I my ſelf *ignorant* of this *danger*, having *found* by *coſtly Experience*, how *much* it coſt me *once*, that I did not preſently *obey* his *Command*. But, *my Lords*, even this *Nuſance* of mine muſt needs be hardly *tolerable* for a *Poor Man*, when, we ſee, the *Rich* are *concern'd* at ſuch *inconſiderable damages*. And althô I have *now* almoſt *nothing* left, that I can *loſe*, at leaſt if I ſhall *have* no *ſatisfaction*, yet it will be ſome *comfort* to me to endure the *Anger*, rather than the *Contempt* of my *Rich Neighbour*. And verily, I have no *reaſon* to *deſire* to *live* any *longer*, if, *over* and *above* all the *affronts* of my *low condition*, that I have *my* thing, it muſt *walk for't*; and if I *loſe* it, that muſt ſay *Mum*. *One* thing, I beſeech you, *my Lords*, that the *Cauſe* of my *ſuit* may not ſeem *low* your *Dignities* to take into *conſideration*. To be *ſure*, you can't *expect*, that a *Poor Man* ſhould

loſe any *great matter*, but be it never ſo *little* the *Rich Man* hath taken away, *yet* the *leſs* (I hope) is *behind*. And yet, who can think it *much*, that a *Few Bees* ſhould be *vindicated* by *Form* of *Law*, when a *Few Flowers* ſhall be *vindicated*, even with no *leſs* than *Poyſon*? Yet, *my Lords*, thô I am *utterly* undone, and *debarr'd* from all hope of *ſuſtaining* my ſelf in my *Low condition*, I ſhould have *took it* more *contentedly*, if, for any *Fault* of *mine* he had conceiv'd *Anger* againſt me, his *Anger* had been *juſt*, thô his *Puniſhment* had been *unjuſt*. But for *all* I can *ſee*, thô I have *conſidered* all things; the *Rich Man* can *object nothing* againſt *me*, but *only* that I was his *Neighbour*.

My Lords, I have a *ſmall* piece of *Ground* which was *left* me by my *Father*, 'tis but a *ſcantling*, neither *planted* like a *Vineyard*, nor *fruitful* like a *Corn-Field*: It has no *rich Meadow*, only a little *dry Glebe*, and a *bank* or two of low humble *Thyme*, and a *ſmall poor Cottage* in the *Incloſure*. Yet, I muſt needs ſay, I *lik'd* it the *better*, if 'twere but for *this*, that 'twas not *within ſight* of the *Rich Mans Covetize*. In this *little Cell*, *Hermitage*, as it were, for a Man to *live* in, *far more* from the *buſtle* of the *City*, I *reſolv'd* to pass my *contemptible* days, *far* from any *Ambition* and the deſire of a *greater* Fortune; and ſo, *quietly* to *ſteal* away the *time*, whilſt my *Age* paſs'd this on all the *Troubles* that, by *Natures* Law, fall to our *ſhare*. This little *ſpot* of *Ground* and low *Country Cottage*, a *Contented* mind made a *Kingdom* to me, and I had *Riches* enough, that I *deſir'd* no more. But to *what* purpoſe? Thô I thus *ſneak'd* in *private*, yet, it ſeems *Envy* has *found* me out. Yet

firſt, *my Lords*, no *Neighbour* was I to the *Rich Man*, but Men of *equal condition* with *my ſelf* liv'd *round about* me; and there were many little *Farms*, which our Friendly *Neighbour-hood* did *manage*, every Man his *own Tenement*. But *now*, what was a *Common* before to maintain *all* of *us*, is come to be the *Peculiar Garden* of *one Rich Neighbour*. After the *Rich Mans Ground* had enlarg'd *itſelf*, and *over-run* all *Ours* by *pulling* down our *Mounds* and *Hedges*; it came to *thus*, that our *Tenements* were laid *flat* and *level* with the *Ground*, the *Rooms*, wherein we offer'd *Sacrifices* to our *Lares*, were *deſtroy'd*, and the old *Tenants* were ſent away *packing*, with their *Wives* and *Children*, to ſeek their *Fortunes*, yet giving, *Poor Hearts*, many a *heavy look*, backward: And thus the *large Common*, ſpoken of before, became the *divided* and *ſingle Property* of the *Rich Man*, when his *Ground* reached ſo far, as to *my Poor Acres*. As for *my ſelf*, *my Lords*, while I was *ſtrong* enough to do *hard work*, I *delv'd* the *Ground* with *Spade* in *hand*, and I *maſter'd* the *difficulty* by *diligent labour*, and I even *wrung* out ſomething of *Fruitfulneſs* from the *Ground*, thô it were *ſtubborn* and as it were *unwilling* to yeeld it. *Time* flies *ſwift* away, *my Lords*, and Age makes me *ſtoop*; my ſtrength, which was my *Eſtate*, is gone; and my *Old Age*, ſpent by *Labour*, being a great part of *Death*, hath *already ſeiz'd* me, and hath left me *nothing*, but *my diligence*. When I *conſidered* with *my ſelf*, what *kind* of *employment* was *fitteſt* for my *weak Old Age*, I had ſome *thoughts* to turn *Herdſman*, and to maintain my *Poor* Body by looking to *Flocks* of *Cattle*; but

the *Rich Mans Ground* lay all ſo *cloſe* and *thick* about me, that I had ſcarce a *ſmall Path* for *egreſs* and *regreſs*. Then *ſaid* I to *my ſelf*, what can I do? I am *clos'd* in, on every ſide, with the *Forteſs* of a *great Eſtate*. On *this* ſide ly the *Rich Mans Gardens*; his *Meadows*, on *that*; *here* are his *Vineyards*; *there*, his *Parks*; and there is no *Foot-way* to *ſtir* out. I will go *get* me ſome *little Creature*, that can *fly* over *all*. And what *Creature*, I pray, has *Nature* found out, *better* than a *Bee*? *Bees* are *frugal*, *ſure*, *laborious*: Oh *Poor* pretty *Animals*, like to us, *Poor Men*? And indeed the *convenience* of my *Garden* gave me an *opportunity* to keep 'm. For 'tis *ſcituate* to the *Riſing* of the *Winter-Sun*, *open* and *pervious* to the *Air*, and *ſecur'd* from all *Winds*. There's a ſmall *Drill* paſſes by it, ariſing from a *Fountain* hard by, with a *green Bank* on *both* ſides, where the *clear* water makes a little *murmuring*, and the white bright *Pebbles* ſhine *thrô* it. *Here* I had ſome *Flowers* growing among the *Quickſets*, and a Green *Brier-ſhet*, thô but of a *Few* Trees, which was the *Firſt* place where I ſet my *Hive*; and from whence I have *oft* taken *many* a *good Swarm*, that did e'ne *over-lade* the *Bough* it *pitch'd* upon. Now was I ſo much *pleas'd*, that I gather'd *Honey* from the *Combs*, that *ſo* I might maintain *my* ſelf in my *poverty* by carrying *ſomething* into the *City* to *ſell*, for the *Rich* to *eat*; as that I had *ſomething* to *do* in my *Old Age*, the better to paſs away the *wearineſs* and *Tædium* thereof. It was a *Pleaſure* to me, to *wreath* the *tender Twigs* to make Hives for the *Spring-ſwarms*, and to *cloſe* the gaping *chinks* with *ſticking* Clay, leſt the *Summer-Sun*

Su

Sun or *Winter-cold* might *pierce* the *Laden Hive*; or to ſet ſome *Honey* for my *weak* and *wearied* Bees; or when the *Swarms* were *up*, to make a *Tinckling din* with *Braſs*, that they might not *fly* away; or to appeaſe their *Fighting* by *throwing* up of *duſt*: And then, leſt any *danger* ſhould happen, at leaſt to particular *Bees*, I *ſcar'd* away the *Birds* of *Prey*, and kept off many *ſmall inconſiderable Creatures*; ſometimes I ſearch'd into the inmoſt *Cells* of the *Hive*, leſt the *Spider*, that filthy *Nuſance*, ſhould *ſpin* her *Treacherous Web* in the *void* places thereof. Being *old*, I had a juſt *diſmiſſion* from *Labour*, for I had *thoſe* poor *Creatures*, that would *labour* for me.

But *wicked Spight*, whither wilt thou not *reach*? Or what is *ſecure* from *ſcurvy* baſe *Envy*? A *Rich Man*, *forſooth*, envies a *Poor Man*. Once upon a *time* he call'd me out on a *ſudden*, and I *trembled* all over, with all his *High-flown Ruff* he aſſaulted *me*, *How now*, ſays he, *what*, *can't you keep in your* Bees? *Can't you make 'm* fly *within your* own *bounds*? *Let 'm not light upon my Flowers*? *Let 'm not gather Ambroſia*, *out of any thing of mine*? *Sirrah*, *remove 'm*, *carry 'm away*, *I charge thee*, *to ſome other place*. Thou *proud Tyrannical Huff*, *whither* can I *carry 'm*? What, am I *Maſter* of ſo *much Ground*, that my *Bees* can't fly croſs? Yet I confeſs, I was not ſo *ſtout-ſpirited*, but that I was much *diſturbed* at the *threats* of his *haughty Arrogance*. I was thinking to *leave* my *Fathers Houſe*, and the *Walls* within which I was *born*, and the very *Cottage* where I was *nurs'd*; and, being *deſtin'd* to *Baniſhment*, I had *reſolv'd* to remove my poor *Chimney*, my ſmoaky

House, and my little *Nursery* of *Plants*, that I h*set* with my *own* hands. To deal *plainly* w you, *my Lords*, I was *willing*, I *know*, I was *ling* to be *gon*, but I could find no piece of *Grou* where *some Rich Man* or *other* would not have been my *Neighbour*. Nor had I any *great* time *allowed* me, to *look* out! It fortun'd, there wa a pure *Sun-shine* day, and the pleasant *Gleaming* of the Morning-Sun invited forth my *stock* of *Bee thicker* and cheerfuller than *Ordinary* to their *dai ly Task*. I my self *also* went forth to *view* their *Work*; (for it was always my *chief* delight, to *behold* them) I *hop'd* to see, how some did *equ poyse* their *Wings* in *carrying* their *Burthens*; and others, *laying* down their *Ladings*, went abroad to seek *new Provant*; and thô the *Passage* was *nar row*, and they were in all *haste*, yet the *Party*, that *went* out, did not *hinder those* that *came* in; some of them *drove* away the *lazy* company of *Drone* from their *Quarters*; others, after a *large flight*, were *weary* and lay *panting* to fetch *breath* and another would *display* his *wings* all *abroad* to the *warm Sun*. Ah *Poor Man*, now *pardon* me, if I *groan* a little! 'Tis *more* than *Flowers* I have *lost*, and *more* than *fading* Leaves, apt to fall with the *next Wind*. I have *lost* my *Bees*, who, when they *flew abroad*, were all the *Refuge* I had in my *mean* condition, and the only *comfort* of my *Old Age*. I never reckon'd my self Poor, till *now*. For *what* could I expect, but to be *entertained* with the *sad silence* of the *Poor Bees*, in an *empty Hive*; with the *Combs*, but *begun*, and *yet* not *wrought*? Consider, *my Lords*, how far this *Grief* of *mine* works with *you*; but certainly, I would ha

a' drunk *Poyſon* with *all* my heart, if I could have *found* it. This great *loſs* of *mine* was occaſion'd, not by the *piercing* cold of the *Froſty Winter*, nor were the *Poor Creatures ſtarv'd* by any great *Drought*, that parch't up the *Flowers*; nor did the *Covetouſneſs* of the *Owner*, who, when he *gather'd* the *Honey*, left no *Reſerve* behind him, *deſtroy* them; neither was it any *univerſal Murrain*, that *ſwept* them away; nor any *diſlike* of their Old *Hives*, that made them ſeek their *Quarters* in the *ſilent* Woods and *pathleſs* Groves. *Poor Creature*, I loſt my *Bees*, whilſt they were in their *very Work*. The *wretched* Man took ſpecial *care* to *prepare* ſo *much Poyſon*, as would ha' *deſtroy'd* even a *Rich Mans Gardens*; he *ſmear'd* his *Flowers* with ſuch *deadly* juices, that he *turn'd Honey* itſelf into *Poyſon*; he ſpread a *Plaguy Recipe* over 'm *all*; and by this means, did he not *ſpoil more*, than my *Bees* cou'd ever *have* done? They, *poor Creatures*, riſing betimes, out of the *deſire* of their *dayly* Task, aſſoon as ever the *day peep'd*, *took* their *Flight* abroad to their accuſtomed *Haunts*, that ſo they might *gather* the *Matutine* Dew, before the *Sun* had *ſucks* up the *dankneß* of the *Night*; and might carry their *Aqua Cæleſtis* to their *Cheſt* of *Bottles*, as *ſipping*, not for *themſelves*, but for their *Works* ſake. But *here* now was a *ſad Spectacle*, to be *pityed* by *all*, even *almoſt* by *him* that did the *miſchief*. One of my *Bees*, at the very *firſt* ſip of this *baleſome juyce*, being *aſtoniſh'd* at the *ſtrange Taſt*, flies away; but alas! She could fly no *whither*, to ſave *her life*. Another, going *abroad* to ſeek for *better repaſt*, *mounts* aloft and *there* expires. Another *dyes*, aſſoon as ever ſhe had

but *touch'd* the very *tip* of the *Flower*: Here, *one's Feet* were *ſtiff* after *Death*, ſo that ſhe *hung*, as ſhe *clung*; There, *another*, being *wearied* with *endeavouring* to *fly*, and not having *ſtrength* ſo to do, yet *creeps* faintly along the *Ground*. But if a *ſlow* death ſuffered any of them to come home to their *Hives*, they *hung* at the *Port-hole*, as the *Fainter Bees* uſe to do; and ſo being *knit* together in *Cluſters* and mutually *embracing* one *another*, Death *alone* parted them. Who can *imagin* in his *Fancy*, much *leſs expreſs* in *Words*, what ſeveral *Forms* and various *ſhapes* of Deaths, ſo *many* Deſtructions did *repreſent*? To end my *ſad ſtory* in one word, I muſt ſay, *I loſt them all*. That *Famous* Hive of mine, known *further* than its *Poor Maſter*, is come to *nothing*.

Now go ye, and *dare* to *provoke* your Rich *Neighbour*, if ye have a mind to live any longer! Speak *boldly* and *freely* to him, if he *offend* you, and that which is the *worſt* of all, if he hath already *tamper'd* with *Poyſon*! But if *Fortune* had given me either *ſtrength* of *Wit*, or *Means* enough, this *Crime* would *deſerve* more than a *Private Suit* at *Law*. *The Law forbids* any Man, either to *have* in his *Cuſtody*, or to *buy*, or ſo much as to *know* the *Power* of *Poyſon*; it is an *inevitable Peſt*, that *kills ſlowly* and *ſlily*. *Innocency* ſeldom *abides* with *that* Man, who hath in his *Power* a ſecret wicked way of *revenge*, ſuch as *Poyſon*, eſpecially if it be *ſuch*, as is *ſtrong* enough to *diſpatch* a Man *inſtantly*, when it is *found* out, *prepared*, and *adminiſtred*. What *great* matter is it, who *drinks* it? 'Twas a *Man* that *gave* it, and to a *Man* he might have *given* it. Cauſes of

mutual

mutual hatred are not ſo much to *ſeek* now a days, that *Fewds* ſhould *be rare* and *ſeldom* ſeen; yea many a Man, thô he ſeem to hate the *Bad* only, will *venture* to go a *little* further, and follow on his *ſpightful Humour*. Believe it, *my Lords*, 'tis a *harder* thing to ſeek out *Poyſon*, than to *find* an *Enemy*. But being *Conſcious* to *my ſelf* of my *mean* condition, I'le confine my *Complaints* within my *own Bounds*. And indeed, *my Lords*, my *own loſs* is *big* enough for me; I, *Poor Man*, have receiv-ed a *Blow*, which, I *fear*, I ſhall *lament* longer be-fore *you*, than *ſeek* to *prove*. For what need is there *to ſpend* ones *pains* in *convincing* a Man of a *Crime*, who *confeſſes* it *himſelf*? *Rich Men affront us*, that are *poor*, amongſt *other things*, even with *this* too, that we are not ſo *conſiderable* in their *Eye*, that, for our *ſakes*, *they* ſhould be put to *deny* any thing. Beſides, he, that *juſtifies* one that has *confeſſed*, doth not ſo much *ſeek Abſolution* from his *Fault*, as *liberty* to *commit* it *again*. This *Controverſie* reaches *further*, than I *dreamt* of: Our *Suit* is not only for what is *paſt*, but the *Queſti-on* is alſo, whether the *Rich Man* may not kill *them* too, if ever I get *any more* Bees. As far as I can obſerve, *my Lords*, he *divides* his *Plea* into Two *Quæries*, *Whether it be a real damage done?* and if it be, *Whether injuriouſly done?*

For the *firſt*, he *denies* it to be any *damage* at all, becauſe he *deſtroyed* a *Creature* that was *wild*, *winged* and *roving*, under no Mans *property* or *command*: He *denies* alſo, that it was *injuriouſly* done, becauſe he *kill'd* them upon his *own Ground*, and becauſe they had done him a *great* deal of *ſpoil* too; and *laſt* of all, that *he only* ſprinkled a

little

little *Poyson* on a *few Flowers*, and the *Bees* can of their *own accord*, and at their *own peril*. *My Lords*, if I had *nothing* to *reply* to *all* this, yet was *such* dealing *fair* betwixt *Neighbours*? But I'le *examin* particulars, and first I'le *Answer* his *Arguments*, before I'le *produce* my *own*. The *Question* is laid so, as if it were no *damage* to *lose* that which it is an *Advantage* to keep? Grant it be a *wild Lawless Creature*; I need not say, that I took the *young Swarms* with my *own* hands, and *laid 'm* up in a *safe Hive*; it was an *home-bred Swarm*, and I *reserv'd* the *Combs* to keep up the *stock*; and, because you defend the *Rights* of *Tyrannical Great Ones*, I tell you, it was *bred* in my *own Ground*: Suppose I had found them in the *Trunck* of some *hollow* Tree, or in the *Hole* of some *Rock*, and so had brought 'm *home*; yet I would have you to *know*, that *many* things, that were at *first Free*, do yet pass into the *Propriety* of the *First Occupant*, as we see in *Hunting*, and Finding out, or Inhabiting, void Places and *Countries*. For grant, that *Providence* hath made *other Creatures* for *Mans* use, yet *that* which is *provided* for *all* is the *reward* of your *diligence*. For *what* hath not *Nature* made *free* at first? I will not *instance* in *Slaves*, whom the *Injustice* of *War* hath made a *Prey* to the *Conquerour*, tho they were *born* under the same *Laws*, the same *Fortune*, and the same *necessities* with *other Men*. They *breath* in the same *Common Air* with *others*; 'tis not *Nature*, but the *Fortune* of the *War*, has set a *Master* over them. Why, I pray, do you put *bit* and *bridle* in your *Horses* Mouthes, to ride upon? Why do Men *continually* wear *Oxens* Necks *bare* with

an

an *unjuſt Yoke*? Why do we *ſhear* the *Sheeps* back, to *cloath* our *own*? To ſay nothing of the *Butchers Knife*, and of Food prepar'd for us in a *ſanguinary* way: If *all*, that came *free* into the *World*, be *given back* to *Nature*, then *you Rich Men* will be no *Richer* than *others*: But if *this* be the *Condition*, that *whichſoever* of *theſe Animals* is fallen to a *Mans* ſhare, be the *property* of the preſent *Occupant*, then certainly that which is *Lawfully* poſſeſſed, is *Unjuſtly* taken away; I might inſtance in *tame Birds*, and *others*, which are *fatned* in *Rich* Mens *Coops* in their *Country Farms*; wherein their *Owners* have yet but an *ambiguous Right*; the *ſame* may be ſaid of *Cows*, *Herds* and all kind of *Cattle*. But you'l *ſay*, *They have One ſet over them to keep 'm*. I reply, hath the *Owner leſs* right to *thoſe*, that have *no need* of your *Keeper*? For if you ſay *further*, that *nothing* can be *Ours*, that may be *taken* away or *deſtroyed*, then we can *Commence* no *ſuit* for the *loſs* of any *Animal* whatever. For even our *Sheep* uſe to *ſtray*; and our *Slaves*, to *run away* from us. If *this* be *allow'd* in *other* Creatures, why may not *Bees rove* about, and *go abroad* to their *Work*, not refuſing a *conſtant expedition* every day to *encreaſe* our *Profit* by their *Labour*. Do they not all *come* home, of their *own* accord, at *Night*? Do they not *end* their *Work*, when the *Sun* ſets? Do's not the whole *Company* of 'm *retire* to their wonted *Cells*, and there *paſs* the *Night* in *civil ſilence*? But ſuppoſe, they have no *certain Owner*, while they are *abroad*: yet, I hope, they may be called *Ours*, when they come home, when they may be *ſhut* up, and *removed* from *place* to *place*, when they

they may be *preſented* to a *Friend*, or *ſold* to a *Cuſtomer*. Then, How can that be *deſtroy'd* without *damage* to me, that is *mine*, *one* part or *other* of *every day*? But you'l *ſay* further, *A Bee is under no Command*. Is *that* any *great* Wonder, I *beſeech* you, if, being denyed *human converſe*, they are in the ſame *Predicament* with *other Animals*? Yet I can ſay *this* for them, they *dwell* in the *Hive* that their *Maſter allots 'm*; and when a *toy* takes 'm in the head to *fly away*, we *fetch 'm back* by *Tinckling*. Yea, and if a *ſedition* be *ſtarted* among them, upon the *account* of *ſeveral* Kings, and they are *preſently* all in a *heat* and muſt *fight* it out; yet with *throwing* up a little *duſt* among 'm, or with the *death* of one of their *Leaders*, all the *hurly-burly* is *quaſhed*. As for their *ſedulity* and *diligence*, *that* is very *admirable*, they *work* from *Morning* to *Night*, and the *Honey*, that's *taken* away for their *Maſters* uſe, they *make* up *again*. Now, I pray, if they were *Intelligent Creatures*, *whom* could you lay any *further* Command upon? Theſe are but ſlight *Replies*, and I find, I have anſwer'd them *already*, *more* than I *need*. If the *Bees* be not *mine*, then their *Product* is not *mine*, *neither*; but I never yet knew *any* Man ſo *impudent*, as to call in *Queſtion* the *Propriety* of *Honey*. Can *this poſſibly* be, that the *Effect* ſhould be *mine*, and the *Efficient*, *another* Mans? What if a Man *ſteal* away my *Hives*, may I not have a *juſt Action* againſt him? What, ſhall I *only* ſue him for a *Twig* or too, and a little *watled ſtuff*; and muſt *I lay* my *Action*, as if my *Hives* were *empty*? By your *good leave*, I hope, I may *value* my *Bees* too. Well then, if a Man can't *law-*

fully

lly ſteal 'm, may he yet *lawfully kill 'm*? Call ou *that* no *damage* to me, by which I am *un-me*? By which, I *loſe* all my *Income*? And by hich, I am *depriv'd* of my *yearly Revenue*, that *liev'd* me in my *poor* Condition? Is it not a *amage* to *loſe that*, which (to *touch* upon my *xt Argument*) I cannot have *again*, unleſs I buy? nd, pray, what need had you of *Poyſonous rinkling*? If you had a mind to it, might you ot have *deſtroy'd* 'm *openly*, might you not have *ırnt* their *Hives* in the *Fire*, or drown'd 'm in he *Water*? Is there *any Creature*, but may be *eſtroyed* without *Poyſon*?

But, *ſays* he, ſuppoſe it were a *damage*, yet I id it *Lawfully*, upon my *own Ground*. I beſeech ou, *My Lords*, *help* at this *dead lift*. One *Poor Country Client* is not able to *manage this* Plea; here needs a publick *Authority*, and *many* Hands *o lift* up againſt this *growing Abuſe*? Believe it, he *Caſe* is of *greater* moment, than my *Poor Suit*. ou are to *determin this* day, in *what* place or *whereabouts* a Man may do nothing *illegal*. For hy may he not *alledge* the *ſame*, in caſe of *Ho-icide*? Or, of *Robbery* on the *High-way*? The *Right* is the ſame in *Law*, thô the *Modality* makes *difference*: A *Broad-way* would be *opened* to *kil-ng* and *ſlaying*; and *Wickedneſs*, that hath hither-o been *long pent* up as it were by the *Bars* of he *Law*, would *break* out in a *Thorough-fare*, if he *Law* ſhall not *take hold* of a *Man*, when he s on his *own* ground: If in an open and mani-eſt *Treſpaſs*, we *don't enquire* of the *Fact* ſo much s of the *Place*, the *Land* is not equally *divided* etwixt *us* and the *Lawleſs*: For the *Propriety*

of

of a *Rich Man* now *a-days*, where is it not? T a *ſmall* matter for them to *lay flat* their *Neig bours Bounds*, and to *diſtinguiſh* their *Poſſeſſions*, if they were ſo many *Countries*, by the *Boundar* of *Mountains* and *Rivers*: For they have *alrea* took into their hands *pathleſs* Groves, *immo* and *loneſome Foreſts*; many *Rivers* run thrô a *fe* Mens *Thickets*; the *Lords* of *Manners* thruſt o the *Commonalty* from their *Borders*; nor is the any *End* of one *Rich Mans Progreſs*, till he *li* upon *another*, to *ſtop* him. Before time, t *robbing* of *Paſſengers* and the *ſtealing* of *Cat he defended* under *this Plea*, now we plead t ſame *Title* for *Poyſon*. Once and again, *my Lo* I beſeech you, conſider, and *ponder* it well; ſeems, a Man may do *nothing* againſt *Law* a *where at all*; or, he may do *every thing* againſt within his *own* bounds.

But ſuch a Man may take a *juſt courſe* wi him, that does him *wrong*, *ſays* he. Let me t you, how *unequal* the *compenſation* of the *loſs* w and how *contrary* not *only* to *Law* but to the *P lick Peace*. That's the *trick* of *barbarous Peo* whoſe *nature differs* little from the *Brute*, and w are made *wild* and *eſtranged* from all civil *Rig* and *Society*. But we, *Men*, have therefore r ceived *Magiſtracy* and *Law* from our *Anceſto* that no Man might *avenge* his own *Grievan* And the ordinary Pleas for *Wickedneſs* will *c fute* themſelves, if righting *my ſelf* alters t *Crime*. Have you *received* any *damage*? T *Law* was *open*, the *Court* and the *Judge* ſits; u leſs perhaps you think it *below* you, to *vindic* yourſelf by *Law*. Now, I proteſt, we are

ſe

t out to *Club-law*, and here's a dangerous *E-*
lation of *Wrong-doing* ſtarted, wherein *Wrath*
kes place inſtead of *Law*. The *Weakeſt* then
uſt needs go to the *Wall*, and the *Commonalty*
uſt endure a *hard* bondage under a *new Oligar-*
. Yet we, *Poor Men*, I hope, may have *Liberty*
grieve, and thô *we* may be *damag'd* with *more*
e, yet to *injure you*, extends *further*. Laſtly,
o you, rich Man, pleaſe *your ſelf* never ſo much
th the *confidence* of your *Wealth*, if it be *fitting*
r me but to *Love*, then our *Caſe* is *alike*. What
n? If my *Bees* had done you any *wrong*, my
ght and *Title* to defend *my ſelf*, would not be
eated thereby, thô perhaps you might have a
eater *right* to *implead* me. And now, what is
ur *grievance*, ſay ye? Surely I have *laid waſt*
ur *Grounds*, and *ſpoil'd* your *Rental*: For, I
pe, 'tis no *Flea-bu*, as they *ſay*, that makes ſo
b a *Man* as *you*, to cry out. Nay but, they
'd my *Flowers*, *ſays he*. I hope, you may
derſtand by *thus*, *my Lords*, how *great* a *grie-*
ce my *loſs* is, if *to loſe* a *few Flowers* can be
ted ſuch a *damage*: It may be a *little prejudice*,
feſs, for otherwiſe you would have *laid* 'm
and *kept 'm dry* for *all* the *year*, and they
u'd have *laſted* ſtill, if my *Bees* had not come
o your *Garden*. Pray, what is more *fading* and
ter-liv'd than a *Flower*? For while 'tis *hide-*
d, as I may call it, in the *Bud*, you can't yet
, 'tis a *Flower*: Then, when it begins to *bur-*
and *ſwell* with a *briſker* ſap, and to ſhew its
iſh Diviſions, 'tis no *Flower* ſtill. But when
Pods are *broken*, and the *Heads blow* and *ſpread*
mſelves round, as it were in *circular Clefts*, ſo
that

that now their *maturity* is *conſpicuous*, yet no Ma
knows, how *ſoon* they'l *fade*; even without
blaſt of *Wind* their *Grace decays*; nor can a
thing be called a *Flower*, but whilſt it is *New* a
Freſh: Wherefore if I ſhould ſay, they took
way what would *ſhortly* have *periſhed* and la
flat on the Ground, and *converted* it to the u
of the *Man*, that *own'd* them; yet 'tis a *ſpight* n
ver heard of *before*, to *grudge* a few *Bees lighti*
upon them. Give me leave here to diſcourſe
little, what *great damage* this *Poor Pilfering Cr*
ture can do you? We don't conſider, with wha
ſwiftneſs, for the *moſt* part, ſhe flies *hither* a
thither, *ſcarce* ſo much as *touching* the *Flower*;
runs over 'm *all*, and finds *preſently* what's *prop*
for her. And where ſhe *pitches*, we don't con
der, how ſhe hangs, as it were by *Geometry*,
her *Wings*, and do's but *ſip* and *away*. Whoev
found the *miſs* of what a *Poor Bee* carryed awa
But how *little* or *nothing* is it, that they *born*
from *Garden-flowers*, ſet by hand? 'Tis the *Ma*
dows, the *Woods*, the *ripe* well-laden *Vines*, a
the *Hillocks fragrant* with *Thyme*, (as far as
Man may *conjecture*) that *afford* them their *L*
ding. Neither do they *gather* what's *fitting*
their *work*, out of *all Flowers*, thô they *ſeek*
it indeed in *every* one. Nay they make *this*
quital preſently and out of *hand*, that on *all* t
Flowers where they *light*, they leave the *Flow*
of *Honey* behind them, ſo that every *Flo*
ſmells of the *Bee*. Now do you call *this* a
mage? Do you *avenge this* with *Poyſon*? Let
tell you, it would have been an *uncivil* thing,
you ſhould ha' *kept them* off, but with a *ſmo*

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For was not I the only *reſpectful* Neighbour, you had? Did not I ſend you the *Firſt Fruits* of my *Honey* duly every *Spring*? If I lighted upon a *freſh Comb*, whiter than *Ordinary*, was it not kept as a *Preſent* for *your* Table? And was not this *Complement* always added to my *Poor Gift*, *Sir, my Bees preſent their humble Service to you*? And now, I think, you have *requited* me to *purpoſe* for my labour.

But, ſays *he*, I *told* you of it, and *charg'd* you to *remove* them; ſo that I was *ſtubborn*, and therefore *deſervedly* ſuffer, in *your* opinion. Yet I do not ſee what that *charging* of yours can contribute to your *defence*; it was more than needs, if you might lawfully do what I am *agrieved* at, without it; and it was unjuſt, if you might not *lawfully* do it; if it were *juſt*, *right* or *wrong*, yet let it not *hold*. What *cover* is this for your *ſhame*, to be *ill-reported* off, that you defend your *wrong-doing* by your *Greatneſs*. What! ſhall *you* have ſo many *Cattle*, that your *Stall*, thô never ſo *large*, ſhall not be *able* to hold them? Shall the whole *Foreſt Eccho* again with the *bellowing* of your *Herds*? Shall you *Plow* your *Land* with *whole droves* of *Oxen*? Shall *ſuch* a *numerous* Company of *Labourers* go forth to *dreſs* your *Grounds*, that your own *Bayliffs* can hardly *diſtinguiſh* them? Muſt the *Proviſion* of all the *Country* depend on your *Barns*? And yet we muſt *envy* none of *all* this, nor muſt any body think that the *Greatneſs* of your *Eſtate* is *burthenſom* to him: And ſhall we, *Poor Men*, be *grudg'd* at, if we have but a *few Bees*, ſtanding in a ſmall *narrow* Orchard; yea thô they make *Honey* for the *Rich*, as

well as *us*; must *this*, I say, be taken *amiss*? An
that which was never heard of before, must
Neighbour Poor Man be an *Eye-sore* to a *Rich*? S
little are *you contented* to have *Great Fortunes*, you
selves, that even your *Slaves* have *something* th
they are *Masters* of, yet *we* must be *grudg'd* at,
we have *any* thing, thô never so *little*, that do
but *exceed* the very *Name* of *Poverty*? What,
we *live* under such *strange* Laws, in *this* (as
hop'd) most *equal* Government, that 'tis *Law*
for *you* to deal in *Poyson*, and 'tis not *Lawful*
us to have a *Remedy*?

Last of all, *my Lords*, I did not think to *anſ*
the *Rich Mans defence*, but that I could not
dure, your *Authority* should be *vilify'd* by such
Contumelious Plea. *Your Bees*, says *he*, *came*
their Death of their own accord: 'Tis *so* indeed.
Iron. otherwise, you had given *Poyson* to your
Flowers, and to nothing *else*. *My Lords*, shal
ascribe it to his *Impudence* only; *Good Man*, if
carry this point *against* me before the *Bench*;
to his *Sottishness*, if he *hop'd* so to do? If he
offer'd Poyson to a *Man*, he might as well ha'
tended, that the Man *himself* had put the Cup
his *own* Lip. If he had set a *Ruffian* in *Am*
to *assassinate* a Man, he might say, he came
luntarily into the *snare*. If he had *thrown*
Weapon in the *dark*, he might *alledge* 'twas
of *his* Fault. *What* shall I say, *my Lords*, in e
ry *Crime* there are *Two* Main things, which
to be *considered*, the *Intention* of the *Party*,
the *Issue*. *What* was the *Rich Mans Intention*,
he laid the *Poyson*? Even, that he might *dest*
my *Bees*. And, *what* was the *Issue*? They
destro

ſtroy'd accordingly. The *ſumm* is, *my Lords*, ho can *doubt* but that my *loſs* is to be *imputed* to *im*, without *whom* it had not *hap'ned*? So that, ſuppoſe, your *Wiſedoms* need no more *Pleas* in *is Cauſe*; nor doth your *Juſtice* and *Piety* ex- ct any *Exhortation* to give a *True Judgment*. hy *then* do I not *break* off? I'll tell you, my *rief* hinders me, and the *dear miſs* of my *wont-* delight. There are *ſome* things in *this Caſe*, at no *verdict* can make me *ſatisfaction* for. *Per-* aps, my *affection* may *exceed* the *Motive*. Alas, we, *Poor Men*, muſt *love* nothing but *Poor Crea-* res, and *thoſe* muſt needs be *precious* to *us*, when e have *nothing* elſe; then certainly, ſo many *Pretty* ives, that had ſo *far oblig'd* me, which were t *off* in *one* moment, muſt needs *affect* me. Yea e very *manner* of their *Death* raiſes my *Indig-* ation? *They were deſtroy'd by Poyſon.* What re- action in *this* Caſe, can be *invidious* enough? hat! *Sweet pretty Bees* deſtroy'd by *Poyſon!* Is is the *requital* we make them, for their *watch-* Induſtry to do us *good*? And for *that*, they eave not their dayly *Station* and *diligent* Labour; o not when we *rob* them of *what* they have *got*. nd indeed, *Nature* ſeems to have *made other reatures* for our *uſe*, but *theſe* are made for our *elicacy* too: *Thoſe* Creatures, that are *us'd* for e *Plough* or for *Riding*, we ſpend *much* pains bout 'm, *before* they bring us in any *Profit*; for hô they are to be *broken* and to be *kept* by *us*, et at laſt they can do *nothing*, *without us*; and hat they *do*, they do by *Force*. But *Bees* work heir *Combs* without our *bidding*: Their whole *rofit* comes *freely* in, without any *aid* or *aſſiſtance*

of *human Art*. Add to this, that *other* Animals do either *ſpoil* our *Corn*, or *prejudice* our *Vines*; whence, they ſay, the *firſt* Cauſe *Beaſts* were *Sacrificed*, was, becauſe they *marr'd* the *Fruits* of the *Earth*. But as for *Bees*, their *Labour*, all over our *Fields* and *Meadows*, is ſo *innocent* and *harmleſs*, that nothing *appears*, but their *work* do. How can I *ſufficiently praiſe* them, *anſwerable* to their *Merit*? Shall I ſay, 'tis a *Creature* that's a 'twere a little *Picture* of *Man*? Alas, *all our wi* could never have *found* out *this*: Yea, all our *Projecting*, that *ſeeks* for *Ore* in the *Mines*, and *traverſes* the *Sea*, as far as the *Conſtellations* reach could not *effect* or *obtain* this, nor *do any* thing *like* it. *We*, *Men*, are *better* at finding *Poyſon*.

Firſt, their *Original* is *ſuitable* to their future *laudable Life*; they are not *begotten* by *luſt*, not by that *inward Itch* that *ſubdues* all *other* Creatures. And as *Men*, to *excuſe* themſelves, have delivered in their *Fables*, ſo the *Off-ſpring* and *lineage* of the *Gods* have admitted *theſe* alſo under their *Dominion*. Senſual *Pleaſure*, an *Enemy* of *virtue*, they know not what it means, their *Bodies* being *chaſt* and without any *blemiſh*. For *they*, and *none* but *they* of *all Creatures*, do not *bring forth* their *Young*, but *create* them. They as they lye cloſe in the *Cavities* of their *Cauls*, do by degrees *quicken*; and as it becomes a *Laborious* Creature, they *ſpring* from their *own Workmanſhip*. Then affoon as the *Young Fry* grow up, and is *old* and *ſtrong* enough to *undergo* the like *pains*, they leave the *place* free to their *Old ones*. And, leſt the *Company*, *huddled* together, ſhould be *encombred* by this *new acceſſion*, out of

pure

pure modeſty as it were, the *Younger Tribe gives way*; and *dangling* upon ſome *Neighbouring bough*, lies ready, *waiting* for *Mans* hand to *hive 'm*. And when they are *hived*, there they abide *very honeſtly*. And when, our *wits*, forſooth, (thô, as *ambitious over-weamers* of *our ſelves*, we think 'm *next* to *divine*) muſt *ſweat* and *toyle* to attain *Arts* and *Sciences*; yet every *Bee* is *born*, *A Maſter of Art*. What can you think elſe, but that *part* of a *divine* underſtanding is in their *minds*? *What* ſhall I mention *firſt*? They do not, as other *Creatures*, wander *up* and *down* for *Food*, and know not where they ſhall *Couch* and *lye*, but take their *Quarters hap hazard*, as *Night* comes on; No, *Bees* have a *ſure* and *certain* Lodging. They imitate *Cities* by their *Hives*, and *People* by their *Company*. They do not as the *wilder Birds*, who mind *only* their *preſent Food*, and *dayly* do *gather* what they *eat*: Nay, *theſe* lay up *victuals* to *laſt* all *Winter*, and at *Spring* they *fill* their *Combs top-full*, that they may be *ſure* to have *enough all* the year *round*. Yea, when *part* of their *work* is *taken* away for *our* uſe, they *ſtrive* to *repair* what was *loſt*, their *labour* is more *eagerly* inflamed by their *loſs*, and they never *give over* as long as they have any *room* for *more*. Beſides, thô they are *Creatures*, not *united* together by *commerce* of *words*, nor *firmly link'd* by *bonds* of *Polity*, yet how *mighty* a *conſent* is there in their *work*? And how *wonderful* an *Agreement* in *labouring* about ſo *hard* a *thing*? None of them does *catch* what he *can* to make a *gain* to *himſelf*, according to the *vicious* cuſtom of *us*, *Men*; but they *live* on a *Common* ſtock, all their *ſtore* is

boarded up in a publick *Treasury*, and not a B
must so much *as sip* or *taste*, before their *stor*
house be so full, that it *promises* 'm all *security* fo
the *Future*. *Besides*, how *great* is their *zeal* a
their *work*? How *wonderful* their *assignation* o
Offices? Are not *some appointed* to *gather* the
Loads, others to *receive* it, others to *work* it a
How *strict* and *severe* are they in *chastising* the
Drones? There are many *things* in 'm *wonderf*
to *see* and *hear* of. They have *fore-sight* of a *stor*
they will not *trust* themselves *abroad* in *uncert*
weather; and if it be a *Cloudy Sky*, they *ven*
not beyond the *next hedge*. Now if a *few*
Blast hurry away the poor light Creatures, th
poize their *wings* with a *small Pebble*, that th
may be *carry'd steady* to their *designed* place.
for the *stouter* and *lustier* Bees, they *march* out
Troops for their *King*, they *charge* the *Enemy*,
dye an *Honourable* Death in the *Field* for th
Leader: Moreover, if any of 'm *dye* of *Age*
Malady, the *first thing* they *do*, is, to carry
the *Body*, and, till the *Funeral Rights* be *perfor*
they will not *stir* to their *work*. How shal
understand this, when they *bind Flowers* to th
little Hips? And when they *bear* in their *mou*
Essences for their *common Maintenance*? But I m
of all *admire* the *work it self*. You *must*
think, that they *shape* their *Cells*, for the
they are *immediatly* to *lay* up, *blind-fold* as it w
and at *hap hazard*; no, *first* they make
wax, then they add an *unspeakable Grace* there
to. For *first*, they *hang* the *Ground-work* by
Ligaments; then from the *beginning* they *carry*
the *work* equally on *every side*; nor is *any* th

that's but *begun*, *defective*, but *every* thing as *compleat* in its *kind*, as could be *desir'd*; They set a double *Frontire* upon their *Combs*: And when they have left *so much* room in *each Cavity*, which they hope will be *large* enough to beget *new swarms*, (for the *Angles* are so *coherent*, and so *mutually united one* to the *other*, that you may call the *middle*, which you please) then, lest the *weighty* Honey should all *run* out, the *burden* thereof is intercepted and *shut* up in *these Cells*. Who is not *amaz'd*, that *such* things as *these* should be *don* without a *hand*? That such *Art* should be *shewn* without any *Teaching*? *What* have they, that's not *divine*, but that they are *Mortal*? Do we *Worship Bacchus* as the *Author* of *Wine*? Is *Ceres* accounted the *Goddess* of Corn? Is *Minerva* thought the *Juventress* of the *Olive*? And is it a *jot less*, to make *Honey*; and by adding over and above the *pleasure* of *Taste*, to *do that*, which even *Nature*, of *herself*, could *never* have *don*? *Honey* is *good*, when *many* Diseases do assault us, yea it is a *present Remedy* against them: As for its *usefulness* in *dyet*, let the *Rich* look to *that*. And could any Man find in his *Heart* to *way-lay such* Creatures, yea to *way-lay* 'm on *purpose*, because they made *Honey*? Could he *destroy* such *pretty things* by a *fraudulent* studied Death, with his *damn'd* Poysonous *Liquors*? And to make it much more *intolerable*, that he might *more easily deceive* 'm, did he not *perhaps* mix *Honey* with his *Poyson*? What *cruelty* could be more *unnatural*? What *spight* more *monstrous*? For now, you, *Rich Grub*, can't make use of

your *old Plea*, you can't *pretend Grief* for the *loss* of a *few Flowers*; for when you *resolv'd* to *destroy* my *Bees*, you *spoil'd* your own *Flowers* into the *bargain*.

Odii Potio,

OR,

An *Hate-procuring Potion.*

DECLAMATION XIV.

The Argument.

There was a Courtezan *that gave an* Hate-Potion *to one of her* Servants, *that was but a* Poor Man; *ſo that the* Youth *was in* Love *with her no* longer. *Whereupon he* Accuſes *her of down-right* Witch-Craft.

For

For the Young Man *against his* Miſs.

I Am *ſenſible*, *my Lords*, of this *new Additional* to my *miſery*, that in *your* opinion, I may not ſeem to *hate* this *Courtezan*, not *yet*: Nor am I *ignorant*, that *much* of the *Envy* of this *wicked* Potion is *taken off*, while you think me *pityable*, *only* upon the account of my former *Fits* of *Love*. Yet, I *beſeech* you, let your *Wiſedoms* take a *ſurvey* of the whole *Proof* of the *Miſchief* complain'd of, even from the that you do not *believe* any ſuch *Grief*, as I *pretend*, and therefore *hearken* not to my *Complaint*: For neither do I *Love* her, if I can *endure* to *accuſe* her; nor do I *hate* her, whom I had rather *Love*. What *elſe* can it be that I *drank*, but *Poiſon*? Thô therefore this moſt *wicked* Woman *derides* me, when I *accuſe* her, and, after the *Confeſſion* of her moſt *apparent* Wickedneſs, *hopes* to *ſcape* by making *ſport* at my *Calamity*: Yet, 'tis not *this* doth ſo much *vex* and *torment* me at this time, that I have *abandoned* the *Love* of this *Naughty Woman*; as that I *abide* the *Pain* of my *Remedy*. I *implore* your *Juſtice*, even your *ſtrict Juſtice*, that it may not *advantage* this *Harlot*, that I ſeem *rid* and *delivered* from her, by her *prevaricating* pretences. Perhaps it might have been *my Concern*, that, I ſhould *break* off ſo *foul*

ſh a *Love*; but *this*, I am ſure, was a *device* *againſt* me, that I ſhould *hate* her, whether I *wou'd* or *no*: This then is the *firſt* thing, *my Lords*, that I requeſt of the *Clemency* of the *Court*, that, becauſe you ſee me ſo *ſadly* habited, my Looks *ruful*, my Words *rugged*, and that I *am* ſo *Fierce* in my *Suit*; you would not therefore think, my *Nature* is *ſuitable*. This is the *Fruit* of that *goodly Cure*, forſooth, ſhe has *wrought* upon me: Thus you ſee, what ha's *alien'd* my *mind* and *diſturb'd* my *Body Night* and *Day*; I, that was *lately* ſo *brisk*, and (if you *believe* it) ſo *cool* a *Lover*, am *now* all in a *Chafe*. *Pity* me ſo far, *my Lords*, that this *Hag* of a *Woman* may not ſo *impoſe* upon you, as if ſhe had *devis'd* this *Trick* for *love* of *me*; whereas ſhe *ſatisfyed* her *own* mind therein, and complyed *only* with her *own* coy *diſdain*. For no Body wou'd give an *Hate-Potion* againſt *himſelf*, to *one* that he did not *hate* before. I *pray* and *beſeech* you therefore, *moſt upright Men*, that you wou'd take a *full eſtimate* of my *Calamity*. I have *unhappily loſt*, in an *inſtant*, that *good Name*, that in *time* I might have *ceas'd* to *Love*, of *my ſelf*: I am now *made* to abandon *that* perforce, which *ſhortly* I might have done *voluntarily*. There's a *new* device againſt my *mind* and *ſober reaſon*, that it ſeems not *imputeable* to *my affection*, that ſhe was *left*. I am now a *ſecond* time *caught* in the *Harlots* lock, ſhe *again makes* my *thoughts* to *turn*, and *me* to caſt a *Sheeps-Eye* towards *her*: And a Man, who would have *deſiſted* from ſo *inconvenient* an *Amour*, either by the *Glut* thereof, or by his *Age*, or by the *Meaneſs* of his *Fortune*, ſhe hath *bound* up to

a

a *perpetual* reſtleſsneſs, by bending the *Twig* much to the *contrary* ſide. No *Diſeaſe* ſo *incu*ble as *this*, to *hate* perforce.

But, O my *Heart*, *haſten*, *haſten*, I ſay, to t*wailing* of my *Grief*, that ſits ſo *hard* upon m but this *late indignity* hath *taken* thee off fr the *ſenſe* of thy former *Miſeries*. My *Groans* a my *Complaints* are to be fetch'd *deeper*. When was my *Miſtreſſes* fault, that I *now hate*, where was in *Love* before; *Who*, think you, *inveig* me to fall in *Love* with her *firſt*, being ſo a *Man*, as I *am*? For my part, *my Lords*, I never *one* of *thoſe*, to whom *Fortune* gave a g Eſtate, and *abundance* of *Wealth*; *ſo* that, by r ſon of their *Opulency*, they might take their of *wanton Love*. *Yet* I had *enough* to keep *L* and *Soul* together; I had a *Modicum*, enough have *afforded* me *Lawful Pleaſure* in my *mean C dition*: And therefore I was always content w *One* and the *Same Miſs*, which is a certain *ſ* of *good Husbandry*, even in a *Mans* Pleaſure. B this *ſerious* and *demure* Dame, forſooth, who will have *no more* of my *Love*, Oh, how of it did ſhe *call* for, when time *was*! With wh *Art*, with what *Craft* did ſhe *firſt* ſet upon m *ſimplicity*, and when ſhe had *catcht* me, ſhe he me *faſt*, till I, like a *credulous Cully*, thô it we long *firſt*, threw all my *little Fortune* into h *Lap*? And *now*, 'tis to *no* purpoſe, that ſhe *d fires* to ſeem to *pity that Condition*, which ſhe *herſ* hath brought me to: *Hear*, I pray, in a *fe* words, the *Wickedneſs* of this *Pernicious Woman* She makes me *poor*, and *then* ſhe can't *abide* m Whether or no, *my Lords*, ſhe *lik'd* to *try* an *Ex*

perimen

rument, which *common Strumpets* craftily deviſe
Debauch and *Tyrannize* over the *minds* of Men,
ſhe wou'd *try* on me, how *much* one can *Love*,
nd how *far* he can *Hate*? Or, being a *Woman*
ſtitute to all *Cuſtomers*, ſhe aim'd at *vainglory*
deſpiſing and *diſdaining* of me; and thus *ſought*
get a *Name* of being ſuch a *Miſtreſs*, as was
urted *only* by *Men* of *Faſhion*. *That* which I
derwent afore, was not any *Natural affection*
ours, that I *waited* at *Ladies* doors, that (if
u believe her) I made over my *poor Eſtate* to
ſpent at the *Becks* of *Harlots*; my *paleneſs*, and
form'd *meagerneſs* are *owing* to the ſame *Potion*,
hich at preſent makes me *chaſe*, *fret* and *rage*.
o *Miſs* underſtands no *other device* but *this*, to
ake *one* not to be in *Love* with her. This then,
Lords, is the *Truth* and can't be *deny'd*, ſhe
xt me a *Poyſon* ſtronger than *Nature* and *be-*
ving me of *all* my *wits*, which by its *intempe-*
e heat, and *grievous* working, was able to *allay*
pain thô my *mind* was bent *againſt* it; ſhe
per'd it with *Conjurations*, and *horrible Charms*,
d gave it me with a *gentle* look, and a *ſoothing*
mplement, when my *Stomach* was *ſcorch'd* and
lam'd before; ſo ſhe *drove* me to *Fury*, ſhe *be-*
me with *Cruel* pain, and made a great *change*
me for the *worſe*, whom ſhe had more need
have *treated* with *Cordials* and relieving *Reme-*
s. Judg you, *my Lords*, whether ſhe ha's
ade me give over my *Love*, I am ſure, ſhe
s brought me to *that paſs*, that I had *rather*
ve her, as before. Do you think, I am *got*
ar off, and am *come* away the *Merrier* after
is *Jobb*? Alas, Alas! I have need *now*, if *ever*,

to

to be *Cur'd*. 'Tis ſome *comfort* to a Man in *diſtreſs*, as long as he is in *Love*: *Lighter* is *that Calamity*, where ſome kind of *Delight* ſmiles upon Man in his *Pleaſure*. But *now I*, *unhappy Wretch* am *tormented* and *torn* in *pieces*, *now* I can't *bo* nor *govern* my ſelf; 'Tis a *Crueller* thing to made to *hate* a *Miſs*, than it was to *Love* her.

I accuſe her of plain *Poyſon*. Setting aſide, *Lords*, at preſent, what I have to ſay concern her *Poyſonous* Doſe, does ſhe not ſeem to *good the Charge*, that in the very *State* I am in, cannot be *believed*? *My Lords*, the *Life* of a *Te-zan* is *nothing* but *Witch-craft*. She does think, that *Lying* and *Glozing* is *enough*; when ſhe *imploys* all her *care* to *beſot* us, yet does not think it *obligation* enough to *afford* *uſe* of her *Body*. Nay, all her *ſtudy* day night is about *this*, how ſhe may make *ſatisfactions* to paſs into *conſtant affection*; and what means *Fleeting* and *Vagrant* deſires may *fix'd* to *One*; ſhe labours, that the wicked may not be *beneficial* to her *Paramour*, in to a *poſſible* Repentance; and that *Shame* *Modeſty* may not *keep him* off, nor the *very* of *Pleaſure* make him take his *leave*. Pray me, do you think, that any of them are *rant*, by what *Glances* they are *ſ*, and things do *firſt Debauch*, and then *undo*, minds, *inflam'd* with *unfitting* deſires; ſeeing ſhe *knows*, by *what artifices* the cloſeſt *Kiſs*, the ſtricteſt *Embraces* may be *broken* off; what, in a moment, can *turn Pleaſure* to *Pain*, former *Joy* and *Delight* into *Melancholy*. 'Tis finite to tell, how by *this Potion* we may co

the *knowledge* of *those* that are *worse*. No Man ows ſo *great* a *Remedy*.

This *Impudent* Woman, *my Lords*, ſeeks to *alle-ate* her *Offence*, by *diſguiſing* her *Drench* under e *Name* of a *Potion*, forſooth; and ſhe *denies* it as *Poyſon*, becauſe it did not *Kill*. Is it *well*, *Lords*, that the *Guilty* ſhould *eſcape*, becauſe eir *Act* miſſes *ſome* of the *Effects*, which *poſſi-* it might have *produced*? What's the *difference*, pray, between *prejudicing* ones *Mind*, or ones *dy*. 'Tis the *ſame Villany* to adminiſter any *ſion* whatever, if it be againſt *Law*. 'Tis *Poy-*, *whatever* is given in *that* Caſe. *This* your *cuſe* hitherto is from your *Sex* and *Eſtate*; but at you may be acquainted with ſuch things r your *own* Intereſt, and may beget a *deſire* ether Men *will* or *no*, you have *deviſed*, how u may break off *Conjugal* Love in the *heart* of *Married* Perſon, and perhaps too, how the *rts* of Young *ſingle* Perſons may be alien'd om the *Love* of *other* Ladies. Never any *Bawd* d an *Hate-Potion* by her, *only* that ſhe might *eat* herſelf, thereby. If any Body *ask* me, *my rds*, if he *compare* the *Witch-craft* that I *com-in* of, I'le ſay, he ought to have *hated* that *ſion leſs*, that might have *Kill'd* him. For as ongſt the *deadlieſt* Poyſons, thoſe are the *kind-*, that *fly* out aſſ of a *ſudden*, and don't keep *Man* long in *pain*, lingring betwixt *Life* and *ath*: So that *Poyſon* is more *Cruel*, that's *ſo* or-red, as to *ſpare* the *Body* and *affect* only the *ind*. *How* ſay you? Is there *no* harm in *Poy-*, but in *that* which *Kills out-right*? Pray, then, at ſhall we call *that*, which *bereaves* us of our

Eyes

Eyes only? Or *that*, which makes one *parti*
Limb of the *Body* to *pine* away? Do'ſt thou
ny thy ſelf to be a *Witch*, that *by One Potion* c
do *as much harm*, as *Wrath* and *Grief* can do
ſhall *Love*, forſooth, that you give *leave* to;
at *your* bidding, he ſhall abominably *hate*.
deſires muſt take their *Riſe*, *Ends* and *Mo*
from you. Let *Love* and *Hatred* be neve
much *Natural Affections*, yet 'tis wicked *W*
craft, when they are under *Command*. Be
that which is given to a Man againſt his
can it have any *other* than the *Force* of an *Inc*
ment? I ſee ſome reaſon, why *Phyſick* allow
expel the *Diſeaſes* of the *Body* and *Limbs* by
or *ſuch* an *Infuſion*: And *whatever* may ha
from *without*, may be cured by a *Potion*,
out *intrenching* on the *Soul* and *Spirit*. Bu
Affection can be driven out of its *Seat* in
Soul by any *Poyſon*, but by the *diſturbances* o
our *Vitals*? And ſeeing our *Soul* conſi
ſuch *Faculties*, if you *attempt* to *deprive*
any *one* of them, *that* part of the *Body*,
is *firſt* ſtopt from its *exerciſe*, and the *Fa*
deſtroyed that was *aim'd* at, the *reſt* alſo
deſtroy'd by ſo *near* a *Contagion*. Some *Me*
perhaps may be *called* by *another* Name,
that of *Poyſon*: But to *adminiſter* any thing
is *forbid* by *Law*, can be no *leſs* than *W*
Poyſoning. What *Monſtrous* ways haſt thou
out to *Plague* Man by? It had been *leſs W*
edneſs, to make a Man *Love*, perforce.
have deviſed ſuch a *Drench*, as is able to ſe
Mankind together by the *Ears*, *hateful*, and
ting one another. You can tell, how to m

Pa

Parents hate their *Children*, and how nearneſs of *Kindred*, *Brother-hood* and *Friendſhip*, may *daſh* themſelves *one* againſt *another*. No Body *takes* an *Hate-procuring* Potion, unleſs againſt a *Man*, whom he ought not to *hate*.

Here this *wicked Woman endeavours* to ſhew, that ſhe has done me a *Courteſie* by her *Villany*. *You were in Love with one*, ſays ſhe, *that was a filthy Whore*. Let me *forbear*, *my* Lords, a while my *Apology* for this *Paſſion* of *mine*. Good God! What an *Abuſe* is offer'd to a *Whore*, when ſhe *Complains* of a Mans extraordinary *Affection* to her? Will *you*, *Huſſy*, take upon you, with the *Gravity* of a *Cenſor*, to *examin* the *meaſure* of ones *Love* to you? Will *you allow* yourſelf to *reckon*, how *oft* a Man may *go* to the *Stews*? Will *you*, that can't *exclude* the *lame*, nor the *dirty* Fellow, that art *expoſed* to the *Drunkard*, *proſtitute* to the *Wanton*, and, which is the *extremeſt baſeneſs*, a *Common Hackney* to *Peaſants* every Night, will *you*, I ſay, take upon you to *rectifie* the *Manners* of a *Young Man*? You *ſhould* take it *better*, that a *Miſs* ſhould be made much of. You were my *Cuſtomer*, ſays ſhe, but a *ſhabby* one. I deſire, *my* Lords, to plead a little upon this *Head*, as if my *own Friends* and *Kindred* took upon them to *reprove* me. I don't *watch* my opportunity to *defile* the *Marriage-Bed*; nor do I *practiſe* any unnatural *Luſt*, or *Embraces* forbidden by *Law*: I believe, *Whores* were *invented* at *firſt*, that poor Men might *affect* ſuch *Puſſes*, as *They*. Such *kind* of *Cattle* can't be Lov'd with any *ardency* of *Affection*; Thoſe *Affections* are moſt *ardent*, which *Iron.*

are *drawn* forth towards the things, that are forbidden by Law. *Love* never *paſſes* into a kind of *Fury*, till it meet with *difficulties* in the way. Our *Affection* is *ſhort-liv'd* in *lawful* Pleaſures, and ſoon *approaches* to *nauſeouſneſs*. It doth not *encreaſe* nor *cheriſh* the *Flame* of *Concupiſcence*, where 'tis *lawful* to *enjoy*. And whatever we find in our *Fancy* about *permitted objects*, it comes not from our *Paſſion*, but our *Reaſon*. This *very* thing I *object* to *you*, *Good Woman*, that you have made *me* a *Town-talk*, as well as *yourſelf*. No body ſo *fit* to love a *Whore*, as *he* that a *Whore* can't *abide*: She gave a *Counter-Philtre* to a *Poor* Man; what de' think ſhe *gave* to the *Rich*, *then*? If a *Good Eſtate* ſhould *drop* down from *Heaven* into my Lap, I *queſtion* not in the *leaſt*, but *ſhe* would call me *back* to her *Affection*, with *another Drench*; and this (*now*) *demure* and *moral* Whore would be heartily *glad* to keep me, with all her *former* ſurfeit. A *Whore* can't *Love* a poor *Cuſtomer*, if it be but for her *own* ſake.

But, I *gave it*, ſays *ſhe*, to him, *while he was in Love*. If that be a *Cure*, ſhe ſhou'd ha' let me ha' *known* on't. 'Tis the *firſt* ſtep to a Mans *Health* to take *Phyſick* willingly, and by his *own* conſent. Why did ſhe not *rather* give *it* me, *before* I *lov'd*? How much *better*, with *more* foreſight, and more to the *Patients* caſe, had it been to have *tamper'd* with a Young Mans *Affection* whilſt it was yet but *bending towards*, and ſo to *quench* the *Flame* in the *firſt* Sparks? But *you*, forſooth, muſt give me a *Potion* at *that* time when it would put me into *Two Fits* at *once*.

You

You put me to *another* Extremity; and I entertain *Hate*, becauſe I am not able to abide *Love*. I han't *don*, but I begin *another* way: My Love is not *corrected*, but *tranſlated* elſewhere. Thoſe are *true Remedies*, which, when they have *Cured* our *Diſeaſes* and *Rooted* out their *Cauſes*, we *hear* no *more* of 'm; and we reckon only thoſe *Drugs* harmleſs, which, having ſpent their *ſpecifick* Virtue in doing us *good*, have no more to *ſay*. But you gave me a *What-ſhall-I-call 'm*, that puts me (as we ſay) beſides my *ſeven* ſenſes perpetually. He'le never ha' don, that *Hates* without a *juſt Cauſe*. Thô I may think of *Marrying*, yet I ſhall *Hate* Thee: Thô my *Country* ſend me on a *Foreign* Employ, yet my *words* and my *thoughts* will ſtill have a *fling* at *thee*. What *ſignifies* it, after *what* way thou *affecteſt* my *mind*? Or, in *what* manner I am *diſabled* to *quit* and *leave* Thee? You have made me your *Enemy*, *wherever* you are; ſo that I am like enough, to offer *violence* to you, *wherever* I *meet* you; and perhaps I may be willing, you ſhould *Drink* a *Drench* of my *Brewing*. He that can't *leave* off to *hate* a *Courtezan*, is her *Servant* ſtill.

But, *unhappy Woman, you take pity of me*, you ſay. What? with ſo *harſh* a *Cure*? You ſhould *rather* have dealt with me by reaſon, we ſhould have laid our *Heads* together, to have ſpoken out the *Truth ſoftly* and *gently*. *Then* there would have been no *need* to *ſhut* the *door* upon me, or to *drive* me out by *Force*. For *Force* doth always *exaſperate*, and when we find *oppoſition* in *Love*, we are the more *Inflam'd*. In the mean time, you may *urge* me, with the *Liberty* that I ſhall

enjoy, with *time* ſpent, with the *glut* I have *receiv'd*, and perhaps another *Cuſtomer* may *twit* You with my *Condition*. But when I have been ſo *kind* to you in ſecret, and ſo full of *Love-Careſſes*, you ſhould not *mention* to 'm my *Poverty*, as if you *felt* it, but *only* in a way of *Pity*: Tho, the *Truth* is, what need was there of *Secreſie* in the Caſe? You ſhould ha' ſuffered me to be *Cured*, that I may give over, if, as you ſay, you *pity* and *love* one that is under a *Force*. No *Cure* for a *Lover*, but to be *Lov'd* again. Yet, if you think my *Cure* is ſo *neceſſary*, how many *Remedies* are there for *Fooliſh Love*, on this ſide *Poyſon*? You might ha' ſent me *packing*, you might ha' *ſhut* me out of doors; you might have done *that* by your *diſdaining* of me, that my *Poverty* could *never* make me do. Make me rather to *amend* myſelf, to give over for *Shame*, and to *deſpair* at laſt: He *only* is *Cur'd* of the *Diſeaſe* of *Love*, that *deſiſts* therefrom, upon his *own* Motives. Seeing then I might *deſervedly* have *taken* it *amiſs*, if any Body ſhould *but* have *excluded* me from your *Love*, have I not far *greater* reaſon to *complain*, when I am *made*, not the *Man* I *was*, even an *unhappy Fellow*, under a *contrary* Paſſion. The *Names* and *Appellations* of things do *deceive* and *abuſe* us; and he, who *hates* is *pityable*, becauſe he cannot *Love*. All *exceſs* is alike *grievous* to the *Mind*; and there is *no* difference, no not between *Health* and *Sickneſs* itſelf, if *both* be alike *intolerable*. 'Tis in *vain* for a Man to *ſooth* me up with a *Medicine*, which puts me to *pain* and *torment*. To give over *Love*, and to be *Plagued* with *Hate*, are *Two different* things. Do you think,

that

that I have now *only parted* from the *Love* of a *Slut?* No, I have *loſt* the *beſt* Affection, that belongs to *Man*; *Wretch* that I am, *that Affection* is taken from me, whence all the *Joy* and *Cheerfulneſs* of my *Life* ariſeth. That *LOVE*, by which the Sacred *Principles* of *Nature*, and the *Elements* of the whole *Univerſe* come together; that *LOVE*, which now *fixes* and keeps faſt all their *diſcords*, and amidſt their *Quarrels* and *Antipathies* unites them into one *Bulk* by a perpetual *League*; that *LOVE*, I ſay, is *caſhier'd* and *driven* out of my *Breaſt*. So that now, *unhappy* Man that I am, I have not *Paſſion* enough to think of *Marrying*, to *Love* a *Child*, to *deſire* any Mans *Friendſhip*, or to *expect* any *mutual* Converſe. Whoever he be, that has drank an *Hateful Potion*, may perhaps *hate One*, but can *Love* no Body. O *Heavens!* What is *this* that I ha' drunk? What ſtrange *Poyſon* have I *gulp'd* down? It could not be *One ſingle* Poyſon, ſure: No, *Poor Man*, I drank down, whatever *execrable Recipes* the *Spleen* of all *Mortals* could *preſcribe*; the wildneſs of all *Beaſts*, and the *rage* of all *Stinging Serpents*, lay at the *bottom* of the *Cup*. This *Hate-drench*, what is it elſe, but the daily *Plague* of the *mind*, a *ſadneſs* perpetual, that *turns* a Man *over* from all his *Joys* to the very *Purlieus* of Grief? For 'tis utterly *impoſſible*, that ſo *damn'd* a *Poyſon* ſhould once be let down into our *Stomachs*, and then *operate* only upon *one* Faculty; as if ſuch a *Potion* could be *ſtinted* and *bounded*, how *far* to work. See, *Good Woman*, I am now in perfect *Hatred* already, what further mischief, d'e think, your *Potion* will do, in my Bowels? By *little* and *little* it muſt needs diffuſe

itſelf my *whole Soul* over, and thô the *Firſt Doſe* overthrew only that *Affection* to *which* it tended, yet in a ſhort time it will *maſter* all my other *Paſſions*, and *blend* them into that *One* of *Hatred*. A *Draught*, that can ſhew ſo much Power at *firſt* in my Mind, as to *alter* my *Paſſion*, and to make *me hate*; the Iſſue of all, I'le warrant you, will be *plain Poyſon*.

My Lords, I would fain anſwer *thoſe* that ſay, my *Condition* was *miſerable* before, upon the account of my *Love*: But in what *grievouſer* pickle am I, and how more *cruelly* tormented, now I am *Freed*, as they tell me? I was more *temperate*, when I was in *Love* and more *compos'd*; *perhaps* there might be *paleneſs* in my *Face*, but it was *innocent* and *harmleſs*, 'twas a *Melancholy* to be *coveted*. Men were pleas'd to *entertain diſcourſe* with me, and I was thought *worthy* enough to be *heard* ſpeak; but now all Men *fly* from me, *abominate* and *hate* me. Time was, when I abſtain'd from going to the *Stews*, for very *Shame*; if I met *accaſionally* with a *Friend*, *that* wou'd *turn* me aſide: now all the *Town gazes* at me: I rave, I *ſtop* on a ſudden, I give *foul Language* to every Body. O more than *miſerable Condition*! I am *ſcoffed*, *derided* and *pointed* at, wherever I go, Not a Man in the *Town* but knows, I *drank* the *Hate-Potion*. Thus, *Poor Man*, I endure the *inſultings* of the *Brothelry*, the *taunts* and *reproaches* of my *Corrivals*; nor can they ſufficiently expreſs, how great my *Torments* are. I *hate* the Perſon, yet I never ſeem'd to be more *deeply* in *Love*. I ſuppoſe, my *Lords*, you obſerve, that I am a Man, that *preſents* before you the *Torments* of his *Soul* and *Body*

lect only, and who complain, that I am *yet* alive. But, O *unhappy Potion*, whatſoever thou art by which I *dye* by *Inches*, my *Paſſion* ſtill *troubles* me, and in a ſhort time, no queſtion, I ſhall be *taken off*. The *Potion* grows *ſtronger* and *ſtronger* every day. What kind of *Torment*, think you, is it, and what *pain*, when the *mind* is *prohibited* to be *directed* by the *Eye*? When the *Soul* is divorced from the ſenſe of Seeing? That which *do's* me no *good*, what can it do, but *diſpatch* me? Ah! How *miſerable* a Man am I! If that *Poyſon* do not kill me *out-right*, then I muſt *ſpin* out a *dolorous* Life, yet *longer*: Why therefore do I ſet before my Eyes, the *Shifts* and *Changes* of my Mind? If this *Harlots Preſumption* can do *every* thing, for ought I know, ſhe may give me *another Drench*, to make me an *Inamorato* a *ſecond* time.

Odii Potio,

OR,

The *Hate-procuring Potion.*

DECLAMATION XV.

The Argument

Is contain'd in That *of the former* Declamation.

For

For the Miſs *againſt the* Young Man.

THô, *my Lords*, it be *Natural* to us, to *grieve* for *nothing* ſo much, as when we are *ill-requited* for our *Kindneſs*, ſo that nothing more *inwardly* afflicts *good Men*, than to ſee their *Merits* fall to the ground: Yet this *hard* Caſe of mine, wherein I may ſeem *guilty* of ſo *horrid* a *Fact*, ſhall ever make me, *poor Woman* as I am, not *glad* at heart, that his *Fellow* dares now to prefer a *Bill* againſt me. *unhappy Woman*, was miſerably *afraid*, leſt the *poor Fellow* would have been ſo little *wrought* upon by his *Potion*, that he wou'd ha' *Lov'd* me the *more*, after; leſt the *Poor Fellow*, I ſay, who was always *ſtout* and *ſtubborn*, would have *defeated* the *Strength* of his *remedy*, for the very grief that he was *cur'd* againſt his Will. But now it makes very well of *my* ſide, that he is ſo *terrible*, forſooth, and *minacious*, that he would have me *puniſh'd*, even with the *loſs* of my *Life*. I can't be expected, he ſhould give me Thanks *preſently*, when I *cur'd* him, perforce. Yet, *my Lords*, when I thoroughly conſider the preſent temper of the poor *Fellows* Spirit, methinks I have hardly *cur'd* him, no not *yet*; ſo that if I am any whit acquainted with his former furious fits of *Love*, the Hate he is now in, is rather a *Fretting*,

Fretting, than any *Hatred* at all. For if my *R*
medy had done him any *good*, to quit him fro
his former *Mad-cap* Tricks, he wou'd be ſenſi
of his *Recovery*, and wou'd have avoided ev
the very *ſight* of his *Miſtreſs* ſtill; he would n
have *truſted* himſelf in my *Company*, ſo far as
pretend to do *himſelf right* and he wou'd ha
been *afraid* of giving me a *viſit*, even before yo
Lordſhips. I find at *laſt*, I was ſtrangely mi
ken, when I thought my *Potion* had *cur'd* him.
is in *Love*, *my Lords*, he is in *Love* ſtill, who co
plains he is not *belov'd*.

What ſhall I do, *my Lords*, in *this* Caſe? U
der what *Temper* ſhall I enter upon my *defe*
I am afraid, if I begin to commend my o
ſimple *diſpoſition*, and to tell you a long *Story*
my *good Nature*, the *poor Fellow*, that was
will begin *again*. For, *my Lords*, whether it
the common malignant Opinion to call a L
Beauty, that hath no *Suitors*, by the name of
Miſtreſs; or elſe ſome *Lover* or other firſt p
that name on a *poor Woman*, to whom *Fort*
had not given *enough* of her *exterior* perfectio
to *provide* for a ſtrict *Chaſtity* Matrimonial; a
therefore ſhe labours to keep up *fair deal*
under her *Neceſſities*. This I am ſure of, no Ma
Marriage-Bed was ever in the leaſt diſturb'd
her: No *Gentleman* ever *complain'd*, that *ſhe* h
debauch'd his *Son*. No Man ever ſung *Lacryma*
for *his Eſtate* that was *quotted* away into her *g*
dy Lap. And thó this ungrateful *Friend* of m
endeavours to caſt the *Odium* of his former *A*
fection on my poor *Self*, yet he can never t
his *Miſs* in the Teeth with *both*, that ſhe *fi*
m

ade him in *Love* with her, and *afterwards made* im give over, too. And therefore let not this *ccuſer* of mine deceive you with his *Grand* be-ailing of his *Fortune*, as if he were undon by *ancying* a *Miß*: You may be ſure of *my* Inno-ence, for he was but a *Shab* when he came *ſt* to me, and in the ſame poor Condition he erſiſted in his *Love*; I never knew any thing e had to *loſe* amidſt all his *Tranſports*, but the *uts* of his *Brain*. For you *ſaw*, that he was e *needieſt* Fellow in the whole *Town*, that he ou'd wait at the *Civil-Houſes* (ſhall I call 'm) ight and day: And thô he had his *Will* upon a mple *too indulgent* Girl, yea, thô one while he as *aſſaulted* with the *reproaches* and *taunts* of the *abble*, and otherwhile he *got* many a *bang* by is *bickering* with his *Rivals*, he could never be *ept* or *ſtav'd* off from us. The truth is, when I w this unhappy Paſſion of the poor Fellow, my *ood Nature* toward him did work; ſeeing him n *ſuch* a Caſe, I was willing to relieve him by matorious *Embraces*, but the *more* I made of im, the more was he *inflam'd*; and he was *eaſi-* perſwaded, in this *Impatience* of his Affection, hat, becauſe his *Miſtreß* gave him ſo much *Free-om* gratis, therefore ſhe could be no other, but in *Love* with him. But when I ſaw, that my *Pity* nd my *Civility* did no good, then I tryed *rougher* ways. I *charg'd* him to be gon, I ſhut him out f *doors*. I us'd alſo *Entreaties* to the poor Fellow, nd gave him good *Counſel*, drawn from the *To-ick* of his *low* Condition. But he was too *hard* or all theſe; and the *Remedies*, that ſhould ha' *ondred* his Love, were all loſt upon *him*, till at laſt

laſt, I *bethought* my ſelf, that a Man, who wou'd n
be *cur'd* by *Reaſon*, muſt be *cur'd* by *Force*. I did b
lieve, *my Lords*, 'twas in vain to give *taunting* a
reviling words to a *poor Man* in his exceſſive C
ſhip. The Woman Lov'd the *Man* the more, wh
Love ſhe refuſed. And therefore, when the G
Woman had try'd all her Methods of *Fair* a
Foul means, and when every Body *complain'd* of h
needy Shabby Servant, ſhe light upon a *Reme*
that, ſhe was told, had *cur'd* ſuch another
Cuſtomer, in the *like* caſe. This then is the *firſt* Pl
ſhe makes for the *harmleſſneſs* of the *Medicine*, a
the *Innocence* of the Adminiſt'rer; ſhe do
not *deny*, but confeſſes, *ſhe did give it him*: Na
ſhe *further'd* alſo what ſhe *gave*; ſhe laid
Charge and *Command* on her ſelf, to hearken n
ver more to his *Entreaties*; yea, that ſhe migh
not be *mov'd* a whit with his *Complaints* or *Tears* u
der her *Noſe*, ſhe ſhut him quite out of doo
Wou'd you know, *my Lords*, what is all the Paſſi
wrought in him, by the Draught I gave him
Whoever *miniſters* an *Hate-Potion*, does what h
can, from that time forward, to deſerve to b
Lov'd. Prithee, *Younker*, when didſt thou ev

Fran. come in *better* plight into this *Court*, than no

Now thou beginneſt to act a *ſerious* Perſon and
grave; *now*, I wis, thy talk is of *Laws* a
Statutes; *now*, thô upbraid'ſt and reproach'ſt t
Things, call'd *Miſſes*. Thou hadſt none of th
Humour, when thou were lately amongſt th
Lemmans in *Brothel-Houſes*; *then* thou wert t
ken notice of by thy *ſcraggy leanneſs*, thou wo
as *white* as a *Clout*, and the *Talk* of the *Tow*
for thy *High Amours*. *Poor Man*, thou hadſt bee
quit

uite undon, hadſt thou not drank *that*, which ou call'ſt *Poyſon*.

He *impleads* me of *Witch-craft*, forſooth. *I* elieve, *my Lords*, the *Ears* of this *grave* Court ill be very *erect* and *attentive* at the hearing of *high* an *Accuſation*. There's a *Word* with all *heart*, what *ſtrange* Impiety will *it* proclaim the *World*? How great would the Company of *thoſe* who have loſt their *Children*, ready *pannelled*, to inquire into ſuch *black* deeds, us'd by *Step-mothers*? And how great would be *Family* of *Mourners* for their *Heirs*, that have en *deſtroy'd* by *damn'd Cups* of *Poyſon*? Are you t then aſhamed to *ſit* here, about the *brangles* *Bawdy-Houſes*, and to hear the *ſquabbles* of pi- ul *Whore-maſters*, brought before you? Do you yonder *Fellow*, with his terrible *accuſing* Face? as, he wants *only* a *Kiſs* or *Two*, his great com- aint to you, is, that his *Miſtreſs*, forſooth, has ook him. Would you not *adviſe* us rather, to into our *privacies*, and there produce our and *grievances*, and end all amongſt our- es, when the *Caſe* is altered? *Laws* and *Courts* not to be troubled with the complaints of h *pitiful* Shabs. None, but *ſerious* Grievan- are to be *heard* in *this* place. He is not rthy to be *righted here*, where only a *Miſs* is he *Word*. *My Lords*, did you ever hear any dy in the *World* before, complain of being Be- ched and Poyſoned, and yet *alive* in *Court* ore you? Such *Accuſations* are always abomi- ed upon the account of the *Deaths*, that fol- them. If you Impeach one of *Robbery*, you ſt prove it, by ſome *Blood ſhed* or *Wounds* giv- en;

en; if of *Sacrilege*, you muſt ſhew the ſpoils the *Deities* and the plunder of their *Temples*; if you accuſe a Man of *Impoyſoning*, you m produce the Carkaſs *rotten* and black and ble and the *Corps* ſtreaming with *Gore*, as it is c rying out to its *Sepulchre*. And wherever y may object *that*, yet the Perſon muſt have fred ſomething, when he was *alive*, that mig be *equivalent* to the *Odium* of his *Death*. C *that*, *Impoyſoning*, that *rages* inwardly, which *argued* by the *debilitation* of ſome *Limb* or oth Come away then, and ſhew me ſome *Mark* thy *Body*, where the *heat* of the *Poyſon* hath *ter'd* it ſelf up and down in noxious *Effects*; where, the *ſurface* of the *Body* being *conſumed* ſettles inwardly, and deſtroys the *vitals*. your *Body*, I ſee, is luſty enough to *work*, your *Limbs* are intire; your *Mind* is able for *rious* buſineſſes, and ſtrong enough to *accuſe luſtily*. Believe it, my *Quondam* Friend, all us, that knew you before, do perceive, your *Senſes* are *briſker* and *livelier* than ever, that your *Complexion* is more *Sanguine*, tri phing in a *New Edition*, as it were, of your *Y* You cou'd never ha' *prov'd*, you had taken *Doſe*, but that your *Miſs* confeſſes it. But, *Lords*, if you allow the *vulgar* to *deſcant* in faſhion upon all *Recipes*, that are *preſcrib'd* tle out of courſe, they will miſinterpret *Cure* to be done by *Witch-craft*; and it wi look'd upon as an *Odious* Crime, to do a *good*, when he don't know 't. Whereas our call *that* only *true* Poyſon, which works but *One*. There's no reaſon in the World,

ſh

uld ſeem *Poyſon*, which he that drinks it may
ke an *Antidote*, if he pleaſe. *My Lords*, the
ker knows, that the *Crime*, he lays to my
rge, comes not within either the *Letter* or the
ning of the *Law*: And therefore he aggra-
es it, on the account of *what* Men pleaſe to
l me; *'Tis a Whore*, ſays he, *I accuſe*. Believe
, *Friend*, you don't conſider, what *grand* proof
ought to bring to make good your *bor-*
Accuſation of *Witch-craft* againſt me. I pro-
, I expected in the firſt place, that my *coun-*
nce ſhould be terrible, and my *hue* diſmal;
t my *frowzy* hair ſhould be *diſordred*, and that
wild *Melancholy* ſhould be *cruelly* and *merci-*
bent upon *Miſchief*. A *Crime*, which, they
by its *diſmal* Charms *diſturbs* the very *Gods*
ve, and troubles the Conſtellations in the
nament; that does *conjure* up the *dead* out of
r *Graves*, and does make Men arm themſelves
Villany, even to the *mangling* of dead *Carkaſ-*
'tis impoſſible but the *Party* accus'd thereof
t diſcover himſelf at *firſt* ſight. But you ſee, this
o of yours has no ſuch *horrid* countenance,
has a *ſmooth* and gentle Face. If you look
ard, and conſider her *Plots* and *Deſigns*, all
Conjurations are to make herſelf look *Fine* and
dſom. All her *Incantations* tend to *this*, to
m Men with a *look*, and to bind 'm faſt with
plemental blandiſhments. Sometimes, 'tis
, I ſpend *whole* Nights amidſt the *Bottles* of
e with my *Paramours*, where they *draw* one
n another, and ſome of the *Gentlemen* make
erate *Challenges*. A *Poor Miſs* hath no Witch-
t but *this*, how to engage her *Cuſtomers* to

Fancy

Fancy her, ſtill. I hope, *my Lords*, you do think it *unjuſt* for me to expect, that ſo hor an Impeachment ſhould be carryed on agai me, not by my *Miſ-name*, but by my Na diſpoſition? Conſider, I pray, did ever y *Witch*, as you call her, do the *ſame*, or any th *like* it, *before*? Where's the Man, that can ſ this is the *Woman* that *drove* me out of my ſe Where's the Young Man, where's the Old M where's the *Rich* Man, that hath any thing ſay againſt her? Yea, where's any other M Man can complain, beſides yourſelf? So t ſhe is a *Witch*, forſooth, *only* to you in parti lar; to every body elſe, ſhe is an *Innocent* M Would you have me demonſtrate the *Inno* of this *Young Woman*, in a word? The very *ſa* Perſon, which the *poor* Fellow abominates, ſues for her *Life*, he had rather be *dallying* w her, as before.

All Offences, *my Lords*, if I miſtake not, t their *riſe* either from *Love* of *Money*, or fr *Variances*. Now what *Hatred* can a *Miſs* b to her *Creature*? Or, what *Booty* can ſhe get fr a *poor* Servant. *She gave* me, ſays he, *an H ful Recipe*. What, *my Lords!* Sure, the w Name of a *Recipe* may ſufficiently *acquit* from the *Infamy* of *Poyſon*? Nor do I ſee reaſon, why *that* ſhould ſeem the ſame th that can't be call'd by the ſame *Appellation*. go too, *Young Man*, make out the *Immanity* this *Potion*, to the full: Tell us, I took this H ful *Drench* againſt my *Wife*, againſt my own C *dren*, that I might be turn'd aſide from my affection, and that I might utterly caſt off

car Pledges of *Matrimony*. That *Hate-Potion* if you'l call it ſo) is ill in a *Miſs*, if ſhe uſe it o acquire *Love*. So that this *Plea* alone is ſuffi-ient to *excuſe* her, that ſhe gave it *only* againſt rſelf. *She gave me Hatred*, ſays he. Now here deſire you, *Young* Man, to make the ſame *Re-ection* on my Condition, as you did but *now*. ell us, that 'twas a *Miſs* that gave it you, that was a *Common Strumpet* bid you take it. Oh, w was I *afraid*, leſt you ſhould have ſaid, 'twas *Love Potion*. Come on then, ſtand up, *my* *Iron.* *riend*, and make good the *Horrour* of the *Accu-tion*, you have undertook, with all your *might* nd *main*. You may cry aloud, that the *Ears* f all the *Town* may hear, Oh ſome *Charitable* eople, pity me, help me for *Heavens* ſake, lend e ſome *relief*. I have drank *Cruel* and *Mercileſs* oyſon, ſo that now, *poor Wretch*, I can *Love* my *Miſs* no longer: Farewel all my Happineſs, for ow I ſhall be no longer *kick't* and *beaten* up and own the Streets, by every *Varlet*, in my *trouble-me* Night-walks; nor ſhall I ſtand *cooling* my *els* any longer, before the Doors of *Bawdy-ouſes*, till the next *Morning*. Now I am at li-erty to do any thing, I can go to *Sea*, I can rn *Husbandman*, I can enter my ſelf a *Soldier*; w I am come to my ſelf ſo far, that I may an *honeſt* Husband, and may provide both for ſelf in my *Old Age*, and alſo for my *Children*. *Heavens*! What *greater* Remedy could ever ve been given, if we *take in* the *Condition* of n that took it? That *Potion* had made thee *ppy*, if the poor *Wench*, that gave it, could made thee as *Rich*. So that, 'tis not *this* a-

lone, *my Lords*, that is ſufficient for the *defect* of the *Innocent Girl*, that ſhe did *nothing* of what ſhe did for her own ſake? No, ſhe *deliver'd* a *Servant* of hers from *Bondage*, ſhe *diſengag'd* him who, they ſay, makes it her buſineſs to *hold* him faſter, to ſolicite and entice Men to *Love*, and to *corrupt* their *diſpoſitions*. Oh *ungrateful* Fellow! How *much* art thou bound to her? 'Tis true, you bring *nothing* with you, you are at *no Coſt* not of a Farthing, but you like my *Company* you follow me, you ſtay by me, you go abroad with me wherever I go, you favour me, you *admire* me, you cry me up in all places. And therefore you have a *pique* againſt *Miſſes*, because that even *Poor* Men are admitted to them because they have ſuch *eaſie* acceſs, and are *excuſed* from tedious *Attendances*. What doſt thou *Iron.* do, that art a *Lover*, but ſeek to accuſe *us* of that for a great *Crime*, which is really and indeed a high *Courteſie*, ſo that even the *Rich* may think well of us? No Man is *forc'd* to *break* of his *wanton* Love by any, but by him that does really Love him.

What ſays my Young *Man*? Haſt thou *drunk* the *Potion*, ſaiſt thou, which gave thee a *Quieteſt* from thy *Paſſion*, which *quell'd* thy heat, and *extinguiſh't* thy Luſt? Go thy ways, withdraw a while, whilſt we give *thanks* in the Name of all *Mankind* to this *Madam*, who ha's *demonſtrated* to us, that ſuch a thing was *poſſible*. That *Fabulous* Affection, which (if we believe *Old Stories*) hath brought the *Gods* down from their *Starry* Seats into the *Earth*, that hath made *Monſters*, *Fables*, even of the *Sacred* Deities, I ſay, that *hath*

ful heat, that hath *coupled* and *confounded* Man with *Beaſt*, that hath made its way thrô *Iron-gates*, in midſt of *Flames*, that hath *rov'd* far and near beyond the *Seas*, is now *check'd* and *defeated*. Yea, hearken, I beſeech you, to what's a greater wonder, *The Remedy againſt Love is found out by a Woman*. No more now let *Mortals* be afraid of *inceſtuous* Crimes, let no *chaſt* Affection be afraid of ſuch *abominable* filthy *deſires*. That which the *Threats* of *Parents*, that which neither our grave *Kindred*, nor *Poverty*, nor *Neceſſity* itſelf could bring about, one *ſhort* and *eaſie* Potion has *admirably* effected. Oh that a Man could drink an *Anti-potion* to *all vices*, as well as *this*? Happy were *Mankind*, if we could reſtrain all the other *exorbitancies* and *unlucky wandrings* of our *minds*, by one *Infuſion*. Pity 'tis, that ſo great a *Remedy* ſhould *loſe* its *Eſteem*, becauſe of the *Miſ-name* of its firſt *Inventreſs*. We ſhould have admir'd any *Man*, if *he* had found out *ſuch* a *Potion* to *defeat* his *Whore*. Yet 'twas you, *Young* Man, that were *Inflam'd* with thy *immoderate* luſt beyond others, that ſtood in need of this ſpecial *Remedy*, more than any. Prithee, what was thy Condition, that thou ſhouldſt fall in Love? We have need of an *Eſtate*, leſt, when we are in Love, we may be in a *miſerable* caſe; thô perhaps Men do not ſee the *inconveniences* of that *unruly* Paſſion, who are *buoy'd* under or *diſcharg'd* from the *ſcorns* and *contempts* of their *Paramours* by the *Riches*, which *undo* them. *Happy* is he, that *loſes* nothing but a little *Eſtate* in a *Stews*. Thou *loſeſt* thy *underſtanding*, he his *money* only; thou drink'ſt a *provocative* and *Love-Potion*, thou *begg'ſt* with piti-

ful *Tears* in thy *Eyes*, thou *su'ſt* by the *warmneſs* of thy *Cheeks*: and that which is the *worſt* of all, thou muſt be a wretched miſerable Man, that thou mayſt be reckon'd a *kind* Gentleman. Suppoſe thou feeleſt no ſuch *Torment* of this thy *Affection*, yet thou, that art not *worth* a *Groat*, haſt thou not reaſon to be *aſhamed* of the very thing call'd *Love*? Thou art a Perſon, who canſt not be at *leiſure* to *pine* and *languiſh* for his *Love*, and thô *Sick* for *Love*, yet it becomes not thee to *reſt* all *Night*; thou canſt not be *excuſed*, if thou loſeſt the *day-time* only; thou maintain'ſt thy ſelf by thy *hands*, thy *Eſtate* comes by thy *dayly* Labour at thy *Fingers* ends, which thy dayly bread doth more than exact from thee, thou wouldſt *ſpend* more thou if couldſt *get* it; yet you, forſooth, muſt go a *madding*; you muſt mind *Careſſes* and *Dalliances*, which are due *only* to the *Rich* and, for which you can never be *pardon'd*, you make your ſelf *miſerable* on the account of your *Love* and *Pleaſure*. 'Tis true, I look'd when *Want* and *pinch-belly* Hunger would have taught thee better *Manners*. But thou began'ſt thy *Amours* forſooth, when thou wert a downright *Beggar*, and what room was there *left* then for *Counſel* and *Advice*? He whom *Poverty* cannot *Cure*, the *beſt* way left to *Cure* him is, by an *Hate-potion*. Yet now I think on't, 'twas not only the *Poverty* of thy *Perſon*, I tell thee, thou didſt not want *Means* only and *Eſtate*; for ought I ſee, thou hadſt neither *Kindred*, *Acquaintance*, or *Friends*; if thou hadſt, they might have *Cur'd* thee better than my *Antidote*; or at leaſt, if they had never heard of the *virtue* of this *Ingredient*, they might

ha' *bound thee* hand and foot, to have kept thee at *home*. Why doſt thou *elude* an *Outragious Affection*, by *kind Flattering* Complements? I have given thee a *Remedy* for that *Paſſion*, which hath oftimes made Men *hang* themſelves, throw themſelves down a *Precipice*, and which has let out their *Labouring* Souls by the *Port-hole* of their Wounds. How far *Love* can Tyrannize over a Man, they *beſt* know who are *Engaged*.

Now let me conſider, with your *low* Fortune, what *Perſon* 'twas you dored upon. Poor *Pilgarlick*, you lighted indeed on a Young *Gentlewoman*, far from *proud* and far from *ſcornful*. As for *ſome* Whores, a Man can *never* come near 'm. How many things do they call for, on the account of their *tender* Sex; how many more, becauſe they are *Young* and *Handſome*? They are always in need of *this* and *that*; of this *ſuit*, that *dreſſe*. A *Miſs* is always *chargeable* and *craving*. The *Poor Shavling* muſt wait all day *long* at his *Miſtreſſes* door, that one time or other ſhe may be at leiſure for him. He is put off and excluded by the *Emulation* of thoſe *Gallants*, that ſend their *preſents* afore 'm, ſo that he muſt *ſtay* till ſhe has *no body elſe*. When ſhe refuſes to be *kind*, then you art *mad*; if ſhe refuſe not, thy ſatisfaction undoes thee. Thy *joys* prepare thy hope, and thy diſappointments make thee *mopiſh*; thy deſires on *both* ſides are *Inflam'd*. You may believe me, who ſaw with our *Eyes*, what a *State* of *Body* you were in? How *pale* didſt thou look? How *fearful* and *ſhameful* was thy *Melancholy*? How often hadſt thou a mind to drink *Poyſon*? You muſt not therefore complain, Young Man, that the

Gentleſt Paſſion of your *Soul* is loſt, 'twas not *Love* but *Madneſs*; not thy *Delight* but thy *Vexation*; not thy *Paſſion* but thy *Whore*. The Deity of *Love* (if we may believe the firſt *Writers* of *Philoſophy*) is a moſt *Antient* Power, to whom the everlaſting *Duration* of *Nature* owes itſelf: But that Love is *gentle*, *grave*, rejoycing in Honourable deſires, and in the *puiſſance* of a *Sacred* Charity. It was *that* which firſt ſevered all things, *envelop'd* in the *darkneſs* of their Original *Chaos*, and then *cemented* them together again. But this *Flame* of *Love*, which makes our *reſtleſs* hearts ſeek *forbidden* Unions, is *tumultuous* and *troubleſom* by the *working* of our yet *laſcivious* Blood, and is armed with *Killing* Weapons and Funeral *Torches*. The *former* helps us to *Propagation* by the *Accuſtomed* Piety of *Wedlock*; but the *other* drives to nothing but Inceſtuous *Luſts* to *Adultery*, and, in a word, to *Harlots*. Nor may I relate the *monſtroſity* of *mad* Love in *Fable*, as the ſtrong and ſtrange fancy of a Man they never ſaw; a Youthful *Beauty* that was *Love* with *itſelf*; Virgins that have *deſperately* doted on their Aged *Fathers*; and the *ſhapes* of Men and *Beaſts* brought out into the World, mixt and confounded together by our Monſtrous *Copulations*? Yet of all the *Miſchiefs*, that our *Paſſion* but too too willingly, runs us into, none more grievous or *crueller* than *this*; we can *meet* with no Man, that deſires to be cured of his *Love*.

But, ſays *he*, I had rather be in *Love* ſtill. 'Twas for that I gave thee the *Potion*, Man. *Reprimands* would ſerve, no *Prayers* could prevail: *Advices* were all loſt. A wanton *Love*

muſt be ſet free by ſome *Doſe*, if his *Miſtreſs* be his *Phyſician*. Pray, let me ask you in this place, could you have accus'd the *Woman*, if ſhe had *cur'd* you any *other* way, as well as by her *Potion*? 'Twas in her power to *demand*, what you could never have *paid*; and then to *ſcorn* and *contemn* you as the *dirt* of her *Feet*. And are you now *angry*, becauſe ſhe had rather *cure* you by a *kind gentle* remedy, than by an *heart-vexing* one? The Woman might have diſcharg'd her ſelf of Thee, only by *hating* thee *herſelf*; but now ſhe has *contrived* a *device*, that *thou* ſhouldſt rather *hate* her. But ſuppoſe, thou moſt *preſumptuous Wretch*, thou feel ſome *grudge* of *Pain* in thy Cure; cou'd you expect to be *perfectly cur'd* of an *immoderate Paſſion*, in an *Inſtant*? What a *Sick* Man ſhould complain, he is *cured* by the *ſmart* of *Abſtinence*? Some *Vices* have been driven out by the ſevere *diſcipline* of the *Laſh*, and have been covered or *reſtrain'd* by being brought low: Help hath ſometimes been *adminiſtred* by *Fire* and *Lancing*; and *that*, which would have been a *diſaſter* in time of *health*, hath been *advanced* into the repute of a *remedy*, in comparison of greater *hazard* that attended. For you ſhall hardly ever ſee a Man go away merry and *ſound* from this *unruly* Paſſion, that *recedes* therefrom out of *modeſty*, or *ſatiety*, or upon the account of *Penitential* Thoughts. Never any Man will *retreat* from thoſe *Evils* without *regret*, which he can enjoy with *ſuch* pleaſure. 'Tis a point of *love* again, to ceaſe *loving* and be *quiet*. There was need of as much *bent* to the t'other ſide, of as much ſtrength as made you *love at* firſt, for

fear you ſhould *bethink* yourſelf, and *ſtand* a *muſe*, when you are *perfectly* well. I tell you, w ſee what *Remedy* ſhould have been given to t *Young Fellow*, even by the Condition he is now i If any manner of *Cure* was to be *applyed* to a Ma that after an *Hateful* Drench complains he can *Love*, 'tis but a *ſmall* thing, if he only ceaſe *Paſſion*. Hearken then, thou moſt *ungrateful Wigh* ſeeing thou wilt have our *ſecrets* brought into *pen* Court. *I did give the Potion.* For what el ſays he, ſhould I do, when ſo many *other* Reme dies were loſt? I proteſt, I cou'd not abide, tha all the *Whores* in the *Town* ſhould begin to *ſ* at thee. Remember, *prithee*, the diſcourſe w had in *thoſe* Nights, wherein I frequently adm ted *thee* to my *Bed* and *Embraces*, when another, and perhaps a *better* Man than *you*, was fain *wait*; did I not adviſe you, *poor heart*, not *ſtrive* or *ſtruggle* with a *Woman* of my mean Co *dition*? Favour me and my *low* Fortune, for w are both very *Poor*. And thou thy ſelf, how o ten didſt thou cry out, *weeping* without *intermiſ on*, and bedewing my *Boſom* with thy *Tears*, *I a ſenſible, dear Madam*, that I am *mad* for Love but I can't *help* it for my life; I am overborn b my *Paſſion*, I can't command my *Eyes* nor ru my *Heart*? Woman! I would moſt *willingly* h thee, if I could. Why then, thou moſt *ungrateful* of Mortal *Wights*, ſhould'ſt thou *blaſt* my kind neſs with the name of a *Raskally Potion*. I ga you a *Remedy*, but the *Hatred* comes from *you ſelf*. 'Tis true, you *rave*, you *revile*, you *c* out, but thoſe are not the *effects* of my *Poti* but of your *Old* Paſſion, Love. You were *ſuc* before

before. Thoſe are quite *others gates* kind of Men, who flote in *pleaſure* being *buoy'd* up by a great Eſtate. But *poor Scraps* are impudent, when they think of a *Miſs*. I remember, you kept a *pother* as well as the *beſt*, when I gave you *admittance* before; you could not endure to *ſtay*, nor to be *ſtav'd* off, you *curſt* all the *Gentlemen* that came to me, you rail'd at every one you ſaw. What Man in the World has his *Condition* happily chang'd for the *better*, more than *you*? Time was, when you cou'd abide *no body at all*; but now, *poor Man*, you hate *but one* ſimple *Girl*. Why do you not rather give ear and hearken to ſome good and wholſom Counſel? Conſider, whereabouts you are? Seeing your *Health* is but newly recover'd, why will you put it in hazard again, by ſuch a *over-eager* deſire of *Quarreling*? I proteſt, and declare, you *ſquander* away my *wholſom* Potion, the *virtue* of the *Medicine* hath not yet diffus'd itſelf over your whole *Heart* and *Soul*: There are *Two* very great *Paſſions* yet *ſtruggling* about you. Of the *Two*, I beſeech you take the *Potion's* part. Come on, *Check* and run *Counter* to whatever appears againſt it, and makes ſuch troubleſom *buffs* and *buſtles* in your heart. Let a *perfect* recovery ſettle *all* about you. Then we ſhall know, you are cur'd of the Paſſion of *Love*, when you have put off the *Paſſion* of *Hate*.

Thus, *my Lords*, I hope I have defended the Innocency of this *Gentlewoman*, well enough; yet the *Greatneſs* of her danger calls upon us to *beg* and *beſeech*; Riſe up, then, thou *miſerableſt* of *Women*, abet and make good the remainder

of

of thy *Plea*, with thy *Tears*. O thou, that do'ſt *Indite* her, *what* do'ſt hope for? What do'ſt *expect*? She ſhall never fall *down* on her *Knees* before thee. Thô thou accoſteſt the *poor Woman* with all thy terrible *menaces*, yet ſhe ſhall not *kiſs* thy *hand*. Thô thou threaten her with *death* and *deſtruction*, yet ſhe ſhall never *petition* thee for her *Life*. Don't miſtake your ſelf ſo far, as to promiſe yourſelf any advantage from our *danger* and *Fear*. Alas, let me tell you, the poor *Girl* hath no *Remedy* for *Hatred*. Suppoſe it comes from the *ſtrength* of thy *Potion*, that thou *accuſeſt* the *Innocent*: Is it not ſufficient *ſatisfaction* to you, that you ſee her look ſo *pale* for *fear*? Is it not ſufficient to hear her *ſigh* and *groan*? remember this is *ſhe*, that you would not hearken to in your Youth. What do you do? Let me ask you? Can you endure to have her *call'd* in *Queſtion*, and her very *Life* in ſo much *jeopardy*? Will *you* reckon the *Votes* of the *Court*? And if they *Caſt* her, wilt thou, wicked *Wretch*, *skip* and *rejoyce*. I ſhall ſay *then*, thou didſt *never* Love her at all. Perhaps you will follow her to her *Execution*, will ye? Will you ſtand by, when the *Executioner* touches thoſe *pretty* Eyes? Can you look on, whilſt that *Neck*, that you have ſo oft *Kiſs'd* and *Embrac'd*, is *laid bare*, for the *laſt* Blow? Will not you *leap* toward her? Will you not put your *cum breaſt* to receive the *Stroke*? Will you not call out for help of *God* and *Man*? Wilt thou receive her *body* after *Execution*; and ſtand over her *Limbs*, yet *panting* and *quavering* after the Blow? Canſt thou behold *this*? Canſt thou endure it? Then I'le ſay, thou art *perfectly* recovered

vered. But if the *Event* of this *Sentence* prove yet more *ſad*, the *Gods*, who are always the *Revengers* of *Courteſies ſoon forgotten*; the *Gods*, I ſay, (whom this *Cruel Fellow*, in the *Arms* of his *Miſs*, did oft beſeech, with Mourning and Tears, to put an end either to his *Love*, or to his *Life*,) give a juſt revenge on this *ungrateful Youth*, yet without *maiming* him. I don't imprecate *lameneſs*, nor *drowning*, nor *ſickneſs* on him. No, but I pray he may be *poor* ſtill, and that he may *love* the *meaneſt Drab* in the *Town*, and that he may never have his *belly* full, nor give over.

Amici.

Amici Vades,

OR,

Two Friends, *one Surety* for *t'other.*

DECLAMATION XVI.

The Argument

There were Two *Friends, whereof one had a* Mother *alive, that went a long Journey together, and at laſt came to a* Tyrants *Country, where they were made* Priſoners. *The* Mother *hearing her Son was in* hold, *wept out her* Eyes *for* grief. *The* Two *Young Men* proffered *the* Tyrant, *that if he*

he would let one *of 'm go home to ſee his* Mother, *he ſhould* return preciſely *at an* appointed *day, and if he did not, his* Fellow Priſoner *was to be put to* death. *And he* bound *himſelf by* Oath *to this purpoſe. The* Young Man *returns to his* Mother, *and ſhe would not let him* go back again, *alledging the* Law *of the* Country, That a Child was not to forſake his Parents in their diſtreſs.

For

For the Young Man *againſt his* Mother.

ALthô, moſt upright *Lords* and *Judges*, I ſeem already to have laid out *all* the *Affection* of human *Breaſts* upon *Friendſhip* alone; and am now *invidiouſly* reflected upon, as one that hath not left himſelf ſo much *good Nature*, as to *Love* even his *own* Mother; yet as oft as I view the whole *Latitude* of my *duty*, (wherein *this* bears the *leaſt* part, that I am a *good Friend*) I cannot but *bewail* this firſt *lot* of my *choice*, that I muſt of neceſſity *relinquiſh* either my *Friend* or my *Mother*. There is a *Violence*, moſt *grave* Judges, I ſay, there is a Violence, upon my *ardent Affection*, that I am not able to *relieve* them *both*. But above all, nothing troubles me *more*, than that ſuch croſs things do fall out againſt my *Inclination*, that I muſt ſeem to chuſe *one*, which I cannot *help*. What would I not give, *poor* Man, for the *recovery* of my *Mothers* ſight, who have given up my *Friend* to come to ſee her? I beſeech you, *my Lords*, let not my *Service* be loſt in ſuch great *ſtraits* as theſe, who am willing to lay out my ſelf upon both. The beſt kindneſs you can do me, is not to keep me *there*, *where* I can do *no* good. I muſt *own*, moſt *upright Judges*, that I now ſet *before* you an *Inſtance* of ſo *great* and

incre-

incredible an *Example*, that you may almoſt have ſome *cauſe* to think, I *juggle* with my *Mother*. I ſeem to have deviſed this colourable *pretence* of my own head; and while I am *detained*, I ſeem to have but a *cold* Friendſhip. Pity me, *my Lords*, try me, and let me go. You can't know, whether I would fain *return*, till ye ſee me *returned*.

This, *my Lords*, doth *vex* and *rend* my very heart, that I fall ſhort of my *great* expectation. I was full of hope, that my *Mother* would have done ſome *brave* thing in the Caſe. I had provided my ſelf of this *boaſt* and *vapour* before the *Tyrant*, that ſo he might have believed, I had been *ſent* back by her. And I was pleas'd with this kind of *Oſtentation*, that they would wonder at the *Gallantry* of a Man, who left a *Mother*, thô *deſtitute* of *comfort*. But with what *Sentiment* will you have me to *bear* this, that my *Mother* made my *Friend* believe, that *aſſuredly* I ſhould return? And for her part, ſhe hath *deceiv'd* a moſt *Noble* Gentleman, that believ'd my *Affection* was ſo *high* and *great*. I cannot diſſemble, *my Lords*, the *Guilt* of my *Caſe*. I had been *leſs* to blame, if I would not have *returned*. Let thoſe *Religious* Perſons look to it, who look upon the *Motives* of Love, which they have from the ordinary *Titles* of *Father*, *Brother*, *Son*, &c. as a kind of *tye* and *ſervice*; If you ask me, I think, as the *Caſe* ſtands, no *affections* are only *born* with us. For if a Man weigh all things *aright* he ſhall find, that whatever keeps *Children*, *Brethren* and *Kindred* together is nothing elſe, but *Friendſhip*. For thô we Men ſhould fly never ſo high in *incredible* expreſ-

ſions,

ſions, yet doubtleſs we are not a piece of the *ſame* Soul; nor *joint-burthens* of the *ſame womb*. The *leſs* there is *pretended* in the *Original*, the *more* is there in the *Affection* between us. That *Charity* is far more admirable, that we enter into with *all* our *Faculties*: I am not *aſhamed*, *my Lords*, to confeſs *this* as my Opinion, that *leſs* obligation is due to a Man, who *loves* his *Friend*, only becauſe he cannot *help* it. 'Tis plain, *my Lords*, 'tis plain, that to be *joyn'd* together in the *ſame* courſe of *Life*, even from ones very *Infancy*, hath ſome *inward* touch of the *affection* of *Brotherhood*. Thus it came to paſs, that *Fame* never mentioned *one* without *t'other*; and we *vyed* one with another in our *union* ſo far, that what *hapned* to the *one*, the like *hapned* to the *other*. Hence it was, that we *ſcorn'd* to return both together; and, as if it were eaſier between *Two faithful Friends*, we *reſolv'd* to *ſtick* together, notwithſtanding the *hazards* of the *Sea*. And yet I would not have you think, that we went to *Sea* together on a *Humour*, or for *Table-talk*; no, we had *great* and *inexpreſſible* reaſons for our *Voyage*, and that you may judg by *this*, that even my *own Mother* could not keep us at home. Whether then, *my Lords*, it was, that *Friendſhip* itſelf would try an *Experiment* upon us? Or that Fortune would *truſt* us but *little*, as long as we *met* with no *adventures* in our *Love*? Or whether it be an *Envy*, that always ſticks to *great* reſolutions? Or that none are ever *praiſed* with ſo *general* an *applauſe*, that *Envy* would not try 'm, even in their very *Friendſhip*? I muſt tell you, we *arrived* at the *ſhore*, Men whom their *Good hap* or common

Report

report had *joyn'd* together. We are *ſwallowed* up with the very *Terrour*, which ſtrikes *fond* Parents *Blind* immediatly. Hence it hapned, becauſe we were *both* made *Priſoners*, together; Yet *ſo*, that he's moſt a *Priſoner*, that was ſet at *Liberty*. I am aſhamed, *my Lords*, to ſay it, in *this* I was *out-don*, *here* my *Friend* got *the better*: Of the *Two*, his *affection* is the *higheſt*, whom the *Tyrant* had rather keep in *Priſon*. O my *Friend*, how much am I *indebted* to thee? Nothing but a *Mother* could have *divided* us. *You* were the *firſt* that *heard* ſhe was *blind*; and 'twas for the *Paſſion* you ſhew'd, that the *Tyrant* believ'd any ſuch thing. What did he not do to make the *Tyrant* deſire *his* body, inſtead of *mine*? He *hugged* his very *Chains*. He wou'd *engage* I ſhould *return*, even from *Sea*; and thô I had a *Mother* alive, he *ſtipulated* for ſuch *uncertainties*, as if he wou'd ha' made them *good* in his *own particular* Perſon. Did ever any Man do *ſo* much for his *own* ſake? My *Friend perform'd*, I ſay, he *perform'd* a thing, that the *Tyrant* ſeem'd to *grant* us on purpoſe, that it might not be *performed*; and the *Man*, who wou'd have no ſuch *affection* in human *breaſts*, we *deceiv'd* him, notwithſtanding his *Temptation*. I ſee no reaſon, why my *Mother* ſhould be ſo *horribly* afraid of my *Impriſonment*; or what ſhe means to throw a *Vayle* over *us*, that are *doom'd* to *death*? The *Tyrant* hates me not, you ſee, for it is *all one* to him, to *Murther another* for *me*. Pity me, *dear Mother*, if there be any *Conſcience* for *great* obligations, complain, that you *loved* one of us ſo *over-dearly*, that, ſince you loſt *your Eyes*, is as it were always ab-

ſent from you. Who ſhould undergo *this* for me? What *obligations* do you ſtop? My *Friends* chain would admit me to my *Friend*; now the *Tyrant* wou'd open the door to me, now the *Pyrate* would prepare me a *Veſſel* for my *ſupply*. I proteſt, if I ſhould dye before *your ſelf*, *Mother*, you ought to *return* in my *room* at the *very day*. *Poor Woman*, do you not underſtand, what a *far greater* obligation my *Friend* hath *laid* upon *you*? you owe *more* to the *Man*, who ſent me *back* to you, even for *this*, ſince you can't *endure* I ſhould *return*.

I proteſt, *my Lords*, I cannot but *pity*, I ſay, but *pity* thoſe Men, who *praiſe* me for my *Return*. My *Friend* truſted me ſo far, that I wou'd *return*. And now, forſooth, I do a brave thing, I that am ſo *ſure* a *Card*, ſo *wonderful* and *remarkable* a Friend. If you will believe a Man, it ſeems *untoward* to me, that I know I ſhall not be *put* to *death*. Beſides, *my Lords*, my *Mother* is *conſcious* that ſhe acts *unworthily*, and is baſely *guilty*, if ſhe *detain* me out of *neceſſity*, or an account of my *duty*; and therefore the *poor Woman*, which hath hitherto acted out of affection, now ſuddenly flies to the *Law*. That *Mother*, *my Lords*, has a very *bad* Cauſe, which the *Law* muſt *bear* out, ſo much. *Children*, ſays ſhe, *muſt not forſake their Parents in diſtreſs*. There's no reaſon, *my Lords*, this ſhould be ſaid to a Man, that *return'd*. Can it be ſaid, that I *deſpiſed* my *Mother*, or that I *ſlighted* my duty to her in her *blindneſs*, ſeeing all my *ambition* in my *miſery* was laid out on *this*, even to *contrive* my *return*? Who in the very heigth of my *troubles*, never *petition'd* any

any thing for *my ſelf*? Can any one *inflict* on me the *penalty* due to a *diſobedient* Child? Or can he *aggravate* things againſt me, for neglecting *Filial Piety*? I appeal to *Heaven*, how *much* it *coſt* me, not to appear an *undutiful* Son? I muſt needs charge *this* on you, *good Mother*, that I left my *Friend* for *your ſake*, to whom 'tis *Impiety* not to *return*.

My Lords, I do not yet inſiſt either upon my *own miſery*, or upon the *merits* of my *Friend*, my *Plea* at *preſent* is, that this *Law* is of *Force only*, when ones Parents *alone* are in diſtreſs. *Providence* hath freed a great part of *Mankind* from the *obligation* of *Laws*; nor are there any *Statutes* ſo *ſevere*, that Men, thô never ſo much in *miſery*, ſhould be *ſubject* to their *Penalty*. For when *want* and *neceſſity* do *ſurprize* me, I have *as much* reaſon to *complain* too, as if I were *deſerted*. When Children themſelves are in *diſtreſs*, they are *excuſed* to their *Parents*; and if the *Law* lays hold upon any one, it muſt needs count *another* Mans *misfortune*, as a certain kind of *Orbity* too. For what if, when my *Mother* holds me cloſe, *another* ſhould pluck me by *force* from her *ſide*? What if my *Country* ſhould need my *Service*, as a *Soldier*? Or what, if as an *Ambaſſador*; or (to come nearer to my preſent *diſtreſs* and *complaint*) what, if, when *condemned*, I am call'd forth to *Execution*? I beſeech you, *Mother*, would you *break Priſon*, for me to eſcape? Would you lay *violent* hands on the *Executioner*? And when your *Son* was about to *ſuffer*, would you as 'twere cover his *Throat*, by the *Authority* of the *Law*? Oh *Heavens*! The *Law*, that *retains* a Man, is far

enough from concerning that *Perſon*, who comes not, in *fear* of *puniſhment*. For ought I ſee, *Mother*, you don't conſider what a great *Odium Parents* ſhould raiſe upon thoſe *Children* of theirs, who *forſake* them in that Caſe. A *Mother*, who *complains* ſhe is *forſaken*, had need *cry out*, *Alas*, a *Foreign* Country hath drawn away my *Sons* heart; he withdraws the *ſhoulder* from *helping* me, becauſe he hath a mind to ſee ſome other *pleaſant* corner of the *World*, in *Utopia*. Or, my Young *Son* is inveigled by ſome *Miſs* or other, and the *wantonneſs* of his *Eye* has taken him off from obſerving the *juſt Laws* of his *own Country*. With ſuch *laments* as *theſe*, ſhould you perſecute your *Son*, that ſo my being *detained* may be a *puniſhment* to me, but *by the by*. That *Law* doth not *concern Children*, who are detain'd by their own *merciful diſpoſitions*. To make it a *baſe* thing to *return*, it muſt be conſidered, to *whom* the *return* is made; and it can be *no offence* at all to *leave* a *Mother*, if there be *juſt cauſe* to bear a man out, for *ſo* doing. I, who return to a *Tyrant*, if I leave my *Mother* out of an *undutiful* Spirit, am *worthy* to be kept back. And therefore, *Madam*, you have no reaſon to *object* againſt me the *weight* of *Maternal obligations*; nor ſhould you think, 'tis out of *diſreſpect* to you, if I believe that there is *another* affection in human *breaſts*, even *that* of *Friendſhip*, which *Nature* ſeems to have *deviſed* on purpoſe, that all *Mankind* in general might make a *coalition*; and which is not as yet *univerſally admired*, becauſe we do not find it *Compleat*; and yet ſuch as it is, it would do *wonders*, unleſs you yourſelves did

hinder

binder it? Friendſhip is but one *ſoul* in *many bodies*, *my* hand is *thine* and *thine* is *mine*, 'tis an *Affection* ſtronger than the *Maternal*. Pray tell me, what matter is it, by what *Name* you call *him*, that *loves* at ſo *high* a *rate*? If *great Merits* deſcend down to us, never ask, from *whom*? Wou'd you know, what my *Mother* herſelf thinks of *this Affection*? She thinks, that even my *Friend* had rather, I ſhould not *return*. Suppoſe I ſhould lay aſide at preſent the *great* obligations I ſtand indebted in to my *Friend*, upon the account of his *Merit*, and that I ſhould ſay only *this*, 'tis my *Friend* that *is* a *Priſoner*, Dear *Mother*, I'le go, that he may have *leave* to *return*, that I may *comfort* him, that I may *intreat* his *Patron* for him; and if the *cruel* Man be ſo *Tyrannical* as to *require* it, I'le give him *body* for *body*. Pray, *why* do you *detain* me? Why d'e *ſtop* me? *Now* or *never* I muſt ſhew my ſelf a *Friend*. You can't tell, whether *that* be true *Love*, which never met with any *croſs adventure*; and if *our lives* have nothing but *Sun-ſhine*, a *Friend* is a *needleſs Why-not*. D'e think, I'le *plead*, that my *Friend*, that's in *Hold expects* this from me, nay all *Mankind* expects the ſame, and they received me into the *number* of Friends on this account, that no body ſhould wonder at all, if I expreſſed ſuch *Faithfulneſs*? Wou'd you know, *dear Mother*, what *affection* and what *reverence* we ought to ſhew to a *Friend* in *diſtreſs*? Alas, *he* never *fear'd* any *Law*, that *he* ſhould be left *alone*. I'le ſet aſide at preſent the *cauſe* of *Friendſhip*, for I have a mind to ſpeak a few words in the behalf of *Humanity* itſelf, even the *Tyrant* believ'd that I *would*

return, and therefore I must *return*. *Dear Mother*, no Man *living* was ever *trusted* more, no Mans *expectations* ever laid a greater obligation upon me. He that *trusted* me was a Man of that *Kidny*, as to account it a *Courtesie* to be *deceived*; he seem'd to have *devised* this *Trick* against all *Friends* whatever, that we might *impose* upon him. You have no reason, *dear Mother*, to tell me of my *capital punishment*, and of all the *Preparation* for my *Execution*. 'Tis an *offence*, to believe Men *only* in that which is *expedient*. Good-night to all *Mankind*, if we must keep *Faith* with *none*, but where we *gain* by it How *hugely* and how *infinitely* did the *Tyrant* trust me, if he puts me to *death*, when I *return*.

My *Mother* herself, *my Lords*, knows well enough, what an *high* Seat a *Friend* hath in a Mans *Heart*, and therefore *she* begins to urge *affection*, too. Wherefore, if I mistake not, seeing *I* am the *Subject-matter* of this *Suit*, you should *first* of all consider, whether my *Mother* or *my self* have done more in this *calamitous* Case? In the first place, *dear Mother*, I must crave leave to *complain*, that your *affection* is not of the *right kind*. Pray, what did you *mean*, by your *raving* and *headstrong* Passion? Why did you shew your *grief* all *outward*, as if you had received the Message of your *Sons* Captivity with the *Eye*, not with the *Heart*? You have not left your self *Liberty* to redeem me, doubtless you have added to the *Affections* of a *Mother*, you wept out your *Eyes* in the midst of your *Orbity*, but all this doth not loose my *Chains*, nor *free* my *Body* from the *Prison*. What good do's that *Passion* of a

a *Mother* do her *Son*, that ſpends it ſelf in *noyſy* Crying? If you had undertaken a *Voyage* to the *Tyrant*, then, *Mother*, you had done *ſomething* indeed. Grant, *I am in Hold*, what! will you now make your *Lamentation*, as if I were *dying* at home in my *Bed*; or, as if I were *giving* up the *Ghoſt* in your *Arms*? In *ſome* kind of *diſtreſſes*, *Deſpair* itſelf is none of the *higheſt Paſſions*; and whoever *believes* the *loſs* of his *Children* at *firſt* hearing, what does he do, but make *haſt* to ſhake hands with his *Grief*? Thô you *twit* me, *dear Mother*, with your great *impatiency* for, and unſpeakable affection to, your poor *Son*, yet, let me tell you, my *Friend* had *an harder* piece of *ſervice* to do for me, he *Husbanded* the matter *ſo* as to ſave *his Eyes*, that he might be made a *Priſoner*. Oh Heavens! what an *high* piece of *merit* was *this*, he was grieved for my *puniſhment*, and yet wou'd not be *releas'd*. 'Tis *he*, that ſpeaks a Priſon to be a *terrible* thing, who is *delivered* from thence. Now the *Chains* would not *ſtick* to his *body* it was ſo *lean*, but they fell to his heels for very *weight*, his *countenance* was *piteouſly diſfigur'd* and *begrim'd*, and the *Tears*, that he ſhed *night* and *day*, did *ſmear* his *Face* all over. I beſeech you, *my Lords*, ſhew ſome *pity*, let not a *Merit*, that is ſo *much* above *expectation*, *loſe* its *Authority*. Imagin us to be both *Priſoners* under your *Eye*, and that a *Friend* redeem'd *one*; a *Mother*, t'other. I beſeech you, *which* of the *Two* did *moſt*? *Good God*! How *greedily*, how *ſtrongly* did he *catch* up my *Chains*? By what urgent *Prayers*, did he even *compel* the *Tyrant* to *believe* him. Take, ſays he, theſe *my*

hands, and theſe *my Limbs*, that ſo, if poſſible, my *Friend* may be ſent back to his *Mother*. I my ſelf, if you think good, will undergo the full puniſhment for us *both*; or if you will have him to *return* after he is *diſcharg'd*, here's my *Neck*, *hang* me *up*, if he don't *return*, at whatever day you *your ſelf* ſhall *name*. I call *God* and *Man* to Witneſs, every thing, that cou'd be, was done to make my *poor Friend* repent his *Bargain*. The poor *Soul* was *thrown* down into a *dark* and *deep* Dungeon, he muſt be *laden*, ſays the *Pyrate*, with *double-irons*, ſeeing he is ſo *good* a Friend. And preſently the *worſt* of the *Felons* were thruſt down into the ſame *Hole*; and ever and anon, he was *taunted* with *this mock*; What! *Will you buy your Friend at ſo dear a rate?* Yet ſtill, *this* was his *note*, *this* was the poor Mans conſtant *Groan*, Torture me with *Fire*, with red-hot *Pincers*, *tear* me in *pieces*, yet, I'le *warrant* ye, he'le *return*. Pity me, *dear Mother*, 'tis an *extraordinary* matter I am ſpeaking of, now. I left my *Friend* at *hard diſpute* with the *Tyrant*. Let all human *affections* excuſe me, and you, *Mother*, above *all*, that I *ſuffered* ſuch *horrid* things to be done. What! Could there be ever *any* neceſſity in *nature* ſo *urgent*, that I my ſelf muſt *throw* ſuch a *Friend*, as he was, into a *Priſon*? That I ſhould *put off* my *begrimedneſs* and my *Fetters*, and *put 'm* upon him, that was in as much *poſt-haſt* to *receive 'm*? That I ſhould appoint *ſo ſhort* a day for *my return*, notwithſtanding the *many* uncertainties of my *Voyage*? I appeal to my *own* poor *Conſcience*, and to *that Deity* too, if there were any *ſuch*

preſent

preſent in that *rueful inſtant*, how much we *quarrell'd* about my *Chains*, and how I did *all* that ever I cou'd, that, of the *Two*, *he* might rather *return* to my *Mother*. I confeſs, *my Lords*, there was but one *modeſt* thought that *overcame* me, and that was, if I had not *accepted* the *Courteſie* of my *Friend*, thô *accompanied* with ſo much *difficulty*, he would have thought I had not *believ'd* him. Pity me, *dear Mother*, that you may not think *me* diſcharged, I have *Impriſon'd* my *ſecond ſelf*. Thoſe are the *Chains*, which gripe my *Limbs*, which bind me faſt, notwithſtanding the *vaſt Sea*, and *huge* diſtance of *Land*, between us. This is a *Priſon*, that I cannot *break!* I envy the *cunning Tyrant*, he knows how to keep *both* of us in *Priſon*, he knows how to *fetter* even *him*, too, that he has *releas'd*. I muſt needs *cry out*, *again* and *again*, 'twas I, that *clap't* my *Friend* in *Irons*; and, that I might have *liberty* to ſee *you*, another Man was *puniſh'd* for me. I know, with what *ſpirit* my *Friend* did *this*; but as for *me*, I carry'd *my ſelf*, as if I would *never* have *returned*. Let me ask you, *Good Mother*, I ſay, let me ask your *impatient affection*, if *ſome* of the *Barbarous Halberdiers* or *Priſon-Keepers* had brought me back in *Irons*, to ſee you? Would you have taken any *comfort* either to *ſee* or to *embrace* me? Don't miſtake your ſelf, as if I am now *return'd* to you, upon *eaſier* and *ſlighter terms*? What made him, think you, *diſmiſs me*, to go *whither I pleas'd*? I tell you, the *Cruel Sophiſter* knew well enough, that he had prevented us, ſo that we *could* not *cozen* him, if we had a *mind* to't. Therefore, my *Mothers* Plea, that ſhe is *blind*, is *needleſs* in this Caſe. That ſhe

ag-

aggravates things againſt me upon account of the loſs of her *Eyes*, pray don't think it a ſufficient *Cauſe* to *detain* me; for, if ſhe had her *ſight*, ſhe would ſtrive to keep me at home, *ſtill*. 'Tis not the *Blind Mother*, than can't endure *thus*, but the very *Mother*; ſometimes indeed, *diſtreſs* makes a *Mother* unable to bear the *Abſence* of her *Son*. Now, *my Lords*, if, in my opinion, my *Friend* be not inferior to my *Mother*, either in his *Love* to, or *Deſert* from me, what ſhould your *Juſtice* conſider *more*, than *which* of *them* would be the *Greateſt Sufferer*? My *Mother* hath *ſated* her *Grief* already, ſhe hath *ſpent* all her *Paſſion*, her *vehemency* is *cool'd*; now ſhe hath *loſt* her *Eyes*, how can ſhe *deſire* her *Sons* preſence? Beſides, this her *misfortune*, whatever it be, *befals* her amongſt her *own Friends* and *Kindred*, thô ſhe be *weak*, yet ſhe hath all her *Servants* about her, to make her *broth*, and to do all other neceſſary *Offices*. Would you know, how much *more intolerable* 'tis, that my *Friend* ſuffers? Judg of it by *thus*, it coſt you your *Eyes*, when you did but *hear*, I was ſo *badly uſed* in a *Gaol*; but *he* muſt be contented with *thoſe ſcraps* or *none*, that his very *Executioner*, and his *Tormentor*, ſets before him.

Venenum

Venenum Effuſum,

OR,

Poyſon ſpilt on the ground.

DECLAMATION XVII.

The Argument.

There was a Gentleman, *that entred* Three *Actions in* Court *againſt his* Son, *that he might have* leave *to* Renounce *and* Diſinherit *him*; *but was* Caſt *in them* all. *One day he found him* tampering *a certain* Medicine *in a* private *part of his* Houſe; *and* ask'd *him*, What *it was*, *and for* Whom *he*

he had prepar'd it: His Son *answer'd him, 'twas* Poyſon, *and that he intended to put an end to his* own *life by taking it off: His* Father *hearing this, commands him to* drink *it; but he, inſtead of* drinking *it, ſpilt it on the* ground; *whereupon his* Father *accuſes him of an intended* Parricide.

For

For the Son *againſt the* Father.

WEary as I am, *my Lords*, with the different *hurries* of my *woful* mind, my grief being the *ſame* in *each* of them, whileſt that which *puſhes* me on, does likewiſe *pluck* me back from every frame of *Spirit* I am in, ſo that I cannot *endure* either to be ſo *hardy* as to *live*, or ſo *deſperate* as to *dye*; yet I humbly beg *this* in the *firſt* place of your *Lordſhips Clemency*, (which I have *already* had ſo much *experience* of) that you wou'd not wonder to ſee me *unreſolv'd* what to do, when ſo many ſad *diſtreſſes* do *preſs* me on every ſide; ſo that by reaſon of my *Miſery*, I can find no *better Remedy*, than to *dye*; and by reaſon of my *Innocency*, no better *Expedient* than to *live*. Therefore, *my Lords*, ſeeing I am *accuſed* upon *both* accounts, in ſuch a *new* and *unuſual* kind of *Action*, how ſhall I *ſufficiently bewail* or *lament* my *Calamity*? 'Tis true, I was a Perſon willing to *make away* my ſelf in ſecret, and it had almoſt *Kill'd* me out-right, that my *Father chopt* in *upon* me on a *ſudden*. You ſee him *yet quarrelling* with me, as he did when we were in that *cloſe* Room, where he found me. Whatever doth not deſtroy, and bring me to

to my *Grave*, he calls Contumacy; ſo little doth he reſpect my *abſolution*, or my *Life*. After this, who can make any *doubt*, with what intent he bid me drink the *Poyſon*, ſeeing he calls it *Parricide*, that I did not drink it? No Queſtion, he wou'd ha' let me ha' taken it *all off*, if I had been willing. I beſeech you therefore, *my Lords*, look narrowly into the *Cauſe* of this preſent *Suit*. Do you think my *Father* objects *Parricide* to me, upon his own account? No, he is even cut to the *heart*, he frets, he is tormented that I am *alive*. For this is *that* he can't *endure* to hear of; that he commanded me to *kill* my ſelf, and yet could not *compel* me thereto; he knows, it was *Wickedneſs* in him to *command* it, if it were *Innocence* in me to *refuſe* it. This is a great piece of *Cruelty* in him, he defends and excuſes himſelf from any odious reflection by *my crimes*, and that you might not *hate* that *word* (Parricide) as if the deed had been done, he ſubſtitutes a *miſerable* for a *bad Father*. *My Lords*, this is the *rage* of his *Impiety*, now he is found out. No *Father* would ever have his *Son* ſeem *innocent*, if he has a mind to *deſtroy* him.

My Lords, I humbly beſeech *this* alſo of your publick *Wiſdoms*, that none of you would imagin I was not peremptorily *reſolv'd* to dye. As yet I make my *defence* at the rate of my former *Conſtancy*; but if I get the *better* in the *Suit*, then I ſtand upon *another* Foot; I ſtand *firmer* as *accuſed*, than I ſhall be, if *acquitted*. For *then* only I ſhall not be able to bear my *calamity*, when it begins to *appear*, that I am only

only *miſerable* not *innocent*. 'Tis well for me, that my *Father* ſu's me *again* at *Law*, he *occaſions* me thereby to plead my *Innocent* Cauſe, and he does me the *Favour*, to make me think my death had been *loſt*, if I had drank the *Poyſon*. If my *Father* repents, that he *bid* me *drink* off the *Poyſon*, I can't abide that I *ſpilt* it. Thô therefore the *Merceleſs* Old Man endeavours to confound publick *Affections*, by changing the *nature* and *kind* of his Complaint, yet we are no new *Cuſtomers*, we have been *Plaintiff* and *Defendant* before, nor hath the late *immunity* of his impious *Suit diſcharged* us? *Parricide* in an old *accuſation* with him. 'Tis juſt ſo, *my Lords*, 'tis juſt ſo, 'tis a long time ago, ſince I was *indicted* as the *veriеſt Villain* in the World. So that the *firſt* Churliſh unnaturalneſs of my *Father* did endeavour to *blaſt* me. And now, thô you have already *commanded* him to *deſiſt* and *give* over, yet this is the Man, that will *trouble* your *Lordſhips* ſtill, thô he be *caſt* never ſo many times, yet he's at it *again*. He is *deceiv'd* that thinks the *Old Mans diſpoſition* will be *tyred* out and made to *endure* it. No, a *Father*, that cou'd not *prevail* in *Law* to diſinherit his *Son*, had rather have him found *Guilty* than *Acquitted*. A Mans own *Parents*, when they are caſt in *their Suits*, are the moſt pertinacious *Accuſers* of all; they'le never give over. Whilſt you maintain the *Authority* of your Power ſtrongly by *imperious* affections, and, leſt you ſhould confeſs your ſhame or penitence, do vindicate error by calumny, this addition is made to my *calamity*, that I was ac-

acquitted *thrice*. For when the Old Man found that his *ſpight* againſt me was *ſucceſsleſs* the very *firſt Tryal* he had; he cou'd not abide I ſhou'd be *turn'd* back upon him, againſt his *Will*; and becauſe your Lordſhips would not give way, he ſhould *legally diſinherit* me, yet he was ſtiff in his *reſolution* ſtill, to *deſire* to do it. He kept up his *beliefe*, that it wou'd be for his *advantage*, if he perſiſted in his unjuſt *Complaints*; and he hop'd that by his common *barretting* againſt me, People at laſt would be *weary* of *pitying* me. What ſhould I do in *this* Caſe? My *Innocence* being *tip'd* out as it were, whither ſhould I turn my ſelf? 'Twas not *convenient*, I ſhould leave the *Houſe*, for then I ſhould ſeem to have *own'd*, *what* your *Lordſhips* wou'd not believe; nor could I well ſtay at home, for he threatned me with another *Set* of *miſeries*, for now he ſeem'd to *hate* me with ſuch an additional *eagerneſs*, as he ſhew'd towards you for my ſake. At laſt, *poor* Man, I took pity on my ſelf, and on my *Father* too, for ſeeing I foreſaw by what was *paſt*, that he would be at *variance* with me as long as I *liv'd*, I confeſs I catcht at every opportunity, which ſeem'd to me to *exaſperate* my preſent State, to beſeech his favour till I *dy'd*; and I found out *this* as the *laſt* Expedient I had for it, that ſeeing I was willing to dye for *honour* and *reverence* of him, he would at laſt ceaſe *hating* me, even as if I had gon out of the way till his *rage* was over. That *Son* can have no other *Exit* but *death* only, that can neither be

recon-

reconciled to his *Father*, nor yet be *diſinherited* by him.

There was a *private* Room in our *Houſe*, into which, when I was *Accuſed*, I us'd always to *retire myſelf*, and when I was *Acquitted* in *Court*, I did the ſame; *here*, and no where elſe, I had *liberty* to make my *Complaints* and ſhed my *Tears*. Yet, let me tell you, I went not into *it*, as if I could *deceive* the *watchful Guard* my *Father* ſet upon me, for alas, 'twas not poſſible to find out any *place* at all, where his *Spyes*, that *ſtudied* to take even the *leaſt* advantage againſt me, could not find me out? But as *thoſe* Perſons do, who are *reſolved* to *dye*, I *ſeparated* my ſelf, out of *modeſty* not out of *wrath*, from *all* things that might have *diverted* me from my *purpoſe*. For, to tell you the *truth*, I never *lik'd* a *quarrelſom* and *noyſy Exit* out of the *World*; nor *ſuch* as would leave any *reflection* upon *others* behind it. But what have I to do with this *extraordinary ſimplicity* of *Innocence*? He that prepares *Poyſon* for *himſelf* to drink, never thinks it *poſſible* that he can be *diſcovered*. Here, *poor Man*, conſidering all things, within and without, I will not deny, but I *ſtuck* a little at that *Fatal* buſineſs of *dying*; I confeſs, I us'd ſome *cunctation* and *delay*, for a *good Conſcience* covets not an *haſty* death; neither do *ſuch* Perſons run *headlong* to their *Graves*, who *dye* only out of *Pity* to themſelves. My *Soul*, being wholly fix't on the *Contemplation* of *Death*, was *taking* its *flight* by *ſecret complaints*; and when I was about to drink the *Potion*, that was to give me my *Farewel* from the *World*, my *mind* was inwardly *pondering* upon my compleat *Innocence*.

When lo, my *Father* ruſh'd in upon my *Privacy*, thô I had *fill'd* the Room *full* enough with the *Impatient moans* of a *dying* Man; I believe he was *guided* to the place, by the *noiſe* of my *Groanings* and *Tears*. *My Lords*, he can't *ſeem* to have *ſuſpected* any thing of *Parricide*: He that put the *Queſtion* to me, what I was a *pounding*, and for *whom* I was *preparing* it, muſt needs be *ignorant* of *both*. I tell you *plainly*, *my Lords*, *dying* Men can't *counterfeit*, and *nothing* more harmleſly *innocent*, than a *Soul* that's *ready* to *part* from *the Body*. At the ſudden *ruſhing* in of my *Father*, I confeſs, I was ſomewhat *aſtoniſhed*, but not as *Criminals* are, when *they* are *ſurpriſed*; if I had *held* my *peace*, my *Countenance* was not *pale* at all, nor did any guilty *trembling* betray me; nor did I *ſtumble* or *falter* in my *Anſwers* or *Excuſes*, as *Offenders*, when they are *queſtioned*, uſe to do: But, when my *Father*, with his *ſudden Queſtion*, made me *ſtart* and *look* about me, What are you *Compounding*, ſays he, and for whom? I Anſwered *him truly*, without any heſitation or *ſtop* in the *leaſt*, *Sir*, ſaid I, *I have a mind to put an End to my own Life*: and I confeſs'd as truly, that 'twas *Poyſon*, I was a *tampering*. Is there any *Father*, *my Lords*, that is *unwilling* his *Son* ſhould *Poyſon himſelf*, and yet *believes* him, that *he* will? Who, would believe him, thô he ſays it *himſelf*? If a *Father* find his *Son tampering* with *Poyſon*, methinks he ſhould ha' ſpilt it *himſelf* rather; but he ſtood *ſtock ſtill*, *fearleſs* and *huffy*, thô he *ſaw* he was like to *loſe* his *Son*, and thô I was *reſolv'd* and had *threatned* to *deſtroy* my ſelf therewith, yet he would make

me

me *gulp* it down preſently. *Drink it*, ſays *he*, or *I'le pour it down thy Throat*. After *ſuch* a *word* as *that*, *my Lords*, could any body *expect*, that I ſhould immediatly obey him? If I had don *ſo*, I had been *gon* for *ever*. Here, O ye *Heavens*, and hearken O *Earth*, *what*, after *three* Abdications and as *many* Complaints, thô they were *all diſappointed* by the *Wiſedom* of your *Lordſhips*, *what*, I ſay, my *Father*, like a *wild hair-brain'd* Man, tells the *World*; Oh. *ſays* he, *my Son is a Savage Fellow, he is a cruel Parricide*; he would not drink *Poyſon*, when I *bad* him. This is *all my Offence*, forſooth, that I am *alive*, that I *anſwer* him *at Law*, that I *decline* not to be *tryed* by the *Court*, that I do not *fly* for't. *Now* I don't wonder, *what* 'tis, that makes him *fret* ſo impatiently for the *diſappointment* of his *Cruelty*, beſides his joy for my *loſs*, wherein he was *diſappointed* too; 'tis *this*, he *hop'd* to *deſtroy* me with my *own Poyſon*. *Iron.*

But becauſe he thinks, he hath *found* out an *Art* to make you believe, that thô he was *caſt* in his *former Actions*, yet new *Cauſes* of *Grievance* may bear *more* weight in *Court*, he hath therefore *deviſed* unuſual *Methods*. As ever I *deſire* to *live* any *longer*, I *deny* the *Crime*, he *objects* againſt me, with the ſame *plain-heartedneſs* and *integrity*, as I *confeſs'd* concerning the *Poyſon*. You *accuſe* me of *Parricide*, forſooth. *Sir*, you have cut me off from *this* part of my *defence*, to *cry out in* this place, *'tis impoſſible* ſuch a thing ſhould *ever* be. I know how much *difficulty* it adds to my *defence*, that long ſince you have forgot *paternal* duty to your *Child* in your *own* Houſe, but

'tis plainly evident, *which* of us *two* is more *prone* to *Impiety*, and *which* of us had rather *live*, let t'other be never so much in *distress*. For your part, *Sir*, you are every day *heaving* at your *only Son*, to *cast* him out of *doors*; you wou'd be glad to see him an *errant Beggar* and a very *Tatterdemallion*, with *all* your heart. As for *me*, I *kiss* those *hands*, that *throw* me out into the *street*, I *cling* about the *knees* and *legs* of him that wou'd *kick* and *spurn me*; and to a *Father*, that *hates* me so *mortally*, I cou'd ha' no reason to *return*, but my *extraordinary* Love. Perhaps, Sir, the *Authority* of your *paternal* Name might have *carryed* the *point* against me, if *this* had been your *first* Action, about the *Poyson*: But you have *spent* already all those *Pleas*, which may *defend Fathers* from any *suspition* of *Wickedness*. A *Father* cannot believe any *Child* of his will be *guilty* of *Parricide*, unless it be *such* an one, that he *himself* is as *willing* to *destroy*. Truly, *Father*, if any body should ask me concerning the *simple* and *honest* ground of my *unhappy* opinion, I have *this* to say, that I believe it impossible you would ever *destroy* me, but with a *Poyson* of my *own Brewing*. But a *Villany*, which is *hardly* to be *believ'd* in any *relation* at all, is yet, I think, much *more difficult* for a *Child* to act. You, *Fathers*, can *hurry* your *Children* to their *Graves*, upon the account of your *Authority*; to *Murther* a *Child* with *you*, is but a point of *Gravity*; you *disinherit* 'm to *make* them *better*, forsooth: The *rest* of your Childrens *punishments*, you *vayle* under the name of *reasonable* Corrections; and all your *rigid hard-heartedness* you *guild* with a *softer Appellation*.

We,

We, *Children*, can't ſo much as *conceive* ſo *horrid* a *Villany* in our *minds*, let our *circumſtances* be *what* they *will*, either *happy* or *miſerable*. Neceſſities, even the *greateſt* that are, cannot *drive* us to ſo *high* a *wickedneſs*. All *Grief* and all *Paſſion* flags, before it comes to ſuch *deſperate* attempts. And, Oh *Heavens!* Is it not much *more* difficult to be *committed* without a *Complice*, without an *Aſſiſtant*, when the *whole* of the *Villany* muſt be intirely *perpetrated*, *only* by the *Sons hand* and *heart*? Beſides, pray conſider what *horrour* ſuch an *Immanity* would ſtrike into a Man, to ſay, *You wou'd have kill'd your Father*. Such an *Accuſation* receives *ſtrength* only from *this*, that he who is *catch'd* attempting it, muſt needs be *put* to *death*.

That you may *know*, ſays he, *What* I now *lay* to his charge is true, I had a *mind* to *diſinherit* him *before*. Pray, *Father*, don't think to make your *obſtinacy* in *complaining*, as any kind of *Proof* againſt me. You, when you ſay, *My Son wou'd have Murthered me*, think, that you *raiſe* an *Odium* upon your *former Judges*, and *cry* out, You, forſooth, were *too eaſie*, you were *too merciful*, you *ſent* home my *Son* to me back again. But 'tis moſt *unjuſt*, that an *Action* of *diſinheriſon*, which could not *prevail* for *itſelf*, ſhould procure *credit* to a *greater* Crime. This is not the *firſt* time, that my *modeſty* hath been tryed in *Court*; nor is this the *firſt Suit* that hath been *commenc'd* againſt me, upon the account of the *precedent* part of my life; 'Tis true, *that* Mans *Innocence* is more *happy*, that *never* comes under *ſuſpicion*, but *it* is made more *ſure* and *unqueſtionable*, when it has

ſtood a *Tryal* at *Law*. And as *much Infamy* as *Objections* do raiſe upon a Man, while they are under a *probability* of *proof*, ſo, when they are once *clear'd* and *anſwer'd*, they *procure* him as much *credit*. What! De' think, I got the *better* of my *Father* in my *Suit*, upon the account of *Favour*; and that I *overthrew* him by my *Authority* amongſt *Old Men*, *Grave Elders* and *Parents*? Let *them* look to it, who are ſo *Indulgent* to themſelves in their *Diſtreſſes*, that they think *Favour* and *Mercy* muſt be *ſhew'd* to them: But a *Son*, that is *accus'd* by his *own Father*, can no ways *prevail* over him, but by the *Merits* of his *Cauſe*. Yet, in earneſt, let us grant, that in your *firſt Action* to *diſinherit* me, you did not *ſpend* all your ſtock of *grief*, but you were *over-modeſt*, forſooth,

Iron. to *complain* of *all* my *faults*, nor could your *paternal* Piety in your Old Age call 'm *all* to mind, yet, I trow, your *ſecond Actions* will make ſure work, even to over-meaſure? You are *return'd* to *Court*, now the *Judges* are *angry*? With how *great* terrour were all the *Spectators ſtruck*, when they ſaw you ſo *ſhameleſs*, that after you had been ſo *often beaten*, you wou'd again come into the *Pit*? *Grief* always grows *more eager*, after a *ſhameful* repulſe. Yea, the *Judges* will *brow-beat* thoſe *more*, who *come* under their *cogniz.ance* a *ſecond* time. How many doth the *Authority* from the diſſimilitude of the *deciſion* pleaſe, and does not the contrary ſentence ſeem the more *ſevere*? But the *third Suit*, Oh *Heavens!* What a *Clutter* did it *make*; What an *Expectation* did it *raiſe*? For my part, I wonder I had any *leave* given me to make any *defence* at all, that in the

the very *first bubbub*, my *Brains*, had not been *knock'd* out? After *all* this, pray, what *new* Crime can my *Father object* againſt me? I am *grown Old* in a well-regulated *Government*, I have nothing in my *manners* or converſation, but the *Judges* know it better than myſelf. I beſeech you, is ſuch a thing poſſible in *nature*, that, *he*, which will be a *Parricide* hereafter, ſhould ſhew no *ſymptoms* of *it*, before-hand? A *Villany*, ſo *notorious* and *immane*, does it not uſe to be uſhered in by ſome *puny Offences*, as *Harbingers* thereunto? That *ſavageneſs*, that is to be *expiated* by the * *Culeus* and by *Serpents*, what, can it *lurk* under a *pleaſing* frame of *Spirit* in ones *Youth*? 'Tis another ſort of *miſerable Perſons*, that the *Clemency* and *Favour* of the *Court* doth *relieve*. *Thoſe* Perſons *acquitted* me, that *knew*, 'twould do me no good, that I was not *diſinherited*. Therefore, thô you cry out, I *accus'd* thee *ever* and *anon*, I *complain'd* againſt thee *many* a *time*, I would have *diſinherited* thee, *thrice*; yet all this ought to do *no more*, than make you *not* to be *believed*, if you *levy* any *new Objections* againſt me. For 'tis a plain *non-ſequitur*, *good Father*, that you ſhould *accuſe* me of *what* you *yourſelf* are *guilty*; and I muſt be an Offender, forſooth, becauſe you *judge* of *me* by your *own* naughty *ſelf*. 'Tis not all *your ſeverity*, nor your *Cruelty*, nor your *Terrour*, can make *me* a *Parricide*; To make me *guilty* of ſo great a *Crime*, you muſt not bring *your own Paſſion* but *my Converſation* in Evidence; not *your grief*, but the frame of *my ſpirit*. Men are *exaſperated* leſs, and they hate *leſs*, on the account of other *injuries*.

* *The Culeus was a leathern ſack, where in a Parricide, after cruel ſcourgings was to be ſewed, amongſt the Romans, together with Serpents, and afterwards an Ape, and ſome other living Creatures, and ſo thrown into the Sea.*

ries. The *revenge* of a *Son*, that's *Innocent*, is only to *kill* himſelf.

But if it be *evident*, that there was *nothing* at *that* time in my *Converſation*, that might give *any* ground of *ſuſpicion* of *Parricide*, let us conſider then *what Cauſe* might *afterward* ariſe. Let me here propound a *Queſtion* to your *Lordſhips*, Who, in *ſuch* circumſtances, ought to have had a greater *regard* to *Innocency*, than *myſelf?* I *got* the *better* of my *Father*, it was *then* a *duty* incumbent upon me, with *might* and *main*, to *keep* my ſelf in your *Lordſhips good Graces*, and to *ſtudy* how to *reward* my *Counſellours*, and to pay *you* your *due*, by *whoſe favour* I can *boldly* return home; and by *whoſe* means I am not afraid of any *ſudden* miſhap, or malignant *fate*, from my *Father*. 'Tis paſt all *belief*, that *Three Acquittals* in *Court* ſhould prove me *Innocent*, and yet make me a *Parricide* too. Beſides, *dear Father*, my very *Caſting* of you in your *Action*, how *jealous* and how *fearful* doth it *make* me? Do I not know, that, aſſoon as I *return'd*, the whole *Houſe* had a *watchful* and an *ill eye* upon me; that I live amongſt *Pick-thanks*, who *curry Favour* with you, by telling *Lyes* and *Stories* of their *own* deviſing, upon me? But you'l ſay, perhaps, I may be *hurried* on to *ſuch* a *Villany*, becauſe I *hope* to get *ſomething* by your *death*. But alas? Do I not know, that thô I am *ſent* home upon the account of *ſuch another Wickedneſs*, yet I am *as much hated* by you, as *ever?* I beſeech you, with what *confidence* can I undertake ſuch a miſchievous *Exploit*, ſeeing I have been ſo often *accuſed* of it *before*, and *pointed* at as it were, by the *Complaint* of my *Father?* What

Plea

Plea and *Apology* can I hope to make for my *Parricide*? I could make no *defence* at all, if *you* had *drank* the *Poyſon*. Suppoſe I had a *mind* to *Murther* my *Father*, ſuppoſe I had *Cauſe* ſo to do; yet how ſhould I have an *opportunity*; or how, the *Confidence* to *attempt* it? I cannot ſo much *as dye*, but that I muſt be *found* out. Can I prepare *Poyſon*, that have no *Aſſiſtant*, nor no *Complice*, to help to *Adminiſter* it? The *Journey-men deſpiſe* me, the *Apprentices* ſet me at *nought*, they *avoid* my *company*, they *ſhun* my *diſcourſe*, they pretend they *hate me*, out of the *Love* they bear to *you*. Pray tell me, de' think it *poſſible*, that I can *Adminiſter* it, *myſelf*? For I, forſooth, may have eaſie *acceſs* to you at *all* times, may I not? Let *Iron.* me tell you, let *theſe* hands of *mine* give you *what* they will, you'l ſay, 'tis *nothing but Poyſon*. And what! Do I prepare ſuch a *Poyſon* as kills *immediatly*, that *ſeizes* and *flies out* all of a *ſudden*? How then can I make the leaſt *ſhadow* of *defence*? Or, was it a *ſlow Poyſon*, that *waſts* a Man by *Inches*, ſo that you can't *preſently cry out*; nor can't *immediatly* believe, that you have *drank* any *Poyſon*, at all? I beſeech you, tell me, for *whom* I preparcd *that Poyſon*, which I could give to *none*, but *myſelf*?

But, ſays he, even *this* ſhews thou hadſt a *Parricidal Intent*, becauſe thou hadſt *Poyſon*, by thee. I anſwer, *my Lords*, all *thoſe* things that we have about us, whereby *wicked* attempts may be *furthered*, and which *Mortals* ordinarily turn to the *worſt* uſe, yet *nature* hath not *therefore* put them in our *power*, *only* that we may *uſe* them, as the *corrupt* and *guilty* minds of *ſome* Men

Men would have us; no, the uſe of them is *good* or *ill* according to the *Intent* of their *Owner*; All the *good* or *hurt* they do is, as it were, ſpecificated and comes from the *Conſcience* of him, that *poſſeſſes* them. For, I beſeech you, can you prove a Man a *Robber*, *only* becauſe he has a *Sword* about him? You know, Men that are *aſleep* have *Swords* too, *hanging* by their *Beds-ſide*. If you *ſearch* any *Traveller*, you'l find that *Fear* makes him carry ſome *Weapon* or other about him. The *Laws* don't *forbid* us to *have*, or to make *proviſion* of ſuch *things*; they do not *prohibit* the Weapons *themſelves*, but they *direct* and *regulate* their *uſe*. Suppoſe, I ſhould ſay, as if I were in the *Ruff* of all my *proſperity*, † I provided *Poyſon*, that if any ſudden *hazard*, if any *weakneſs*, *pain*, or unfore-ſeen *diſtreſs* ſhould *ſeize* me, I might have it *ready* at hand, as my laſt *refuge*. You need not wonder, if *I* did ſo, who have *ſtood* a long time as *Fortunes* Butt, and who have almoſt *wearied* out all human *Chances*; and againſt *whom*, my Father is *brewing another Action*, thô he hath been ſo often *caſt* already. *That Son* has need to have *death* in his *Power*, whoſe own *Father* could ha' *kill'd* him, before.

† *He alludes to an Antient Cuſtom, in ſome Countries, where Poyſon was allow'd to be publickly ſold, for Men in diſtreſs to make uſe of, to rid themſelves out of the World.*

Again, 'tis not *credible*, ſays he, that *thou* ſhouldſt be *willing* to *Poyſon* thyſelf, when thou wert *Acquitted*; ſeeing thou wouldſt *not* do it, when thou wert *Accuſed* only: I could tell you in anſwer, *dear Father*, I was *willing* to *live*, as *long* as I cou'd *conceive* any *probable* hope, that you would at laſt have ſome *pity* upon me, that my *woful plight* might *affect* you, that my *tears* might *mitigate* you, and that my very *paleneſs* might

might *overcome* you; but, pardon my *Innocence*, I had then need of a *pertinacious* and *ſtubborn* defence. I was willing to *live*, I ſay, that People might not *report*, after I was *gon*, that I was *taken napping* in the *higheſt* of *Villanies*, and that I *hurried* my ſelf out of the World, that I might not *bear* the *blowing* of it. And that you your ſelf might not *proclaim* over my dead *Corps*, *You ſee I had cauſe to fear, 'twas not for nothing that I told you of Poyſon, he had not the Confidence to live, to abide the Tryal.* That you might not rail at me, when I am gon; and make *Objections*, when I am not in a *Condition*, to *anſwer*. Yet I ſhall confeſs this *Truth* to you concerning my *Impatience*, I was not *willing* to *dye* when you would *diſinherit* me, upon the *ſame* ground, that I *would* not *drink* the *Poyſon* when you *bad* me. But, make your *beſt*, *Sir*, I ſay, *again*, make your *beſt* of my *woful Confeſſion*, and becauſe you could not *glut* your *Eye* with the *ſight*, you may *ſatisfie* your *Ears*; *I confeſs, I was willing to dye*: And, if you will, you may add this *further jeer* to my *miſeries*, as to ask *me*, *Why*, pray, wou'd *you* renounce and caſt *me* off? What ſays *Natural Piety* to *this*? Hath not my *Grief* a *juſter* ground, than any *bodily* loſs, or than the *ruin* of ones *Eſtate*? *My own Father hurries me to deſtruction*: Doth not that one *Speech* contain *all miſery*, in the *Bowels* of it? Are not *all woes* ſumm'd up in that *one* Complaint. Perhaps, we may *expect* ſome end *of other miſhaps*, but the hatred of *Relations* never ceaſe. Alliances *joyn'd* together by *bonds* of *nature*, as by *Kindred* or *Brother-hood*, they can't be *ſlackned* or *loos'ned*, but they muſt be

be *overthrown*; thoſe that from their very *riſe* can ſcarce be *maſter'd* and *turn'd* to the better, and are hardned too in a *long* courſe of Wickedneſs, when they are allow'd, do not preſently return back to their *former* courſe, but bending downwards draw all their *weight* and *ſtrength*; by that very *vigor* they increaſed, when *left* to themſelves, they grow up to the very *heigth* of *vice*. All the *difficulty lies here*, how a *Father* may begin not to *love* his *Son*, for if he once *leap* over *that Block*, then all the *reſt* comes on *amain*; and *that* which *hindred* him to *hate* at firſt, the *ſame* is a *bar* to the *return* of his *Love*: If *Children* and *Parents* are once *chang'd* in their *Affections*, at the ſame time the *Relation* is *cancell'd* between them. They are *happy*, who are *ſenſible* they have *ſomething* to *correct* and *amend* within 'm. No *anger* of a *Father* with his own *Children* can *ceaſe*, but *that* which is *grounded* on their *Faults*. What then ſhall I do, I have no *luxury* to *repent* off; nor no *petulancy* to *bewail*? And *whoſe Abdication* is grounded not on my *own Manners*, but my *Fathers*? In vain do you *comfort* me, in vain do you *ſooth* me up, with *Honey-words*. A Man, whoſe *Father* never gives over *hating* him, his only Iſſue is, to *hate* himſelf. But alas! when I come to complain before a *Judg* in *Court*, 'tis *but* a ſmall part of my *Grief*, I can *utter*: When I ſay, *my Father hates me*, I do as good as *proclaim* to *all* the World, that he counts *every* day a *Holy-day*, without me; that there's no *Mirth*, when I am by; that he never *comforts* me when I am *ſad*; nor *miniſters* to me, when I am *ſick* and *weak*. If any Man can *tell him* of ſome *diſaſter*, that

that hath *befallen* me; if any one do *rail* and *reproach* me behind my *back*, *Who* but *He* with my *Father*. If I am *able* to endure *all* this, you may well ſay, *I have deſerv'd it*. There are ſome *Croſſes*, *whoſe* very *continuance* makes us *patient* under them, which do *firm* and *harden* our *minds* by their *duration*. That a *Mans Father hates* him, 'tis a new *Tryal every* day. Perhaps when Men are croſs *one* to *another*, their *natural grudges* leſs *affect* them, and 'tis ſome kind of *relief* to a Man, if he be *chid* to *chid* again; No *Son* can *bear* a *Fathers* hatred, but *he*, who returns *hate* for *hate*.

I, poor *unhappy* Man, *my Lords*, do ask *you*, yea I interrogate all *Mankind* in the Caſe, what would you have me to *do*? Without doubt the *Iſſue* of my *Suit* hath diſcharged me from my *Indictment*, ſeeing I am *acquitted*; and yet my *diſcharge* hath not taken me off from my *deſire* to *dye*, it hath only *condemn'd* me to *live* ſtill, if I pleaſe. For certain, *my Lords*, I had the *worſt* of it when I was *acquitted*, and (which is the undeniable *weakneſs* of a *troubled Soul*) I *fainted* under a *piteous* kind of *Happineſs*. When I returnd home, pray tell me, how I ſhall *order* my *Looks*, and how, my *Spirit*? *Joy* is not fit for me, for my *Mirth* does *exaſperate*: If I am *ſad*, then my *Melancholy* offends: If I ſeek for an *opportunity* to *diſcourſe*, than I am *hated*, as an *arrogant Inſultor*. If I come near, he tells me, I am an *Eye-ſore* to him; if I go *farther* off, then, forſooth, I *deſpiſe* and *ſleight* him. How long ſhall I have the *better* of 't? 'Tis plain, they can't be cur'd by *Suits* of *diſinheriſon*, who do not preſent-

ly

ly give up the *bucklers*, but *ſtand* upon the *ſtrict terms* of their *Innocence*; my *Father* was not *caſt*, now was I *acquitted*, when I came home, for no body *loves* me, no body ſhews any *reſpect* to me, there: I can now go to *none*, but the *blind* and *dark* corners of the *Houſe*. I put not off, nor lay aſide my *naſty* weeds, I think upon my Old *Father* every day, as if he had as *accuſing* a *Face*, as ever. I am *jealous what* to do, *what* to ſpeak, or *how* to look, and (which is the *curſed'ſt* kind of *care*, than can be) I am fain to *ſet* a *Guard* on my ſelf. Now, Sir, you have *ſated* me, I ſay, you have *ſated* me with *Life*. And whereas even *happy* Perſons are *glutted* with the *continuance* of too *much proſperity*, what an *irkſomneſs* do you brew for me, to tire me out in my *Miſery*? My *Age* is ſpent in *Tears* and *Prayers*, I paſs the *day* in *ſlavery*, and the *Night* in *anxieties*. What doth my *Innocency* hold forth to, *ballance* ſuch *undeſerved* and *burthenſom* things? That *Son* ought to be *diſinherited*, that his *Father hates*, if he be *guilty*; and he ought *to dye* if he *hate* him, being *innocent*.

But, ſays my *Father*, grant that we *believe*, you were *willing* to *dye*, why muſt you *chuſe* Poyſon, above *all*, to do the *Feat*? Truly, Father, you may make the *like-quarrel* with a *dying* Man, let him *chuſe* what *Death* he pleaſes; and becauſe *Nature* has been ſo *good*, as to allow us ſeveral ways of *Exit* out of *this Miſerable World*, you may as well find *fault* with *whatever* of them, a Man pleaſe to *chuſe*. Thus if I had *fallen* on a *naked ſword* to *kill* my ſelf, *then* you wou'd ha' *cryed* out, Why had you not made uſe of *Poyſon*,

ſon, rather? But nothing is more *nice*, than *ſuch* an *Exit*, that is not occaſioned by legal *Puniſhment* or by *Fear*, but proceeds from *weakneſs* of *Spirit*, grounded on the *Miſeries* of *Life*. For my part, I have a *greater* and a more *particular* kindneſs for a *death* by *Poyſon*, than *any other* way: It *ſheds* no *Blood*; it does not leave the *Corps diſmal* and *gaſtly* to look upon; 'tis a *quiet*, and an *eaſie* kind of death. O thou moſt *ungrateful* of all *Aged Fathers*, I took *care* in *dying* ſo, that *no body elſe* might have been thought to ha' *kill'd* me. And *now*, I think, *Father*, I have got *you* at a *lock*, I make bold to interrogate *you*. What! Can I be a *Parricide*, who brought *Poyſon* into your *Houſe unprepar'd*, as 'twere in the *Oar*, and *ſuch* as had need of *Compounding*, ſtill; and that muſt have a great *deal* more *don* to it, before it can be *adminiſtred*? Can I be a *Parricide*, that ſeek to hide my ſelf in your *own* Houſe, that *anſwered* you ſo *plainly* and ſo *readily* about a *Potion*, that you knew *nothing* of before, and which no *body* had *complain'd* to you about? I got me to a *room* into the *middle* of the *Houſe*; I ſet *no body*, to *watch* at the door, to keep *folks* out; I car'd not who *paſſed* by, I ſhut out no *Comers* at all. I beſeech you, are *theſe* ſigns that I would have *Murthered you*, and not rather, that I would ha' *kill'd myſelf*. If I had prepared the *Poyſon* for *you*, you wou'd ha' found it *hid cloſe* in ſome *hole* or *corner*, you would have found me *aſtoniſhed* about it, and as *pale* as a *Clout*, my *words* would have been *broken*, my *ſighs* trembling, and to be ſure I ſhould ha' *denyed* it. If a *real* Parricide had been *catch'd*, he

he would ha' *ſpilt* the *Poyſon*, that he might *not* have *confeſs'd* it.

But why then, ſays he, if you had *provided* it for yourſelf, would you not *drink it* off? I'le anſwer you, *Father*, in brief, and according to the *condition* of *human Nature*: There is nothing *elſe* in the *power* of the *Miſerable*, but to be *willing* to *dye*. Yet when *I ſay*, I am *willing* to *dye*, I do not ſay, *I muſt of neceſſity dye immediatly*. I *anſwer* according to my *own reſolution*, I do not *promiſe* what *Fate* will do. Do you wonder, that thô I have *Poyſon* ready at hand, yet *many* things may fall out between the *Cup* and the *Lip*? We ſee ſometime a Man is *run* quite *thorough* the body with a Sword, and his very Life deſpair'd of, and yet he *miraculouſly* recovers. Some Men have had the *Rope* about their *Necks*, and yet either the *nooze* ha's *ſlipt*, or the very *Fall* of their *bodies* has broken it; when others have been to be thrown down a *Precipice*, the very *ſpring* of their bodies has freed them. 'Tis as *fit*, he ſhould not *dye* that is *willing*, as that we *dye* againſt our *wills*: But I had rather deal with you by *plain* reaſon, as I have begun. There is nothing, *Father*, that conſiſts ſo much in an *Impetus* or *Effort*, as to be willing to *dye*. And *Nature* knows nothing more *impatient*, than the *Paſſion* of a dying Man. If you wou'd retain this, 'tis ſufficient that you are *willing* to *dye*; he that takes away the *ardour* of *death* from a Man, takes away the *reaſon* of it *too*. He that *chops* in upon a Man, in *that* caſe, *interrupts* and *breaks* off his *eagerneſs*; he that doth but *ſpeak* two *words* to him doth *divert* and *hinder* him. Every *minutes* ſtop doth

doth as it were ſupplicate for *Life*. And therefore 'twas, to deal plainly with you, that I *choſe* ſuch a *private* place to do my buſineſs in. The *leaſt* thing in the World will *trouble* a Man, when he *dyes* through *weakneſs*; and the ſmalleſt cauſes of all do make that *death* diſpleaſing, which a *poor* Mans *Innocency* perſuades him too. What if one ſhould *ſtep* in, that would *rejoyce* at it? What if he thinks to *revenge* it? If he be an *Eye-witneſs*, that ſhould be grudg'd ſuch a ſight? Then preſently, forſooth, his arrogant Life will be blamed, and his contumacious grief will diſagree with his *death*, when 'tis found out. You don't know how much heſitation you occaſion, while you *interrogate* me, and force me to *anſwer* you. And he that thou makeſt to give thee an *Anſwer*, thou giveſt him opportunity to abide another *Suit*, and to make *another* Plea. As for me, at that time all manner of Paſſions ſeized upon me at once, as *Indignation*, filial *duty*, paternal *reverence*, and *grief*. I can *dye for* my *Father*, but I cannot *dye before* him. Add hereto, your *peremptory words*, *Drink it*. In earneſt, if when I had been *wounded* and *panting* for *Life*, you had *commanded* me to *thruſt* the *Sword* further in, I would have ſhut up my Wounds, and laboured to keep in my departing *Soul*; if you had bid me *hang* my ſelf in a *Halter*, ready prepar'd, I wou'd have endeavoured to have broke the *rope* and *leap* down; if when I was running in poſt haſt to throw my ſelf down a *Precipice*, and you did lay no hands on me to pull me back, I would have directed my courſe to the *Champain* of my own *accord*. 'Twas with great reaſon, O my

Soul, that thou didſt long for *ſecrecy* and *ſolitude*. But in comes a *Father*, and now I am *undone*, my *eagerneſs* to perfect my *death* is at an end, and he *diſcharges* me of a double *Paſſion*; for I *ought* not to *dye*, if he *forbid it*; and I cannot *dye*, if he *command it*. *Off with it*, ſays he. But ſtay, the poyſonous Drug is not *yet* put into the *draught*; but you *apprehend* me for the nonce, becauſe I was *yet* but a *pounding* it. Alas, *Father*, there are many things to be done, before *I drink* it, *I* muſt call *firſt* all the *Slaves* together, and *then* all the *Liberti* or *Journey-men*, *I* muſt make my moan to 'm, *I* muſt *complain*, *I* muſt leave them ſomething in *charge*, *I* muſt make my *defence*. *Drink it off!* At the *tail* of that *word I* thought you had added, now thou art *catch'd*, now thou art *non-pluſt*, let's away to the *Court*. *Drink it off*, ſay you! Perhaps, Sir, you *bid* me do it, as if *I denyed* it to be *Poyſon*. *My Lords*, let me ask you as if you had been preſent in that ſecret *appartiment*, what *frame* of Spirit, what *courage*, de' think *I* could have, after ſuch a *word as* that? 'Tis my *Accuſer* that ſays it, 'tis *he* ſays it, that was *caſt* before, he ſays it in *ſecret*, he ſays it *ſo* that he might have *denyed* it, if *I* had *taken it off* at his *bidding*. *Take it off!* Sir, *I*'le do it with all my *heart*, and *I* provided it for no *other* purpoſe but *that*, but you, with your *grey-hairs*, are ſo over-eager upon me, that you have quite chang'd my mind. *Drink it off*, ſay you! What *elſe* have you now to do, but to pull my *Chops aſunder*, if *I refuſe* ſo to do, as you bid me? Or, that you *pour* it down my *throat*, even thô *I* lift up *both* my hands to *oppoſe* you? In this *ſtruggle*, *I* had e'ne quite forgot, what

what I had *reſolved* to do, I had forgot what I was *preparing*. I ſaw, you *look'd* ſo *fierce* upon me the *firſt* word you ſpake; and your very countenance was ſo *bent* and *ſet* upon *accuſing* me of *Parricide*, that I e'ne thought you had bid me drink *Poyſon*, even of your *own* brewing. You did not know the way, *Father*, I ſay again, you did not know the way, how to *keep* up my *pertinacious* reſolutions. When your *Son* was reſolv'd to *dye* for your ſake in a *Corner*, you, forſooth, muſt *find* him out. What, will he *kill* himſelf? Do you forbid him; pluck the *Cup out of* his hand, that he may not take down or drink the *Fatal* doſe. *Cry out*, O thou *raſh* Fellow, what art thou *a doing?* Hold thy hand, now I am *angry* with *thee* no *longer*, now we are *perfect Friends* again. Yet I'le make haſt to do *the Do*, that my *Ears* may carry this *ſound* along with them, and that my Eyes may be ſomewhat *pleaſed* with your *Impatience*. You may *impute* it to *yourſelf*, that you have retorted upon me, and that you have made me *forget* all my *ſolemn vows* to *deſtroy* myſelf. An *Innocent* Man can *dye* with *more* eaſe, if he be *deſired* to *live*. Oh *Heavens!* Into what *ſtubbornneſs* of *Spirit*, into what *fiery* quarrelſom *humour* did you caſt me, when you ſaid to me, *Drink it off*. I could hardly *tell*, whether 'twere *beſt live* or *dye*. Poor *heart*, I was almoſt *beſide* my ſelf, I was *aſtoniſhed* at ſuch an *unexpected Command*, I ſtood *ſtock ſtill* as one quite *ſtupid*, without any power ſo much as to *deny* it, ſo *amazed* and *tranſported* was I, ſo that I had almoſt *kill'd* my ſelf another way. For certain there is nothing more *ſurpriſing* than *ſudden* and *unthought* of *grief*,

for when our minds are already weakned with ſtriving againſt our *miſeries*, when new *onſets* come, they quite undo us. After this I could not find *words* to make my *complaint*, nor had I a *vent* for *Tears*. It ſuffices for *no* undertaking, to dye at another *Mans* pleaſure, and with his own *Poyſon*. Thô therefore you *ply* me with a *bundle* of new *Indictiments*, yet it *repents* me not, I ſay it *repents* me not, to have ſlackned that *ardour* and *eagerneſs* to *dye*: I did *dye* as a *Parriside*. *My Father*, who *complains* I did not drink it, would now ſay, he was *taken* in the *Fact*, he cannot deny it. I ſhould now be addicated *three times*, and he would urge, that I *dar'd* not for my *ears* return into the *Court* again. 'Twas well that I ſpilt the *Poyſon*, as if I had a *mind* to *live* again. That *Poyſon* that is found out in ſecret, no Man ever will be thought to drink it, becauſe he had *provided* it for *himſelf*. You'l ſay *now* perhaps, *That I would not have ſuffered you, if you had ſhew'd yourſelf willing to drink it*; and you *prove* it, ſince *that*, by a very good *Argument*, forſooth: You ſeek my *Life*, even *now*. *You wou'd not have ſuffered it*! Pray, did you ever *lay hands* upon me to hinder me? You might as eaſily have done *that*, as to *bid me drink* it. *You would not ha' ſuffered it*, wou'd ye! And further, you were not *afraid*, left even the *ſenſe* I had of your *Command* ſhould raiſe up in me a deſire to *deſtroy* my ſelf. 'Tis a Crime in me, if I dye, that it may be *queſtioned* afterwards, whether you wou'd ha' kill'd me or no? Thô you, *forſooth*, endeavour to take off the *Odium* of that *word*, by pretending another *Frame* of Spirit, yet the *very Experiment* ſhews

ſhews a *Murtherous* Intent. Nor is there any great *difference* in point of *Cruelty*, whether you *ſuffer* a thing to be don, or *eſſay* to do it your ſelf. *That* Father will never be *moved* with the *actual* death of his *Son*, that is not moved with his *readineſs* to *dye*.

My Lords, what ſhall I now do to his *pertinacious* rigor? To what kind of *Mould of Patience*, ſhall I *caſt* myſelf? You ſee a Man, that no poſture at all of my *Spirit* can change; he takes *offence* at my *conſtancy*, and he is as much offended with my *ſoft-heartedneſs* and *infirmity*. If I am willing to *live*, he takes me by *head* and *ſhoulders* and *throws* me out of *doors*: If I endeavour *to dye*, then he *ſtops* and *vexes* me. Yea perhaps, he hath *prepared* and *invented* ſomething againſt me, even this *very* day, if your *Lordſhips Clemency* ſhould be willing *to releive* me. What *end*, what *iſſue* is there of my *unſpeakable miſeries*? Of a *Son* that was *Acquitted*, he has made me *willing to dye*; of a *Son*, that was a *dying*, he has made me willing to *live*. But, with what *Motives* and with what *Prayers* ſhall I make my *Addreſs* to your moſt upright *Lordſhips*? Your poor *unhappy Client*, your thrice acquitted *Defendant*, is forbid ſo much as to *ſhed* a *Tear*. He has not ſo much *Favour*, as to fall down at your Feet *ſo often*; he hath *wearied* out your *Compaſſion* already, and yet he brings before a *new preſſing* Grievance. O death! who ſtandeſt always *aloof* of from the *Miſerable*, who *ſtoppeſt* thy *Ears* to thoſe that *deſire* thy Company, When wilt thou relieve me? Wo is me, *poor Youth*, I have loſt the fruit of my *Poyſon*. And yet, *Father*, ſeeing I have put you

at leaſt in ſome kind of *hope*, pray don't wholly *deſpair*. But before I am *dead* and *buried*, take ſome comfort in this *Speech of* mine, *You have overthrown me at Law*. 'Tis true, I know not *yet* what other kind of *death* I ſhall *chuſe*, or whether it were beſt for me to get any more of that unlucky *Poyſon*. But this I proclaim, and beſeech, that which way ſoever I reſolve to go out of the *World*, take ſo much *pity* of me, as not to *command* me; take ſo much *pity*, as not to *enforce* me. Your *Groans* and your *Tears* wou'd kill me a great deal *ſooner*. And that you may not think I have forgot *that word*, you uttered to me in *ſecret*, I tell you, thô I cou'd not drink the *Poyſon* at your *bidding*, yet your very *bidding* of me ſo to do, will one time or other moſt *certainly* be my Death.

Infa-

Infamis in Matrem,

OR,

A Son *accus'd* of *Inceſt* with his own *Mother.*

DECLAMATION XVIII.

The Argument.

The Law *allows an* Action *againſt an* Huſband *for Ill-treating and* Abuſing *of his* Wife. *The* Caſe, *There was a* Gentleman *that had a* Son, buxſom *and* beautiful, *who he* ſuſpected *was* naught *with*

his own Mother; *and thereupon he drew him into a* ſecret *part of his* Houſe, *and there* tortured *him* ſo cruelly, *to make him* Confeſs, *that he* dyed *upon the* Rack. *His* Wife, *the* Mother, *asks him*, What *he had* confeſs'd: *He* refuſing *to* tell *her*, *ſhe Commences an* Action *againſt him for ſo* Grand *an* Abuſe.

For

For the Wife *againſt her* Husband.

THô, *my Lords*, this *craftieſt* of *Parricides* hath ſo *ordered* his *Crime*, as to make the *Mother* odious to your *Lordſhips*, whether the *poor Woman* do *conceal* the *death* of her *Son*, or whether ſhe *publickly complain* thereof; yea he hath *intangled* her in ſuch *new* and *monſtrous* circumſtances, that he thinks he hath again *defamed* either her *Patience* or her *Grief:* Yet a *woful* Mother, in whoſe *calamities* the *loſs* of her *Son obtains* the *leaſt* place, muſt needs *fly* to your *Lordſhip* in *Court*, to *inform* you, that 'tis not out of any *reflect* to her, that her *Husband* is ſilent and *keeps* his own *Counſel*. *My Lords*, *I commend*, yea I mightily *commend* the *poor Gentlewoman*, becauſe ſhe would not put the *Queſtion* to her *Husband* at home in his own *Houſe*, and becauſe ſhe would do *nothing* in *bugger-mugger*, as *he* did. No, ſhe makes her *enquiry* here in *Court* before all the *Town*, before *Children* and *Parents* all, and (thô the *Cruel Parricide* would ſeem to *hide* it) before publick *Fame* too, *What* he *ſought* for in the *Torture* of his *only* Son, and *what* he *diſcovered* to him at his *death*. Pray, let him *Anſwer*, at leaſt now he is *Accuſed* in *Court*, thô he be never ſo *paſſionate*, yet let him *confeſs ingeniouſly*; Why, after the *cruel perpetration* of ſo *bloody*

bloody a *Fact* he puts on the *vail* of *modesty*, forsooth, by *holding* his *peace*. It can't *possibly* be out of *good will* to his *Wife*, because he had a mind to find out, that she was an *Incestuous* Dame; nor can it be, to *spare* his *Sons* memory, for he *Murthered* him, as if he had *discovered* it: In the first place therefore, *my Lords*, this *poor Woman*, with her unhappy *modesty*, doth humbly desire this of your *good Lordships*, that you would not look upon *her*, as *Plaintiff* in the Case. She thinks, she is *really* guilty of *Incest*, and *guilty* of the *Death* of her *Son*. She brings forth, and lays open her very *inside* before all this *Assembly*, and she offers *herself* to be interrogated concerning any *tittle-tattle*, or any private *whispering*, that either her *Husband* or *Common Fame* hath *started* against her. She is willing to prove her *Innocency* by her *heart-blood*, she is willing, I say, to expose her *rueful piety* to the *Tryal* of the *Eculeus*, or of the *Ordeal*. Forgive, *my Lords*, a *Womans Impatience*, thô her *Grief* does a little boyl over, having to do with so *cunning* a *Fox*. The *silence* of the Father wou'd be look'd upon, as a *sufficient* proof of the *Incestuous* Crime, if the Mother should be *silent*, too.

To tell you plainly, *my Lords*, I can't sufficiently *wonder* or stand *amaz'd* at the *contrary* Passions, that lodg in the Old Mans *breast*. When there was but a *whispering* talk of the *matter*, then forsooth, he was *over-suspicious*, and when he had *tortur'd* his *Son*, he was as *Patient*; his Ears were late'y open to hearken to every *buz*, *idle story*, and *Town-talk*, but *now*, thô he has lost a *Son*, and there be *Parricide* too in the case, so that

that one wou'd think his *guilty* Grief might make him ſpeak, yet he's as *mute* as a *Fiſh*. How, I pray, this ſudden *change*? Into what *mould* of *modeſty* and *deſpair* hath he *caſt* himſelf? He *tortured* his *Son*, as if he cou'd ha' told ſome *Tales*; and now he is *ſilent*, as if he had *told* 'm *indeed*. I beſeech you therefore, *my Lords*, let not his *demure* ſilence give any *Authority* to his *Cauſe*, as if 'twere not poſſible that I cou'd make any *Plea* for my ſelf; and pray don't think the *worſe* of me, becauſe the *Parricide* values himſelf upon the account of *his taciturnity*. De' think, he's willing to *ſpare* me or any body *elſe* by his *ſilence*? I tell you, he thinks, his very *ſilence is talk* enough. And, if I am well acquainted with his *cunning*, *deep*, and *over-reaching Deſigns*, he thinks by his preſent carriage, that he *Anſwers* more *Queſtions*, than his *Wife* does demand. Alas, he's much miſtaken that thinks, 'tis the *height* of his unexpreſſible Grief, that ſtrikes him *dumb*; or that his *modeſty* is upon the *Tenter*, forſooth, whether he ſhould be *ſilent*, or *tell* all. He that ha's *Murthered* a Son, and can't tell *Why* nor *Wherefore*, ha's no *other Game* to *play*, *but This*; to ſeem *unwilling* to make any *Anſwer* at all.

Let the guilty *Grey-beard* joyn his *own* ſilence with the *Peoples* Talk, as much as he *pleaſe*; and let him unite *all* his venom in *one*, to ſtop the *Mouthes* that would relate the *circumſtances* of my *ſad* Condition in order, and prevent their being *believ'd*; yet all *Moral* Men may be *ſure*, that an *Innocent* Mother will take *leave*, I ſay again, will take *leave* to *cry* out, as in the very *Temples*, and in the *Preſence* of the *Gods*, that, *my Lords*,

I

I *lov'd* my Son with a *maternal affection*, whoſe *Childiſh* years, and *mind* that never knew what *Marriage* meant, were never beſpotted with the *Infamy* of *Luſt*; to whom the moſt *braſen-fac'd* Report that *ever* was, and the *ſuſpiciouſeſt* Husband in the *whole* World, could never object any thing but that *only* Title of *Son*; That which was the firſt faithful *Teſtimony* of my *Nuptial Chaſtity*, I brought forth a *Son* that my very *Husband* own'd to be *his*, nor was I afraid, leſt the *countenance* of the *Infant* at *firſt*, nor any *likeneſs* growing up *afterwards*, ſhould diſcover any *ſtol'n* or *unlawful Copulation*. Aſſoon as ever he was *born*, (if you will but *believe* a poor *Mother*) ſhe *hugg'd* him more *affectionately*, than *Mothers* ordinarily uſe to do, ſhe did not abandon him to the *Care* of *Houſes* or *Servants*; no, ſhe ſuckled him at her own *Breaſts*, and cheriſh'd him with her own *Embraces*. O thou wicked *Parricide*, canſt thou find in thy heart to throw *dirt* upon one of ſuch *tender* years, and to blemiſh the very *Childhood* of of the poor *Youth*, with ſuch *Odious Aſperſions*? Farewel all faithfulneſs between the *Sacred Relations* of *Husband* and *Wife*, if a *Mother* can't be *Innocent*, but as long as her *Child* is *under-age*: Beſides, the good *Mothers* Indulgence was enhaunced towards her *only Son*, becauſe he had a *Father* ſo *harſh* to *him*, and one that was ſo *unkind* an *Husband* to *her* too; and yet ſhe herſelf *thought* that ſhe was very deficient in her *affection*, ſeeing ſhe was to bring *enough* for *both*. For the *Father* would ſeldom ever *kiſs* his *Son*, and as ſeldom take him in his *Arms*; ſo that, he looking upon his *Son*, thò he were *all* that he had, with the ſame

Mur-

Murtherous Intent, that *ſometime* or *other* he deſign'd to *deſtroy* him, it made the *Mothers love* ſo more remarkable. Hence it was, that the *poor Woman* was *always* a *Chatting* with her *Son*, and ſhe never went *abroad*, but he was *with* her. And ſhe was very glad, when ſhe heard the *People* that ſhe met, ſay, *There's a brave Child*, when he was taken notice of as the *beſt* in every *Company*, for thereby he did as 'twere tell *every body* himſelf, that his *Mother* lov'd him *beſt*. *Pity me, my Lords*, and don't think, that my *Husband* drew his *wicked ſuſpicions* from other Mens *Opinions* and *Judgments*; no, he was *guided* therein only by his *own churliſhneſs* and the unnatural *hardneſs* of his *Heart*. If you, the *Father*, don't *Love* your *Son*, then, forſooth, the *Mother* muſt *preſently* be thought to *love* him over-much? D'e think, *my Lords*, I will now make my *Complaint* againſt the *licentious Tongues* of the *Vulgar*? No, he that has ſuch a kind of *Father as he*, need not run to *blame Reports*. He ſufficiently ſhews, what was the *Subject* of the *Impudent* ſtory, and who was the *Author* thereof, who *firſt* believ'd it. The *Commonalty* might eaſily *talk* of ſuch a thing as *Inceſt*, after they once *admir'd* that a *Father* could ſuſpect ſuch a thing.

Theſe are the things, *my Lords*, which the *Mother* did *ſecurely*, *plainly* and *openly*, before her *Huſband* and the *whole* Town. Now, pray, let the *Father* tell all his *Secrets*. *He catch'd* and *hurry'd* the Youth, (who *fear'd* nothing, which was the *firſt* argument of his *Innocence* and *Plain-heartedneſs*,) into ſuch a *corner* of the *Houſe*, where if he had *cry'd* out never ſo *loud*, and *groaned* never

ſo

ſo deeply, yet he could not have been heard. *There* did he torment to him to *death* with *Laſh*, *Fire*, and all the *Arts* of *Cruelty*: Did ever any Man, *my Lords*, deſerve *worſe* of the *Innocency* of the *days* wherein we *live*, and of all *Sacred Natural Affections* too, than this *Defendant* here in *Court*. He *tortur'd* his *Son* that he might *prove* the *Inceſt*; and he *Murther'd* him, that it might not be *believ'd*. Set now before you, *my Lords*, the *Confeſſions* of *both* the *Parents*: The *Mother* cries out, I *love* my *Son*, the *Father* ſays, I *kill'd* him: 'Tis *impoſſible*, you ſhould think *both* of *us* to be *Innocent*. And now, moſt *guilty Old Man*, 'tis a great *Evidence* of your *Savage* Cruelty, that after you had *deſtroyed* your *Son*, you could *endure* to ſtay, till you were *queſtion'd* about it. What! Did you not *run* out, of that *blind* Corner of *yours*, into the *ſtreet* after a *frightful* manner? When your *Cloathes* were *ſprinkled* with your *Sons* blood, don't you make Proclamation of his *Death*? Don't you call *God* and *Man* to Witneſs? What! don't you *kill* even the *Mother*, too? But, forſooth, you muſt be very *modeſt* in your *Wickedneſs*, and therefore you leave *yourſelf* a ground, to be *quiet* under your *ſuffering*. You, *poor Man*, do *ſpare* your *Wife* in the Caſe, you bear ſome reverence to the *Conjugal Gods*, and to the *Rights* of the *Marriage-bed*. Alas, you ha'nt now ſo much as a ground for a *Lye*?

I *accuſe* him *of Ill-treatment* or *Ill-abearance*. Will it pleaſe you, *my Lords*, that the *death* and *burial* of ones *Children* ſhould be *bewailed* under the ſame *Law-term*, with which we *complain* of *leſſer Matrimonial* injuries, and with the *lamentations* where-

wherewith we mourn for ſome *bodily* loſs or *reproach*, as when we are denyed ſome *neater* kind of *dreſs*, or, to go abroad out of *doors* into the *Town*? And what would you have my *woful grief* to do, if our *Sex* hath no other *Law* to relieve it, but *that* only? And if all *Nuptial complaints* muſt be *bound* to come under that *one* narrow *Law*, or *none*. A *Mother*, that for the *Murther* of a *Son* accuſes her *Husband* only of *Ill treatment*, does not *avenge* him, but only ſhews ſhe is *content*, that he ought not to have been *Slain*. Let me omit, *my Lords*, a little my *Grief* for my ſad *Orbity*; and in a *Caſe* of *Parricide*, let us give other *Reaſons* for *Ill treatment*. Might not a *Wife* juſtly *complain* and *ſay*, you were *too eaſie* in *ſuſpecting me Guilty* of *Adultery*, and you *believ'd* it too ſoon? The *Chaſtity* of a *Matron* is not *ſufficiently* defended *only* by her own *Innocency*; the weakneſs of this *Sex* can't owe the whole *Report* and *Opinion* of their being *naught* to their own *Manners* only; all the *reſpect* that *Women* have, is according to the *Report* their *Husbands* make of *them*; all the *Stories* about them come from the *breaſts* of their own *Husbands*. To be *frown'd* upon, to be *complain'd* of, to be *diſdain'd*, is the *Fate* of a *Married* Woman. A *Husband* gives *Sentence* againſt the *Chaſtity* of his *Wife*, he *tells* it *abroad*, he makes *Sham-ſtories* of it; after him, the *Servants* of the *Houſe* report it, and *Strangers* believe it to be *ſo*. There is no Man gives a *worſe* Example to *ſpeak ill* of his *Wife*, than *he*, that *every body* is likely to *believe*. *Grant*, that the *nimiety* of your *Love* doth make you *prone* to *ſuſpect*, and that your *Impatient Affections* do oftimes

oftimes make you full *eaſily* to *believe*, what you *fear*. A Womans own *Husband* may accuſe her, thô *falſely*, of ſecret *Adultery* and *unlawful Copulation*, ſuch a thing is *poſſible*, & ſometimes *uſual*, yet I tell you, 'tis very *rare*, when a *Woman* has had a *Child* by her *Husband*, and if ſhe firm'd her *plighted Chaſtity* by the *Fruitfulneſs* of a *Wife*. What if *ſhe* too ſhould be *ſevere*, while her *Son* is yet but *Young*? What if ſhe ſhould think before-hand of a *Daughter-in-Law*, and of *Grand-children*? Take ſome pity on the *Times*, Let every one draw the *Interpretation* of another *Mans Innocency*, from the *Text* of his own *Manners*. Here's a *Father*, that would prove an *Inceſtuous* Crime might be *committed*, only by this one *Argument*, that 'twas in his power to kill his *Son*.

But, ſays he, *There was a ſtrong Report, there was ſuch a thing*. I *beſeech* you, Sir, whoſe *Report* ſhould a Man *believe*, that is againſt *Nature* it-ſelf, and againſt the *Intereſt* of all *Parents* and *Children*. 'Tis *a good one*, indeed! *There was a Report*. What! ſhall we *interprete* your *Meaning*, as if you had ſaid, ſome *Servant*, that was *privy* to the *Fact*, *complain'd* of it to you, or that the *Chamber-maid* told you *of it*: And perhaps, you'l ſay, I was *by* in a *corner*, unknown to *them*, I came in upon them, *unawares*. I beſeech you, *my Lords*, which of the *Two* is moſt *credible*, that a *Mother* ſhould be *guilty* of *Inceſt*, or that *Fame* ſhould be guilty of a *Lye*? It had been the *Impudenteſt* thing in the *World*, for the *Common People* to have *talked* of ſuch a thing, unleſs the *Father* had *believ'd* it before. It is one of the *greateſt Miſchiefs*, *my Lords*, that is *incident* to *human* minds,

minds, that we *coin* wicked things with *more* eagerneſs than *good*, and *ill-reporters* never think they do a better piece of *ſervice*, than when they *relate* things perfectly *incredible*, as if they had been *acted*. You muſt needs *ſhew* a greater *eagerneſs* in telling of *that*, which you can't *prove*; that ſo, what hath no *ground* in the *Truth* of the thing, may borrow ſome *ſhadowy* one from the *Poſitiveneſs* of him that *affirms* it. And yet this is a moſt *unjuſt* thing, as to the *Talkativeneſs* of the *Mobile*, becauſe the very *bandying*, even of *ſuch* as do not *believe* it, doth many times *increaſe* the *Report itſelf*. What, can you *wonder* at the *matter* of ſuch a *Report*, which no Man *believes*, his *own* ſelf? Which the very *he*, that *reports* it, quotes another *Author* for? *Report* is a thing without a *witneſs*, without a *diſcoverer*, of *uncertain* things 'tis one of the *wickedeſt*, 'tis *malign*, 'tis *fallacious*, and, in a word, 'tis of *kin* to your *preſent* ſilence. Nay wou'd you have me prove in ſhort, what you *yourſelf* thought of *report*? You would not *believe*, *report* ſpake *truth*, till you had made *enquiry* by *torture*. Grant, that *report* may have ſome kind of *Authority*, in ſuch things that the *People* may *poſſibly* come to the *knowledg* of. I ſee now, how *Adulteries* committed in *ſecret* come to be *divulg'd*; ſome *Servant* or ſome *Accomplice* does tell 'm abroad, *ſuch Joys* are not *manag'd* with diſcretion; Men count it a great part of their *pleaſure* to *boaſt* of it. But it is an *Offence*, which, if human minds are *capable* of ſo *great* a *Wickedneſs*, is inveloped with a *midnight* and *thick* darkneſs, ſo that the very *looks* of the *Offendors* do make no *diſcovery* thereof; they won't *truſt*

neither *Man* nor *Maid*. What need is there of *Meſſages* between, what need of *Love-Letters*? The *Privity* of *Two* is enough, the *Mother* and *Son* are enough to do the *deed*. An *Inceſt* is ſo much the more *incredible*, as it is made a *Town-talk* of. O the miſerable condition of the *Female* Sex, whoſe very *vertues* ſometimes give occaſion for falſe *Stories*, to be made upon them! Why does not the poor *Wife* take delight ſometimes to *gad* abroad? Why is her *deportment* ſo *ſtern* to every body, and her *diſpoſition* ſo *rigid*? What, has ſhe no *deſires*, nor no *want* of any thing at all? Yes, but her *Son* takes up all her vacant Time, he *fills* up all her *affections*, a *Mother* has nothing elſe to *boaſt* of, but her *Son*. I beſeech you, did ſhe *love* him too much? Such *ſimplicity* can't commit ſo *great* a *Wickedneſs*. Suppoſe, that there ſhou'd be ſuch a *Guilt* between *Mother* and *Son*, ſure they will not *openly* diſcover it by any *Eye-glances*, they will abſtain from *Embraces* before the *Father*, they'l forbear all their *Familiarity* in publick, they'l avoid to *diſcourſe* or ſo much as to meet one another before the *ſlaves*, or before the *half-Free-men*; thô they be never ſo hot upon ſo high a *Wickedneſs*, yet they will ſeem to affect a certain kind of *Gravity*. O thou *cruel* Parricide, chuſe which ſide thou wilt, a *diligent* and *wary* Inceſt is never *ſuſpected*, and 'tis a *negligent* one, that can be found out.

But why do I keep *ſuch* ado, as if 'twere the *Common People*, that *bruited* abroad this *unuſual* and *incredible Villany*? Alas, in all this *tittle-tattle*, I find only the *footſteps* of one *bad* Husband. 'Tis no great *matter*, whether he be the *firſt raiſer* of the

the *Report*, that his *Wife* was an *Inceſtuous* Perſon, or whether he *believes* it, when it is *raiſed*. What! did not he ſtand in *fear* of the *Report* of ſo *horrid* a *villany*, and was not the *Fame* itſelf of *ſuch* a thing almoſt *aſhamed* to come to the *Ears* of a *Father*? Deny, while you will, that the *ſcurvy Report* had not its *Riſe* from *you*, yet let me tell you, no Man durſt have been ſo *bold*, as to have *talk'd of* or *publiſhed* any *ſuch* matter, unleſs *firſt* they had had it from *you*. Give me but a *good Father*, and a *good Husband*, and I need not ſay, does he not *believe* it? No, rather he'l *never* hear of any ſuch *Report* at all. *My Lords*, if you will give me *leave to* ſay it, go your ways now, and make *a doubt*, if you can, who was the *Author* of the *Report*, when you ſee the *Father pleads* for it.

He was a beautiful Youth, ſays he. I hope, this is no more an *offence* in the *Mother*, than 'tis a *Crime* in the *Son*. *He was beautiful*, ſay you. If you wou'd have this *Plea* bear any *weight* againſt *me*, you ſhould have *added*, that he was an *Adulterer* too, and a *Raviſher* of Women, ſo that, when he had to do with *this* or *that Married Wife*, her *grieved Husband* had almoſt *kill'd* him; or if he had *vitiated this* or *that Virgin*, he was cry'd out upon, as *abominable Fellow*, all the *Town* over: And yet we *know*, that ſome *Young* Men uſe to be as *extravagant*, as *that* comes to. What de' *ſay*, *Sir*? Did his *firſt luſtful* prank begin at *Inceſt*? Did ever any Young-man *venture firſt* on *ſuch a* Crime? Is this your *only proof* for it, becauſe, forſooth, he was a *beautiful Youth*? Why don't you *rather* ſay, I took him *napping*, as he

was mixing *Poyſon* for me, he had ſuch a *Guilty Conſcience*, that that *ſet* him *on* to take away my *life*. Let me tell you, a *Son* had need have *don* an *Infinite* deal of *miſchief* before, that his own *Father* may *believe*, he is *guilty* of *Inceſt*. *He was an handſom Youth*, ſay you. Pray tell me, was there ever any *Son*, that his *own Mother* did not count him *handſom*? Alas, *Mothers* love their Children thô they are Lame, they *prize* 'm the more, when they look pale or wan by any *Diſeaſe* or any *Correction*, yea, in *ſuch* a Caſe, their very *Pity* amounts even to the *ſtrength* of *Love*. If a *Child* be *deformed*, yet a *poor Mothers Natural Affection* is not *hindred* thereby, nor, if he be *Beautiful*, is it *increaſed*. They *Love 'm only*, becauſe they are their *Children*. *Children*, Husband, I ſay, *Children* are not *loved* by a *Mother* with *wanton* glances, ſhe does not fetch 'm in with *kind ſpeeches* and *looks*, but a *Mother* ſees *ſomething* in her *Son*, whatever it be, that is more *beautiful* than the *Man*: Perhaps a *new* Beauty might *attract* the *Eye* and *conquer* the *Heart*, but there's no ſuch thing in *ones* Children, for a *Mother* has her *Son* under her *Eye* in his very *Infancy*, his *Childhood* ariſes up under the *ſame*, and ſo he *creeps* up to write *Youth*. A *Mother* ſees *that* which you call a *Beautiful Son*, every day of the *week*, ſhe dayly *admires* and *embraces* him. She that hath *lov'd* a *Child* ſo long, pray when will ſhe *give over loving him*? O thou *Guilty Old Man*, there is no *Iron.* need of *Love* to urge to ſuch a *Villany*, but of *Madneſs* and *Fury* rather. That a *Mother* may unlawfully *luſt* after ſomthing in her *Young Son*, ſhe muſt needs *firſt hate*, that he is her *Son*;

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ſo that her pious affection is ſo far from *aſſiſting* her to commit *ſuch* a Wickedneſs, that ſhe can never be wrought over to it, but ſhe muſt forget the *Relation*, ſhe bears. Beſides, this makes the *Inceſt* more incredible, that it requires even *Two Perſons* to be *equally born-mad*. To an *Inceſtuous* Crime 'tis not enough, that a *Son* be *doted* upon, but he muſt *dote* as much, o'th *t'other ſide*. And beſides, who, pray, ſhould begin the *Entreaty* and the *Courtſhip*, firſt; dare any *Son* propound a *Queſtion* of *that* Nature to his own *Mother*? Or on the *other ſide*, can any *Mother* hope to *obtain* ſuch a requeſt (if ſhe ſhould *make* it,) of her *Son*? I ask you, *Old Man*, even in your *greateſt* humour of *ſilence*, (if you be not a moſt *crafty* and *malicious* Diſſembler) whether you can believe me *guilty* of ſo *great a Crime*? Can a *Mother* commit an *Offence* that a *Father* can't ſo much as *name*? What! de' ſay, he was a *beautiful Shipling*? Pray in *this* place, let me *interrogate* the *natural Affection* of all *Mankind* in general? Muſt *this* be, that if a *Son* has a *ſweeter* Face than *ordinary*, and a *better meen'd* Countenance, that preſently his *Mother* muſt be *afraid*, forſooth, to *kiſs* or *embrace* him? If a Man has a *Daughter* caſt in more *beautiful Mould*, than *other* Females are, what muſt her *Father* fly from her *ſalutes*, or dread her *embraces*. Let *Heaven* overthrow, with a witneſs, ſuch *impudent over-carefulneſs*, and ſuch *nefarious Feats*. 'Tis but one degree below *Inceſt*, to *fear*, that it may not be *committed*. I had rather have ſuch *ſimple plain-heartedneſs*, that does not *fear Infamy*, I had rather have *naked* and undiſguiſed *Paſſions*, and an *unprojecting Piety*;

ſuch as will not *believe*, that any ſuch *idle* ſtory can be made of it, or *told abroad*. Let it *hug* a child *unmeaſurably*, and never ha' don; *Report* is not ſo much *worth*, that a *Mother* ſhould *love* her *Son*, in *ſolicitude* for her *Chaſtity*. For my part, *Huſband*, if any body ſhould *ask* me, I think that *all Mothers* whatever, do ſo *love* their *Children* as if they *doted* on them. You ſhall ſee my *Eye* always *intent* on his ſweet pretty *Face* and *Locks*, you ſhall ſee me *kemb* his *head*, and ſet his *Cloaths* at *rights*, I will *fetch* a *ſigh* when he *goes* from me, I'le *skip* for *joy*, when he *comes* again to me, I'le *ſhake hands* with him, and we'le hang about one anothers *necks*: I will not be *ſatisfied* neither with *kiſs* nor *diſcourſe*, nor with the *pleaſure* of his *Company*. This is the *cruelleſt* thing of all in this *damnable* ſuſpicion, an *Inceſt* can't be fully coined of *any*, but the very *beſt* of *Mothers*

My Lords, I would have abominated the *Crime*, if the *Father* had *objected* it to his *Son* more *publickly*, or if he had *rated* him with *outragious* words. No Man has *leſs* reaſon to *believe* an *Inceſt*, than *he* that is *ready* to *deſtroy* his *Son*, *therefore*. Beſides, O you *wicked* Man, you do not only *believe it*, but you make *Queſtions* about it? So little are you afraid to rake in this ſecret and monſtrous *filthy puddle*. Whereas, indeed, if the *Vulgar* had *talk'd* of an *Inceſt*, you ſhou'd have *told* them, there was *no* ſuch thing: If the *Town* does *diſgrace* us, you ſhou'd ha' *kiſs'd* your *only Son*, and *hugg'd* your *own poor Wife*, the *more*, you ſhou'd ha' *wrung* them both together more *cloſely* in your *Arms*. But Oh, a piece of *cruelty* never

never heard off, *before !* As if it were not enough for a *Father* not to *believe* the *Inceſt*, which he cannot prove ? And yet, O thou that art *grown old* in *wickedneſs*, I ſhould have *endured* thy *wicked* ſuſpicions the *better*, if thou hadſt gon about to make a *diſcovery* of ſo *great* a *wickedneſs*, and yet *diſſembled* thy *ſuſpicion* Obſerve our *Talk*, *watch* us in ſecret, every moment both of *day* and *night*, like a *prying Eves-dropper* be thou at our *heels*. But what haſt thou to do with ſuch *abrupt* violent *Courſes* ? What, with ſuch *extremities* ? You muſt needs believe the *Inceſt* before, that you might have ſome *colour*, to *torture* your *Son*. But you, Oh *horrid* ! do ſearch out a *buſineſs* by *Fire*, *Laſh*, and all other *Artifices* of *Cruelty*, upon the body of your *own* Son, for which you ought not to have *tortured* one of your *Servants*, nay it had been a *petulant Cruelty* in you to have put the worſt *Bond ſlave* you had, to ſo much *Cruel ſuffering*. You heat the *Irons red-hot*, you *hoiſt* the * *Strapado*, thus, all in *good* time, you ſuſpect an *Inceſt* by a Parricide. You know not what *head-long* and *ſcurvy in and out* work you make, by the *madneſs* of your *wicked* diligence. A *Father* that *tortures* his *Son* about an *Inceſt*, is not like to *believe* him, thô he *deny* it. * *See the marg. note* p. 179. 180

My Lords, all *Suſpicions*, that are *grounded* upon *uncertainties*, begin at the *wrong* end, when they are *firſt vented* upon the *body* ; for 'tis *never* well to *interrogate* that *part* of a *Man* concerning his *Converſation*, that *indites* it's *Anſwers*, not from *Verity* but from *Intereſt* : I don't yet tell you, *who* the *Perſon* was, you *tortured* ; who 'twas, that you put *between* the *Rack* and the *Tormenting-fire*,

of whom you had made your *subtle discoveries* before. It ought to be the *last* thing of all, that which *tortures*, and is a *just* punishment too; Oh Heavens! I beseech you don't think, that his *severe Gravity* takes its *alpha*, from *that* which should ha' been the *last* Letter of the *Row*. *That Crime* can *never* be *prov'd*, where a *Father* can put no *other* body to the *Rack*, but his own *Son*. There is but *one* only way for you, that I know of, to make your *defence*, and that is, if you had used all *other* means possible to find out the *Incest*, before you *appeal'd* to the *Rack*. What de' say? Did you *ask* the *Servants* of the *House*? And was there not a Man that wou'd *confess* any thing? Did you inquire among the *Maids*, and was there no *Pardress*, amongst them? There were no lustful *amatorious* Letters between us. O you *wicked* O'd Man, you could not, with all your *flattery*, cajole out a word of *Confession*. You can make no *discovery* at all, neither as an *Husband*, nor as a *Master*, nor as a *Father*. Go thy ways now, and say, *Report* was *full* of the thing? Why, if upon *Report* thou must *Torture*, yet still thy *Examinations* must pass through thy *Wives Maid-servants*, or through thy Sons *Valet de Chambre*; 'tis better for thee to *vent* thy *Cruelty* there: A Wife should *first* of all be *repudiated*, that this *great secret* of the *Family*, forsooth, might be managed by a *divorce*. It exceeds all *savageness* whatever, to *torture* a *Son*, on purpose to find out, whether he *deserv'd* to be *tortur'd*, *yea* or *no*? You, the *Father*, examin your only *Son* by *Fire* and *Lash*, I beseech you, what wou'd you do, if he *deny'd* it? I know, you would

would *commend* him highly, and afterwards you would let him go, that you might embrace his half-burnt *vitals*, and with a *Fatherly* piety again *hug* and *cherish* his *mangled* and *wounded* breast. That Man, who puts his *only Son* to the *Torture*, can have but one *modest* pretence for it, *viz.* that he ought to have been *so serv'd*. Sir, this business cannot but make you the *worst* of *Fathers*, you must needs *hate* your *Son* so, that you can never make him *amends*. I had rather, you wou'd ha' *poyson'd* him, or that you wou'd ha' run him thro with a *Sword*, that you wou'd have *kill'd* him *unawares*, and before he thought on't. He that does not believe the *Incest*, ought not to *Torture* one; and if he does *believe it*, he should *immediatly* kill him outright.

But if you have a *mind* to have even your own *Son tortured*, if such a wicked *Report* must be satisfyed *that* way; yet I require of you, that you would not *lose* the *benefit* of your *Torturing*; let it be don in the *middle* of the *Town*, and in the very *mouth* of *Fame*; call in all those *Malignant* and *Talkative Prattle-boxes*; and a Matter that *concerns* the whole *Age* we *live* in, let it be *inquired* into, in the *Hearing* of all the *People*. He ought to be *Tormented* before them *all*, if they all have had their *Talks* about him. Let every one of the *Company* put what *Questions* to him they please, let 'm believe their *own Ears*, and their *own Eyes*. Why, I pray, must the poor *Youth* be *hurried* into a *blind remote Corner* of the *House*? Such *secrecy* in *Torturing* was no ways fit, whether your *Son* were *Guilty* of the *Incest*, or *Innocent* thereof. And yet I can put you into a *mid-*

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dle way, if you *desir'd* it, between *so secret* and *so open*. You might have call'd our Kindred together, you might have *sent for* some *Friends*, you might have *placed* some *Grave Seniors* about the *Young Man*, you might have let the *Magistrates* be *present*, and such might have *stood* by, as the *City* might ha' *trusted*. You should have given an *Opportunity*, either to *your self* to have *proved* it, if your *Son* had *confess'd*; or to *your Son*, that, at *least*, he might have *deny'd* it: But you, like a *wicked cruel* Man, do *abridge* him of the *benefit* of his *Counter-part* of the *Torture*; you ha' brought it to that pass, that *now* no *body* will think him *Innocent*, seeing he hath been put upon the *Rack*. What can a *Torturing* in *secret* do, against *Peoples* Talk? I *declare* and *protest*, that hereby you do but *administer* more *Fewel* to *malicious Reports*; and the *uncertainty* is rendred *doubtfuller* and *greater*, when a Man is *Rack'd* in *hugger-mugger*. That *Father* ought to *Torture* his *Son publickly*, and in the Face of the World, who wou'd either have him *Acquitted*, or else, who is ready to *murther* him.

Would you have me, *my Lords*, to *aggravate* this *Odious* and *Unworthy Fact*, by alleging, that 'twas an *own Father* that *Tortur'd* his *Son*? What! Could not such a *necessary* piece of *service* be committed to *Journey-men*, or *Slaves*, to execute? Might not the common *Executioner* have done it, rather? Here's an *own Father*, while he was *Tormenting* him, does not so much as turn his *head* o' t' *side*, nay he himself *rent off* his *Cloaths*, 'twas *he* that *tore* his *shirt*, that gave him the *Lashes* with his *own* hands, and that was so *eager* in

in *jerking* him up and down, that he would not ſuffer him to *breath* his *laſt*; when *Death* had almoſt *clos'd* his *Jaws*, who, but *he*, muſt pluck them *aſunder*; he *cheriſhed* his life, that his *Patience* might *Iron.* be exerciſed with *longer* Torments. Here's a *Father*, is there not, that *deſerv'd* his *Son*, thô *Innocent*, ſhou'd ha' told him, *I did the Fact*. O thou *wicked Fellow*, I will not in this place cry out, that a Man, who is *Tortured* againſt his *Mother*, ſhou'd be alſo *Tortur'd* before her. Why is the *poor Woman excluded* from her *own Concern*, and from the *Examination*, wherein ſhe has ſo great an *Intereſt*? She *Loves* him *overmuch*, and therefore, to chuſe, let her be preſent at his *exquiſite* Torments; mark her *groans*, take *notice* how ſhe *ſighs*, and how ſhe *looks*, if there be any *real* Crime *committed*, if you *Torture* the *Son*, the *Mother*, perhaps, will *confeſs*. O thou *Cruel Parricide*, imagin that at that very *Inſtant* of time, I brake in upon thy *Cloſe-lock'd* room, and that whil'ſt thou art *haſtning* him to the *Rack*, I laid hold upon thee, and ſay, *Forbear ſtriking*, ſet aſide the *burning Coals* a while. Whatever *Confeſſion* thou haſt *extorted* from him, *tell* it out and *ſpare* not; but remember thou haſt don *that* to thy *Son*, for which no body in the World ought to *believe* thee. Why doſt thou *hurry* and *over-turn* his Soul with *Grief* and *Pain*? Why doſt thou make ſuch *frequent Intervals*, for thy obſtinate Cruelty to *Torment* the Man between every *Hoiſt*, if thou think'ſt it in *vain* for thee to *tell* or *declare* what thou haſt *heard*? An *Inceſt* cannot be *believ'd*, unleſs the *Party* accus'd be *heard*, too. *My Lords*, I my ſelf too ſhou'd not but

wonder,

wonder, if ſuch an *Impious* way of *interrogating* by *Torture* cou'd poſſibly have any other *Iſſue* but *death*. This is the *modeſty*, forſooth, of the *Parricide*, no other *end* can thoſe things have, which ought never to have been *begun*. Thou covereſt the *horridneſs* of thy *Torturing* Villany with the *pretence* of a *greater wickedneſs* that thou haſt *found* out, of which, forſooth, thou can'ſt not rid thy ſelf, but by the *death* of thy *Son*. But I know very well, what 'tis that *puts* thee *thus to't*, thy *Cruelty* could make the *poor Youth* to *confeſs nothing* at all. He that *dies* under *Torture*, overcomes his *Torturer*. And now 'tis no wonder, after ſuch *pranks* as theſe, that thou canſt not find a *Tongue* to ſpeak, nor haſt not a *word* to ſay. Thou haſt *torn* thy only *Son* in pieces without any body by, thou haſt *murthered* him in *ſecret*, ſo that *now*, forſooth, none but you muſt know how to *conceal* the *Villany*, and in a *Parricide* you ſeek for *matter* of *ſorrow*, elſewhere. 'Tis a *prepoſterous* thing to *kill* ones *Son*, and then to be *aſham'd* of it, *afterwards*. 'Tis not *fit*, but *That* ſhould be *known abroad*, for which a very *Parricide* counts himſelf *Innocent*. *Chuſe* which ſide thou will, thou muſt either condemn thy *Torturing* thy *Son*, or elſe thy *ſilence*, thereupon. That which *muſt* not be *told*, why ſhould you make any *Examination* about? Perhaps, O thou cruel *Old Fellow*, thou would'ſt have it *thought*, that thou art ſilent upon thy *Sons* account, as if he were *alive*. Nay, but if *that* be *true* that thou ſuſpecteſt, then thou art excuſed from all the *religious duty* of a *Father*, all pious *regard* of *natural* affection is *Cancell'd*. If he juſtly *deſerv'd* this, his *Torture*,

nay

nay his very *dying* under it, was far too *little* for him to ſuffer, in a way of *avengement*. Wouldſt thou ha' his *ſuppoſed Confeſſion* to be *avenged*? Then *hale* out his *Corps*, and upon every *wound* make a *preachment* of its *Cauſe*. 'Tis more than *one* Man can do, to *Confeſs* why he *Tortur'd*; and to tell no *Cauſe* at all, why he *Murthered*. What ſay'ſt thou, thou *Tyger* of a *Parricide*? What haſt thou deſtroy'd thy *Son* by *Laſh* and *Red-hot Irons*. Canſt thou *pluck* out *thoſe Bowels*, that had their *Origine* from thine *own*; canſt thou ſhed *that Blood*, which came from thy own *veins*; and that too, not in a *mad furious* Fit, but (as you yourſelf would have it thought) by *Advice* and *Grave* deliberation? Canſt thou hold thy *Peace* over the *Wounds* of thy *Only Son*, and doſt thou ſtand, as if thou wouldſt *fright* folks, over his *disjointed* Limbs; and when the *Mother*, or rather, when the *whole* Town asks thee the *cauſe*, thou ſay'ſt only, I am the *Man*, that kill'd him? Muſt ſhe be content with ſuch an *Anſwer* at random?

Do think now, *Sir* Husband, that 'tis only the *Mother* interrogates you about this? Nay, I'le tell you, the *ſolicitude* of all *Mankind* doth require an account of his *death*, at your hands. All Parents ſtand about their *Children*, as if they were *afraid* of, or *amazed* at, them: *Brothers*, thô they *love* never ſo much, yet dare not, for their *lives*, embrace one *another*; The *Innocent* way of ſaluting by a *kiſs*, between *Fathers* and *Sons* in *Law*, is quite *broke* off. How long wilt thou ſet us together by the *Ears*, by the different *Conſtruction* we make of thy *ſilence*? If nothing

was

was don, that the *modeſty* of our times need be *aſhamed* off, than why, pray, do you uſe ſuch *dubious* and *ſuſpectful* words? But if you have found out a Monſtrous *Villany*, as bad as ever was *Chronicled* in *Fable*, then, *Lord* have mercy upon me, too, pray kill *me*, as well as your *Son*. Let me tell you, in an *Inceſt* you ought to conceive the *greater* hatred againſt the *Female*, eſpecially ſince, you ſee, that ſhe comes againſt you in open *Court*, that ſhe imitates the *Confidence* of thoſe, that are wholly *Innocent*, and that ſhe is ſo *angry* with you, becauſe ſhe can't get a *word* from you. When you *Tortured* your *Son*, by reaſon of the *Report* that was rais'd of him, as you ſay, and then you kill'd him too under his *Torture*, 'tis more than a *matter* of meer *Indifferency*, that we ſhould *know* neither. *This* is it, *my Lords*, that the *Innocent* Mother *grieves* at, *this* is it ſhe can't *bear*, that this *Parricide* of a *Husband* is as *mute* as a *Fiſh*. But *ſoft* and *fair*, perhaps he'le *ſpeak* by and by. Oh *Sir*, we know what you *aim* at, like a wicked Man as you are, we know why you fetch ſuch deep *ſighs* from your *ſilent* breaſt, and why you would have us think, you are *ready* to *faint*, when you begin to *ſpeak* out; you would hereby procure ſome *Authority* to your *Lyes*, wou'd ye? And to make us believe, that what you would have ſpoken ſhould have been the *very* Truth, you muſt, forſooth, ſeem to *confeſs* againſt your *Will*. Yet *ſpeak* out and *ſpare* not, the *Mothers Innocency* is ſuch that ſhe can *bear* all your *baſe Lyes*. Alas, *Sir*, how mightily are you *Tormented*, that, now *ſhe's* here in *Court*, you can't *abaſh* her with ſome *horrid Exclamation*. 'Tis not *words*, that you want againſt the

the *poor Woman*, but *arguments* rather; you are not *tongue-tyed*, but *proof-tyed*, Sir. All that you can do, is, you turn *us* over to *Infamous Reports* ſtill, ſo that we ſhall never have *don* with the *malignity* of *Folks* Tongues. He that neither *Condemns* nor yet *Acquits* me, when he is *ask'd* and *deſir'd* ſo to do, is *well* content, that the *Bruit* ſhould *hold ſtill*.

Take a *Proof*, I beſeech you, of the *modeſty*, forſooth, of *this Husband* and *of this Father*: He is contented, that his *Wife* ſhould be *believed* to be *Inceſtuous*, thô ſhe can't be *proved* to be ſo. Did ever any Man find out ſuch *wicked Arts*, was there *ever* any Man of ſuch a *bloody* diſpoſition, before? Becauſe he can't *prove* what he *once* ſaid, he *ſeeks* to be *believ'd*, becauſe he *won't* ſay it *again*. Art thou *mute*, doſt thou *hold* thy *peace*, thou *ſavage, cruel Man*? Ay *now*, thou haſt found out a *Torture*, fit for *ſuch* a *Father*, as *thou* art. But hear, what the *poor Woman proclaims* from her *ſimple innocent* grief? Thou ſhalt never, ſays *ſhe*, bring it about, O thou *craftieſt* of *Parricides*, to make me *deſiſt* from *hugging* even the dead *Corps* of my *Son*. I were an *Inceſtuous Slut* indeed, if I wou'd moderate my *groans* and refrain my *Tears*: Come therefore to my *Sons* Funeral, you *Children* all, come, you *Parents* all, *watch* my *Plaints*, *obſerve* my *Sighs*. If I am *guilty*, if I have *committed* any *offence*, I will freely *confeſs* it. Behold, I caſt my ſelf upon the *Fatal Bier*, and as I *embrace* his *lacerated* Limbs, and his *Torture-ſcorch'd* body, I cry out, *now I hold my only Son in my Arms*, now, *poor Woman*, I *hug* and *embrace* my *Fair one*. This was *that*, which did even *tranſport* a woful *Mother* beyond the

rate

rate of an *Ordinary* Affection. O thou *cruel Husband*! I lov'd a *Child*, that was juſt *a dying*; diſgrace my *extraordinary* and *impatient* Love, as much as thou wilt, yet I ſeem to *myſelf* to have been *defective* to have been a *ſlow-back*, and to have loſt *much* of my *mirth* and *joy*: No *Woman* living ever *lov'd* her Child *too much*. I excuſe my ſelf to thee, *ſays* ſhe, O moſt *Innocent* Youth, that my *miſery* was *ſuch*, that I have not *yet* accompanied thee to thy *Grave*.

'Tis true, I ought not to have *liv'd* an *hour* after thee, but I could not *dye*, as long as my *Huſband* was in this *mute* and *ſilent* poſture. I will *cut off* the *thread* of my *tedious* and *loathed* life, but *firſt* give me leave to pay my Funeral *rites* to your *Ghoſt* in the preſence of the whole *City*, when, the *Parricide* being *condemn'd*, notwithſtanding his *crafty* ſilence, it will evidently *appear*, that thou *diſcoveredſt* nothing at all. Pardon me, that thô I had *loſt* my *Child*, yet I was willing to *hold* out, till this *Cauſe* was *decided* in *Court*. For I was afraid, leſt if I had *haſtned* my *End* with too much *Impatience*, and a *raſh precipitate* piety, the *Parricide* would ha' rais'd *another Story* about *my* Death, alſo.

Infamis

Infamis in Matrem,

OR,

A Son *accus'd* (by his *Father*) of *Inceſt* with his own *Mother.*

DECLAMATION XIX.

The Argument

The ſame *with* That *of the former* Declamation.

For the Husband *againſt his* Wife.

IT was a *debt* juſtly due, *my Lords*, to the *pityable modeſty* of my ſad *Orbity*, that we ſhould *now*, even all of us, *hold* our *Peace*; and after ſuch *ſtrange* and *prodigious matters* and *diſcourſes*, *this* ought to have been the *concluding Story* of my *woful Houſe* and *Family*, that I, being a *Father*, did deſtroy my *own* Son. But becauſe my *Wife*, who was always a *Woman* upon *Extremes*, beſides *all* that I have either *don* or *ſuffered* a little before, thinks *fit* to *Torment* me further with a *grievous Accuſation*, I appear in *Court*, to deſire of your *Lordſhips*, that you would not think I *ſtudy ſilence*, on purpoſe to make an *advantage* thereof, for my *own* ends, in this *Suit*. No, I do not *hold* my *Peace* becauſe I *diſpatch'd* my *Son*, but rather I *diſpatcht* him that I might *purchaſe leave* to *hold* my *Peace*. I *wiſh* with all my heart, *my Lords*, that I could deny that I was the *Man* that *diſpatcht* him; I wiſh it were *fit* for me to enter into the *whole ſeries* of my *woful neceſſity*, and that I could *ſtop* this *mouth* of *mine*, from *telling* it. Does any body wonder at *this Patience* of mine, in *ſuch* a Caſe? That violent *chafe*, which lately ſo *furiouſly hurled* me upon my *own Son*, is now *ſpent* by its own *fierceneſs*. Whatever within me might have broken forth

forth into *Talk*, is *ended* in the *Parricide*, and is *silenc'd* in the *Orbity*. So that *now* I have no kind of *Passion* at all, but *what* is for *suffering*, for *bearing*, and for *enduring* all *miseries* whatever. 'Tis impossible I should do *both* in my *Sons* Case, that is, *first kill* him, and *then confess*, why he *deserv'd* it. And therefore, *my Lords*, I can never sufficiently *wonder*, yea stand *amazed*, at this *Woman*, who, besides her *Guiltless* Conscience, forsooth, even because of her very *Sex* ought to have shew'd more *modesty* in my *miseries*, yet *quarrels* against my *silence*. She is at *such* a *Combate* within her self, and with *such an* unusual kind of *Impatience* too, as ever was *mentioned* in any *Story*. For she *complains*, that the *People* of the *Town* are *Talkative*, and that the *Father* himself is *silent*. Nor is she contented with her *Husbands* plain *Confession*, who *vows* that he *dissembles* not at all, and that he *knows* nothing, thô *press'd* by such an *Authoritative Suit* before your *Lordships* to *discover* it, yet she had rather *make* a *secrecy*, forsooth, of my *silence*: Whether this be the *Madness* or the *Innocence* of her *Orbity*, let her own *wretched grief* look to it, she herself may know well enough in her *own* mind, what my *Son* said, seeing she thinks, I have *something* to say, that I will not *speak* out.

And therefore, I *beseech* you, *my Lords*, let not the *pity* of the *Mothers Orbity*, *only*, discompose your *thoughts*; pray, don't think that the *great* sense of this *highest* of *calamities* resides *only there*, where you *see* more *Tears*, and *hear* more *groans*. If a comparison be made between *me* and my *Wife*, of the *Two* you ought rather to *pity me*, who

have both *loſt* my *Son* and *kill'd* him too. Of us, *Two Parents*, I am the moſt *unhappy*, *my Lords*, let the *Woman* complain *as much* as ſhe will, for I am both a *Sufferer*, and *Actor* too in *procuring that ſuffering*. Oh the happy *conſciouſneſs* of the *Mothers Ignorance*, which can *bold out* to ask *Queſtions* in the Caſe. But a *greater* kind of *Impatience*, and a *greater Paſſion torments* me, ſeeing I *kill'd* my *Son*, and yet can't either *diſcover* it, nor yet *repent* at all, that I *kill'd* him. O *unhappy Old* Man! O *woful* Patience! If I could ſpeak, I might make a long *Oration*, even upon *this* Head too? *My Lords*, heretofore we were the *happieſt* Parents in the World, whileſt we *fawn'd* upon the, *as yet untainted*, *Infancy* of our *only* Child; and the *intire proſperity* of our *Houſe* and *Family* did continue, as long as *we equally delighted* in him, *one* as much as *t'other*, as long as we *equally lov'd* him, and as long as the *Town* cou'd ſay no *more* of us, but *this*, *That we had a very amiable Son*, *betwixt us*. But when he grew up to *that* Age, in which *beautiful* Youths uſe to be *inſolently* proud, on the account of their *bodily* accompliſhments, *then* he was very *haughty* and *arrogant*, he would *take* no *Employment* at all upon him, he ſpent the *Flower* of his *Age* to *no* advantage at all, as to *Private* or *Publick Concerns*, either. O *Heavens!* What *ſtrange* and *lamentable* Talk was there *abroad*, about the *Young Man*? He was *cry'd out* upon, and *reproach'd* by every *body*, he was as a *Mark* for all Men in their *diſcourſes* to *condemn*, untill at *laſt* he himſelf *perceived* that the *whole* Town, with *one conſent*, were much *troubled* about *him*. When he once knew *that*, he went *very*

ſeldom

ſeldom abroad, as if he had a mind to *avoid meeting* his *Father*, or to ſee any *body* in the *ſtreets*. 'Tis an *hard* matter to expreſs in *words*, how *much* the Youth was *abominated*, and how much he was *blamed*, *all* the *Town* over. *Some* ſaid of *him*, that he might *poſſibly* in time *kill* his *Father*; *others* ſaid, that he *deſerv'd*, his *Father* ſhould *kill* him. In *this* caſe, *my Lords*, what ſhould an *unhappy Old Man* do? For *now* the *Report* had reach'd his *Father* too, and my *ears* were even *grated* with *hearing* it. I *durſt* not ask many *Queſtions* about it, neither yet could I *conceal* it. He's *much* miſtaken, that thinks I did, what I did, by *deliberation* or *advice*; no, 'twas the very *Impetus*, and the preſent *Chaſe* of my Spirit, juſt at that very *Inſtant*, that *puſh'd* me on. A *Father* can't have the *heart* to prepare *Torture* for his *Son*, before-hand.

In our *now ruful Houſe*, there is a *remote* room, *ſever'd* from *all* the reſt, where 'tis as *dark* as *Pitch*, and the *paſſage* to it is as *ſad*, 'tis a fit place for the *worſt* of *Villanies* to be *acted* in; and even an *own* Father might have the *confidence* of *perpetrating* a *bloody* Fact *there*, without *ſuſpicion* of *diſcovery*. As I was *ranging* all about the *Houſe*, by reaſon of my *diſtracted* thoughts, I *lighted* at *laſt* upon *this* room, as far as I can underſtand, *unawares* to my *Son*. And the *truth* is, he, aſſoon as ever he *ſaw* me, ſtood *amaz'd* like a *ſurpriz'd* Offendor, and he *fled* back in a *trembling* poſture; I think his *reaſon* was, that I ſhould *ask* him no *Queſtions*. I *ruſh'd* in upon him with a great *deal* of *haſt* and *eagerneſs*, I had not ſo much as a *Free-man* or a *Slave* with me juſt as

the *Fatality* of the *preſent* moment *acted* me, ſo I *aſſaulted* him with *handy-blows*; and alſo I catch'd up *any* thing that was near, that my *Grief* told me might *ſerve* for a *Weapon*, with which I *laid about* me, beyond the *ſtrength* of my *Old Age*. I ſet upon him at *once* and *altogether* (not by *degrees*, nor by *divided* and *intermittent pains*,) with the *Fire* that was *next* at *hand*, and with the *Laſhing-whips*, that *chance* put into my *hands*: 'Twas a great *part* of the *ſecrecy*, that I ſhould do it *my ſelf*; O *Heavens!* What *contumacy*, what an *hardned Patience* was there in him, when he was *Tortured* by his *Father*, that he wou'd not call out for his *Mothers* help? No, the *Youth* made *no reſiſtance* at all, he did not at all *lift* up ſo much as an *hand*, againſt me, nor did he cry out for any *one* bodies *help*: His *eyes* were *only* a little *ſunk* and *dejected* in his *head*, yea, as if he had felt no *laſhes* at all, but had been *Tortured only by my eyes*, he receiv'd all the *blows* upon his *Face*; that *comely* Face, as if he *himſelf* had been *angry* with it, was *all* that he *oppos'd* to my *Fire* and *Laſh*. I give this *laſt* Teſtimony, *my Lords*, to his *Modeſty*, he was *Slain* when he was e'ne willing to dye, *himſelf*. *My Lords*, I *commend* the *Patience* of the *Mother*, that whereas ſhe was for the *moſt part* at *home*, and perhaps at *that* time not *far* from the *place*, yet ſhe wou'd not *come* in, ſhe *dar'd* not to *interrupt* me. And beſides, I commend the good *Fortune* of my *own hands*, that *none* of my *Kindred* or of my *Friends* did *ruſh* in upon me; for if any *body* living had been ſo *bold*, as to *ask* me about my *Son*, in that *nick* of *time*, I ſhould *certainly* have *kill'd* him. And yet I *buried*

ried his *torn Tortured* Limbs, I *allow'd* him a *Funeral*, I gathered his *Bones* together. My Wife *then* laid *no violent* hand on the *Bier*, while the *Funeral rites* were a *performing*; ſhe rais'd no envious *reflection* upon *me* by *beating* her *breaſt*, and *tearing* and *rending* her very *dugs*. How comes ſhe *now* to *break* forth, and to be *tranſported*, to this *Monſtrous Impatience*? She never *ask'd* me a *word* about him, at *home*. O thou unhappy *Mother!* I *my ſelf* can *proclaim* before all *Children* and *Parents*, yea in the *hearing* both of *God* and *Man* too, that I *lov'd* my *Son* very well, but not by the way of effeminate *Kiſſes* or *Tears*, but I lov'd him with a *Manly* Love, even with *grief* and *patience*. He was my *only Son*, and if a Party of his *Enemies* had *hemm'd* him in amongſt them in the *Field*, I would have *ventured* my *Life* to ha' *freed* him from their *Clutches*; if a *ſudden* Fire had *clos'd* about him at *home*, I had *carryed* him out upon my *ſhoulders*, thô I had ventured the *burning* of *ſome* of my *Limbs*; I *delivered* him from all *evil Reports*, I *ſent* him *far* enough from *malignant Town-talk*. I have got the *Advantage now* of that, which is called *Natural Affection*. I did the *difficulteſt* thing of all, that I did not *rather kill* my ſelf.

She accuſes me of Ill-treatment, forſooth. What, *Wife*, do you think, that a *Father* hath not *ſuffered* Puniſhment *enough*, after *all* this *danger* and *toil*, that he may not make *any* benefit to *himſelf*, for *killing* his *Son*? What, are you not *aſhamed* that you are *angry* with the *Parricide* ſtill? What have *you* to do with the *Law*, which was *given* you to *plead* in a caſe of *inferiour affections*? That

Law *remedies ſlighter Complaints*, not *deep Wailings*; it provides, indeed, for the *Female*, yet not as a *Mother*, but *only* as a *Wife*. What do you *again* call forth my *woful* modeſty to the *view* of the *People*? *Indeed!* Do you raiſe up *matter* for a *new* ſcurvy *Report*? Nay *then*, I have quite loſt the *benefit* of my *ſecrecy*. I had managed all things *ſo*, that *nothing* ſhould have been *asked*, nor nothing at all *ſaid*: But *what* is more *impudent*, *what* is more *unworthy*, than for a *Woman* to *think* ſhe hath as much *right* over her *Children* as the *Man*, ſo that in her *opinion* the *Right* of *Father* and *Mother* are *but equal*, as if *we* did not know, that the *Power* of *life* and *death*, in *relation* to *Children*, is committed to *us*, *Men*? 'Tis *no* Privilege, to kill a *Son* when there is *juſt* cauſe to do it; and there is no Man *will* ever do it *only* on *purpoſe*, becauſe he may. I *held* out, to *rend* the *bowels* of my *only Son*. Forgive me, if you can't *believe* me: No Man ever *kill'd* his own *Son*, for mere *hatred* of him. An *hated* Son is not ſo much *worth*. This is a thing in *Fathers*, which is *dreadful* even unto *Parricide*, that they *love* their Children, that they *relieve* them, that they *think* they can't *otherwiſe* take pity of them any other way, than *that*. There is *no* reaſon, *my Lords*, that the *Plea* of the *weaker Sex* ſhould take *you off* from the *due* conſideration of my *Miſeries*. 'Tis a thing of *greater Affection* to *kill* ones *Son*, than to *avenge* him. And therefore ceaſe, *Woman*, to *weary* me with your *Queſtions*. What! Does not he *anſwer all* in *one* word, about his *Son*, that *ſays*, *I ſlew him*: And thô he makes no *Exclamations*, and thô his *mouth* be as it were *ſtop't*, yet he *denies* nothing

nothing, that *confeſſes that*. But the very *Immanity* of *ſome horrid Offences* argues the *Innocence* of *thoſe*, that *commit* them, *I ſlew my Son*, not as an *hair-brain'd Father*, nor as *one* out of my *wits*. Whoever *now pity's* a *Man* that is tranſported, and as it were paſt *ſenſe* and *feeling*, *ſlays* him *out-right*. You ſee an *Aged* Man, *weltring* in his *own* blood, and, with his *hands all-bloody*, lying over the *dead body* of his *only Son*, whoſe *bowels* he counts *ſacred* and *dear* to him, all *rent* and *burnt* as they are. I dread ſo *much* as to *look* upon his *Carkaſs*, I ſtand a *loof* of from it, as from a *body*, that is *ſtruck dead* with *Lightning* from the *Firmament* of *Heaven*. 'Tis true, in *ſome Crimes*, 'tis enough to *ſhut* ones *Eyes*, to *turn* away ones *Face*, to *hold* ones *peace*, to ſtand *amazed*, and to *leave* incredible *calamities* to their *Cauſes*, without *further inquiry*. Take *pity* upon *me*, *ask* me no *more Queſtions*, make no *more Demands*. De' think, I'le ſay, ſpare the *Age* we live in, ſpare the *Huſband*, ſpare the *Father*? Nay *rather*, ſpare *him*, that was *Slain*.

My Lords, hear, I *beſeech* you, a *new* Crime *objected* againſt an *Husband*. 'Tis his *ſilence*, he is *queſtioned* in *Court* about. Heretofore your *Indignation*, *Dame*, could not *bear* our *ill-words*, and your *Matronly Paſſion* ſeem'd to ſay, What! *Husband*, can't you *forbear foul* Language towards me, the *Wife* of your *boſom*? What! has your *Laviſh* Tongue no reſpect for me, that you do *ſo* eaſily *break* forth into *railing Language*, and *twit* me even with *what* you *pleaſe*, you *cry out* upon me, & whilſt you *allow too much liberty* to your *Tongue*, you give occaſion to the *Vulgar*, to raiſe

ſcories

ſtories upon me. But you, *Woman*, object *that* as a *Crime* againſt *me*, which was *never* counted *ſo* in *any* Man living *before*; that *only* piece of *Innocency* in my *manners*, which is *reprehended* by *ſpeaking*, is *maintained* by my *ſilence*. See now, why my *hands*, and why my *words* ſeem to be *ſuch* great *Offenders*. 'Tis with the *one* we *defame*, and with *t'other*, that we *torture* and *kill*. Wou'd you *know*, *Madam*, how *little* reaſon you have to *complain* of my *ſilence*? I tell you, you had been a very *happy* Woman, if we had *all* been *Tongue-tyed*, too. Suppoſe, I lay *aſide* a while the *deep Cauſes* of my *ſilence*, and *only* ſay, *'Tis not fit for me, to diſcover a ſecret. My Lords*, of all the *ſerious* and *ſolid* endowments, that the *mind* of Man may be *furniſhed* with, there is *no one*, in my opinion, harder either *to get*, or to *keep*, than *virtuous ſilence*; yea, Men are ſo *prone* to *offend* by *Talkativeneſs* themſelves, that they can't *abide* to ſee a *conſtant* Taciturnity, no not in *others*. *My Woman* calls *this* a *Great Crime* in *me*, which was an *High piece* of *Wiſedom* in the *Antient Philoſophers*, thoſe *Original* Directors of Mens *minds* and *manners*; and for *maintaining* thereof all their *Lives* long, ſome Men have been *more* admired in *wofull old ſtories*, then *thoſe* have been, who were *ſo* privy to the *profound ſecrets* of *Nature*, as to ſettle *Rules* for the *ebbing* and *flowing* the *Sea*, and for the *Courſes* of the *Celeſtial Conſtellations*. I beſeech you, what a *piece* of bold *Intruſion* is *this*, to *break open a breaſt*, that is *ſtifly reſolved* upon *an holy ſilence*? To *unlock that ſpirit*, that was *ſhut* and even ſettled upon *ſecrecy*, and which could not be *loos'ned* therefrom, neither by *Joy*,

nor

nor by *Grief*; neither by *Neceſſity* nor by *Fortune*? *He* that *complains* of *one* that is *ſilent*, his *mouth* will ope *wider* againſt him, if *once* he begin to *talk*. Beſides, there is not ſuch an *Intimate* and *All-blending* Union between *Husband* and *Wife*, but that, notwithſtanding the near *Relation* between them; yet the heart of *each* of them may *lawfully* retain ſome *proper ſecret*, *apart* to himſelf. Add hereto, that a Man would not *impart* every thing, *no not* to his own *Fleſh* and *Blood*; and 'tis a certain kind of *reverential* reſpect you ſometimes bear, even to your *deareſt* Relations, that you wou'd not have 'm *know* ſome things, that are to be *concealed*: *ſome* things you can't *get out*, no not by *Laſh* or *Rack*: Yea, many have been *ſo ſtout*, as *to dye* under *Torture* rather than *diſcover* a *Secret*. Go too then, if you think fit, let us run over, by a *diligent* inquiry, *both Sexes* and *every Condition* and *Age* whatever; and we ſhall *find*, that, there is *no* breaſt without a *ſecret* corner for *private Guilt*; and *no* life ſo innocent, but it has reaſon, as to ſome things, to ſay *Mum*. Even you, *Madam Wife*, if your *Husband* ſhould *rummage* all the *ſecrets* of your *Soul* by his ſearching *Interrogatories*, I believe, he might find *ſomething* in *you* too, that you wou'd be loth to *confeſs*. If *this* be ſo in *you*, *Dame*, *then* I hope *ſilence* is much more *proper* for an *Old Man*; 'tis more *modeſt* in an *Husband*; 'tis more *ſacred* in a *Father*. Let me tell you, *Woman*, *both* of us have *reaſon* to be e'ne *aſhamed* of our *weakneſs*. Our *Young Son*, *e'ne now*, was more *conſtant* than *we*, for *he* was *reſolv'd* to *dye*, that *we* might *hold* our *peace*. You ſee, *Woman*, to what *ill Interpretations* you

expoſe

expose your *Grief*? People say *abroad*, that you *Question* me on purpose, because you know that I'le *endure* all *extremity* whatever, rather than *speak* out. For *who* is there, pray, in the whole *Town*, but *knows* that I am *inflexibly* and *unalterably* silent, when I am once *resolv'd* upon it? *What* Man can be ignorant, with what a *steely patience* I use to *endure* every thing? As now of *late*, when I was even *killing* my own *Son*, I sent not so much as a *sigh* nor a *Groan*, as an *Harbinger*, before the *Fact*; I did *nothing* in the World, that either *you* with *all* your *quick-sighted* and *forecasting fear*, nor my *poor Son* neither, that was to be *kill'd*, could *interpret* in the *least*, that I had a *Parricidal Intent*, to *bereave* myself of my *Child*. Do' think, I make a *Boast* of this *secrecy* of *mine*, that I never *allowed* myself to make *any Proclamation* of the thing in the *street*, or in the *Publick Assemblies* of the *People*? Alas, I *never* made any *Complaint* of the *Young* Man, no not to *your self*; neither did I ever *study* any *advantage* against *him*, by telling *People*, that his *Mother* too did *hate* him, as much as I. 'Tis in vain, *Madam*, for *you* to think to *extort that* from me by your *Accusation*, that neither my very *Miseries* themselves, nor my *Grief*, nor the *consideration* of my *Orbity* could never draw out. No, thô you put me to the *Torturing-fire*, yet I'le *hold* out, I'le endure to the *last*, I have already *suffered that*, which was the *hardest* to be *born*, viz. *I have slain my Son.*

He put my Son, says *she*, *to the Torture.* In brief, *my Lords*, pray, *hear* the *reason*. *Guilty* or *Innocent* is it not all one, if the *matter* be known to every body? The *Malignant talk* of the *Town* had made

made the *Young* Man to be *hated* of all *Children*, and alſo to be a *burthen* to *all Parents*. What ſhall I do, O my *Soul*, in *this* Caſe? How ſhall I *come off*? How ſhall I *clear* my ſelf? To do *nothing* at all upon *ſuch high Infamous Reports*, were all *one* as to *believe* 'm to be *true*; or wou'd you have me go to every *particular Perſon* to *convince* him, wou'd you have me *cry* out *aloud* againſt the *Talk* of the *Vulgar*, and ſo *pick* a *quarrel* with *airy Fame*? Perhaps 'twere enough for *your* weak *Sex*, barely to *deny* the *Fact*, but 'tis *fit* that I ſhould *vindicate* my *only Son* at *another-gates* rate. I'le *free* him from their ſcurvy *Reports*, not with a few *quarrelſom* words, but in *ſuch* a way as I'le make the *whole Town* e'ne *amaz'd*, and *aſhamed* too, of their *ſcandals*. De' think, 'twas upon my *Sons own* account, that I *Tortured* him? No, I did it to *raiſe* an *Odium* upon this *naughty Town*, of *Ours*. I ſeemed to my ſelf, with *thoſe* very *blows* I gave my *Son*, to make as many *gaſhes* in their *defaming Tongues*; and with thoſe *Fires* I *ſcorch'd* him, to ſhrivel up their *falſe Reports*. When ones *own Son* is *accus'd* of *Inceſt*, the *only* way to *prove* him *Innocent*, is, by *Torturing* him. *God* forbid, that *you* ſhould be made acquainted with the *full dimenſions* of that *grief*, that makes a *Father* able to *Rack* his *Son*. There is *nothing* more *unhappy* than *that Father*, who, thô he has kill'd his *only Son*, yet he is not *ſatisfyed* therewith. I freely confeſs, 'twas I, that did *deſtroy* my *Young Son* by *Laſh* and *Fire*, for all *Parental reſpect* and *reverence* had loſt its *place* in *his heart*; and we were *fain* to make *Apologies* and *Excuſes* for

for him every day, to *buoy* him up againſt the *Talk* of the *Town*: And the *truth* is, he was *one*, that *carryed* himſelf amongſt us more like a *wanton Amoroſo*, than a *dutiful Son*. Wou'd you know, *Madam*, wou'd you know, I ſay, what *great* reaſon I had to *put* him to the Rack? I'le tell you, even *after* he had been *Racked*, he *deſerv'd* to be *ſlain*.

And yet, *Dame Mother*, if you have *ſuch* a mind, forſooth, to *hear* the *cauſe*, pray, come near to me, and *lend* me your *Ear*. I, like a *poor unhappy Father*, did *foreſee* that *one* time or *other* he wou'd break forth into ſome *notorious Villany*, becauſe he *lived* an *idle* life and *ſquandred* away his *Time* at *home*, in the *Chimny-corner*. He had not the *leaſt* deſire to *Travel*, that he might *better* his *Reaſon* thereby; nor was he *willing* to *trail* a Pike, nor to *venture* to *Sea*; he would not *ſtudy* the *Law*, nor undertake any *Office* in the *Common-wealth*: Nay, he wou'd not ſo *much* as think of *Marrying* a *Wife*: Beſides, I had *corrected* him *ſo often*, that he grew *weary* of his *Father*; and his *guilty* Conſcience, becauſe it was not *amended* by my *chaſtiſements*, *flew* ſo high, as to *curſe* and *bann* me. It came to *that* paſs, that he was even *afraid* to *meet* me, he *durſt* not come into the *room*, if I had been *there*; he avoided all *diſcourſe* and *converſation* with me; he wou'd not come ſo *near*, as even to be *kiſs'd* by me. In a word, to give you a *full proſpect* of the *wickedneſs* of his *ſpirit*, *He was a Boy that extreamly hated, and was afraid grievouſly of, his own Father.* Seing then, *my Son* was

con-

condemned by the *Vote* of the *whole Town*, and that every body *wondered* I wou'd *ſuffer* him to live *ſo* long, de' call it *Torture*, that I put him to? No, 'twas a *plain Execution*, tho' but a *ſlow* and *lingring* one: *You* call it a *Racking*, forſooth, but, I ſay, 'twas a *legal capital* puniſhment, and 'twas the *Concluſion* of all my *Miſeries*. There is *cauſe* to *Torture* a Man, if he has no *other* way, but to *deny*.

And yet, pray, obſerve what *great Moderation* I *us'd*, even in my *Racking* of *him*? For I was not hurried on, by a *raſh head-ſtrong Impulſe*, to *fly* upon him *preſently*, and all of a *ſudden*; nor was my *impatient grief* ſo *mad* and *blind*, as to give him his *death-blow* at *once*; No, *that Son* muſt needs be kill'd in *cool blood*, and by *deliberation*, that is *Tortured* before. I was ſo *favourable* as to make ſome *ſtop*, to give him a *little* longer *time* and *ſpace*. You ſee, I might have given a far *greater* occaſion to *malign Reports*, if I had a *mind* to it? For if I had *kill'd* him in that *cloſe Room*, only with the *ſword*, or by *hacking* him to *pieces*, then his *death* had been, as if he had been *catch'd* in the *Fact*. And therefore, *Madam*, you have no *reaſon* to *raiſe* a *double* Odium upon me in the Caſe, as that I *Tortured* him and *Murthered* him, *too*. His *death* is the *only Argument* to *prove* his *Torture* was *neceſſary*. 'Tis *that*, and *none* but *that*, can be call'd *Parricide*, when a *Fathers* torture a Son, that ſurvives after his *Racking*. De' think, 'twas poſſible, the *Youth* cou'd ha' *liv'd*, that cou'd no ways be *relieved*, but by his *death*? He that I had once began to *juſtifie* againſt *malign Reports*, I did not give

give him *back* again to be *black'd* by the ſame *Infamous* mouthes, nor wou'd I *ſend* him out of his *Fathers Cloſet-room*, to be made a *gazing-ſtock*, or to be *tumbled* and *toſs'd* on *Peoples* Tongues, any more: Yea, *Miſtreſs Mother*, my *forecaſt* was for *you* too, I *took him off*, that *you* might not be *put* to the *trouble* of *Queſtioning him*, as well as I. As for the *Youth*, I knew that, after his *Torture*, he wou'd be *aſham'd* to *live*, he wou'd never have *born*, to have had ſo *many Queſtions* put to him by *every* body that he *met*, nor wou'd he have *endured* to have *made*, thô but *negative*, *Anſwers* to them. But, *Woman*, you muſt *renounce* your private *affection*, I believe, it *concern'd* our *whole* Houſe and *Family*, in point of *Innocence*, that the *Boy* ſhou'd not *rather kill* himſelf.

My Lords, my *Wife* is *ſenſible* now, that it makes *nothing* for the *Equity* of her *Complaint*, either that I *Tortur'd my Son*, or that I *Slew* him. And therefore ſhe *Queries*, *what* he *diſcovered*, thô ſhe don't know, *whether* he *diſcovered any* thing at all. What ſayſt *thou*, O moſt *impatient* of *Mothers*? What art *thou* concern'd in *nothing* elſe about the *death* of thy *Son*, but only of *what* he ſaid? Well then, if I *tell* thee what he *ſaid*, then it ſeems thou wilt *forgive* me the *Parricide*, and I ſha'nt hear a *word* more of my *Torturing* him. Oh, how *unadviſed* ſtill is *this* Womans *madneſs*! She *asks*, what the *Boy* ſpoke in his *Torments*, as if ſhe did *not know*; and yet, ſhe thinks, I got *nothing* out of him, as if ſhe did *really* know, what he had *ſaid*. I beſeech thee, upon the account of our *Conjugal Union*, and

and upon the account of our *Common Miſeries*, don't *preſs* me to *rip* open the *Arcanum* of the *Parricide*, don't make thy *own Innocence* an *additional burthen* to our *calamity*? Let the *Young* Man look to it, as to his *own Merit*, for my *own* part, I can now *reverence* his *Funerals*, and after my *only childs* death, I again put on the *Bowels* of a *Father*. We ought to *bear* a greater *Reverence* to our *Children*, after they are *dead* than *before*; and there is nothing more *unbecoming Paternal affection*, than to *inſult* over a *Man* after he is *dead* and *gon*. My very *loſs* of my *child* reconciles me to *him*, and the *cruelty* of his *death* hath quite *appeaſed* my *wrath*. Yea moreover, when I *caſt back* my *thoughts* upon the whole *proceſs* of *that ſecret Fact*; a ſilent kind of *compaſſion informs* me, what a great *deal* of *Reverence* I ow'd to my *Son*, in that I was *able* to *Torture* him *alone*, and *alone* alſo, to *put him to death*.

Yet, do you, forſooth, *perſevere* in our old *courſe* of *Interrogatories*, do you *force* me, do you *preſs* upon me, *ſtill*? I'le be *quits* with you, *Woman*, and I'le ask *you* as *many Queſtions* on *my* ſide; Pray, if you are ſo *inquiſitive* to know, what I *ask'd* and what he *anſwered*, why did you not *break* in upon the *Torturing-room*, it was not *guarded* by the *Father*, either by *Sentinel* or *Officer*? Had it not been a *great deal* better for *you*, the *Mother*, to have come to him, *your ſelf*? Might not your *Interrogatories* have had the *more force*, if they had been *urged*, when we had been *all* together? Wou'd he not ha' ſpoken a *great* deal *more* to *you*, than to *another*, think you? And who, I pray, *Woman*, kept you *back* from ſhewing your *Affection*; who hindred

you from coming in, who *ſhut* you out of *doors*? Oh now, I ſee, 'tis your *modeſty*, forſooth; without *Queſtion*, you were *afraid*, that if we had been *all together* in that *loneſom room*, then *People* wou'd ha' ſaid, that the *Mother* had *Murthered* her *Son*, too. And yet you *preſs* upon me *ſtill*; and thô a poor *Old Man* do ſhut his *mouth*, yet you are almoſt ready to *pluck* his *jaws aſunder*, to *make* him *ſpeak*. Seeing you are ſo *importunate*, ſuppoſe, I ſhould ſay *only This*, I came lately from the *dilatory Commiſſion* of ſo *horrid* an *Offence*, that I don't yet *mind*, *what* I *heard*; my *thoughts* are *yet* wholly taken up with my *Parricide*; and ſeeing 'twas all the *Sons* I had, all thoſe *Laſhings* and other *Torments* that *rent* and *tore* in pieces, his (*now*) *dead body*, are *again* yet *freſh* in my *mind*. 'Tis a very *hard* thing, for a *Parricide* to be *capable* of any *ſhame*, but I even *fainted* away in my *Orbity*, out of *aſtoniſhment*, out of *madneſs*, and out of *ſilence*. All *credit* is *taken away* from *what* I ſhall ſay, my *words* have no *Authority* at all; he hath no *reaſon* to *ſpeak*, that cannot be *believ'd* if he do ſpeak. And therefore, *Woman*, leave *Queſtioning* your *Husband*; a *Father* that hath *Slain* his *Son* already, ought not *now* either to *acquit* or to *accuſe* him.

Yet ſtill, *ſhe urges*, *What did he ſpeak*, *when you were a killing him*? O the *piteous Innocence* of my *Parricide*, that 'tis not any *Lawful Power* or Magiſtrate; not any of our *Kindred* or *Friends*; no nor you, the *Folks* of the *Town*, thô you are always *tattling* and *ill-will'd* enough, that ask me the *Queſtion*. *You* are all *huſh't*, and as *mute* as a *Fiſh*. *Unhappy I*, what's the matter? What do you *all know it*, already? Suppoſe, *Woman*, all the *Anſwer*

I give you ſhould be *this*, That *things*, too *big* to be *believed*, do even *ſtop* Mens *Mouthes*, ſo that they can't *relate* them. *Some* things are ſo *great*, that *human ſpeech* cannot reach *high* enough to *expreſs* them. But for *your* part, pray, do you *believe*, that I was in a *perfect Phrenſie*, and that I was *ſtark mad*, ſo that *what* I *ſaw* was but a *mere Phantôme*, and that I *imagined* that I *heard*, what Mr. *No-body* ſpake. Yet let me tell you, if *any* thing ſhews me *not* to be *mad*, 'twas *this*, and *this* alone, that I *held my Peace*. Suppoſe I ſhould *anſwer* you, that he *ſaid* nothing, that he *ſpake* not a *word*, would you *believe* me? But I am certain, you would much *leſs believe*, *what* he did *really* ſay. Take then in ſhort, *Good Woman*, a *true* account, why *I kill'd* the *Youth*, under his *Torments*. 'Twas *this*, I *tortur'd* him, and yet *ask'd* him *no* Queſtions. If any *noiſe* at *all* did reach your *Ears* from *that* very *remote part* of the *Houſe*, 'twas *my Groaning* not *his*, 'twere the *Pleans* that *proceeded* from my *own* inward *pain*. Doſt thou *ask* me, *why he ſaid nothing?* 'Twas, becauſe he had *nothing* that I was *willing* to *know*, or that I *ought* to *hear*. In my *Torturing* him, I aimed at *nothing* elſe but *ſilence*, which his *life* could never have *afforded* me. He that is *Slain* on the *Rack* is *rack'd* for the *nonce*, that he may be *Slain*. Do you think, his *Torture* was ſuch, as we uſe to the *bodys* of our *Gally-ſlaves* and *Bond-men*? And therefore you ſay, like a *Cunning Old Man*, I managed the * *Equuleus* up and down, I held the *Cords* on the account of *Cruelty*, that ſo his *Limbs* might be *diſlocated* joynt by joynt, and the *ſtructure* of his whole body be, as it were, *ſmbing'd* by *Inches*. No, his *life* was *deſtroyed* by his own *ſilence*, the *Laſh* and the *Fire* ſtopt his

* *See the marg. note in p.* 179. 180.

Speech and his *Breath* together. He ſeem'd to me to *ſuppreſs* his *Groans*, and to *ſtifle* his *Sighs*; and he ſo *carryed* himſelf in his *ſilence*, as if he *were Tortured* by *one* that *knew all*, aſwell as *himſelf*. Do you wonder at this *Contumacy* in a *Son*, and this *Patience* in a *Young Stripling*? There can no *other* Anſwer be made to a *Father*, when he *Tortures* his *Child*, than to be *willing* to *dye*, rather than to *confeſs*. And therefore, *Woman*, I anſwer *enough* to ſatisfie *modeſt Enquirers*, I was the *Man*, that *Slew* him.

He is much *miſtaken*, that thinks, I'le lay *ordinary* Crimes to his *Charge*, nay on the *contrary*, I proclaim to *all* the *World*, that he was no *luxurious* Fellow, he did not *diſcredit* himſelf by *Courting* any *Miſs*, he did not *offend* as *other Youngſters* uſe to do; No, it was a *Monſtrous* and *unexpreſſible* Guilt, 'twas a *prank*, that I was *loath* to *catch* him at, and 'twas *ſuch* as I could by *no* means bear. Does any body *wonder*, that I did not *diſinherit* him, and that I was not *contented* with the *uſual* revenge of *abuſed* Fathers, only to *kick* him out of doors. 'Twas *your curſed* and *unadviſed Paſſion*, *Good Woman*, that wou'd not ſuffer me ſo to do. *You*, that *pardoned* a *Son*, as it were in *ſpight* of my *ſeverity*; *you*, that could not *hate* him aſwell as I, wou'd doubtleſs have *follow'd* after *him*, if he had been *abdicated*. Suppoſe the *Youth* had ſpoken *ſomthing* or *other*, yet for *my* part I had not an *ear* to hear. For I did not *ſit* there, like ſome *Juſtice* of *Peace*, nor, while *others* were a *Torturing* him, did I *act* the part of a *Father* and *Judge*. No, at *that* time, I *ſuffered* all things with *him*, and *did* them too. *Alas*, I was not at *leiſure* to *hearken* to what he *ſaid*, now cou'd I take notice of his *Groans* nor *reckon* his *Sighs*; my *eagerneſs*,

neſs, my *Grief*, my *Orbity*, and my *Parricide*, *theſe* were the *things* that *took* me up, *wholly*; I did *all* that I did, in *precipitation* and *haſt*. 'Tis the *ſame Affection* in a *Father*, to *Torture*, that he may *know*; and to *kill*, that he may *not know*.

But, ſays ſhe, *your ſilence tends to my diſgrace*. What, *poor Woman*, is this the *firſt* time, that you are *ſolicitous* for your *Credit*, now you have *loſt* your *only Son*, do you begin *now* to *bethink* what *Men* ſay of you? What! Was a *Son* caſt away, de' ſay, to make you to be *aſhamed*, and *cry'd* out upon? If *that* had been the thing *aimed* at, was it not *enough* to leave the *whole* matter to *Report*? But I, *Good Woman, interpos'd* my ſelf between *you*, and *your Ill-report*, and as I ſtood, as 'twere, in the *midſt* between *Mother* and *Son*, I *committed* the *Parricide*: I *ſlew* my *only* Son, that all People in their *talk* might reflect on *no* body, *but myſelf*. Otherwiſe; if I *aim'd* at *what*, you think, I do, how long de' think will my *ſilence* hold? To *what* time ſhall I put off my *ſpeaking*, which you think I ſo *voluntarily ſuppreſs*? I acknowledg myſelf *Guilty* in *Court*, and yet I deny that I know *any* thing at all. Here's an *Excellent* way indeed to *ſpight* folks, when I wou'd ſpeak *againſt* my *Wife*, I *acted ſo*, that no body may *believe* me. I *confeſs* therefore, that I have brought nothing to a *ſure, certain*, and *unqueſtionable pinch*, and that's the reaſon, why I *contended* with my *Son*, even unto *death*. Thoſe *Torments* that *kill*, do not *reſolve* the *Queſtion*. *What ſaid he*, ſays ſhe ſtill! *Happy* wert *thou, poor Woman*, if thou didſt not *know*, what he *ſaid*. What! Art thou not *contented* with the *Teſtimony* of thy own *Conſcience*? Is it not *enough* for *thee*, that he had *nothing*, either to *deny* or *confeſs*?

Iron.

Iron.

Do'ſt

Doſt thou *require*, to know the *words* he ſpoke upon the *Rack*, doſt thou *compel* and *enforce* me to *ſpeak* them? I *proteſt*, you *act ſo* that you cannot *deny*, what I ſhall ſay. *What ſaid he*, ſay you? Did he ſay, that he had *prepared Poyſon*, to *make away* his *Parents*? You *deny* any ſuch thing. Did he talk any *Treaſonable* words? You deny *that*, too. Did he carry on any *Tyrannical Deſign*? This alſo won't be *granted* by *you*. Let me ſay what I will, yet ſtill you'l *deny* it. O the *unwary ſimplicity* of a *Good Conſcience*! What! Art thou not *afraid*, that if thou *compelleſt* me to *ſpeak*, I ſhall make many a *ſtory* of my *own head*, and forge abundance of *Lyes*? If thou canſt *know*, *Woman*, whether I *Lye* or no, then thou *knoweſt* aſwel what he *ſaid*. *What ſaid he*, de' ſay, again? He ſaid *juſt nothing*. *What ſaid he*? He ſaid *every thing*. He *curs'd* the *Age* we live in, he *caſt* a great *Odium* upon the *times*, he us'd ſoul *Execrations* againſt his *Father*, and bitter *Reproaches* againſt his *Mother*. *What did he ſay*? He ſaid *more*, than *ever I ask'd* him. O *Woman*, thou haſt *overcome*, at laſt, even my *obſtinate ſilence*, hear then my *brief* and *ſuccinct* anſwer to your *Queſtion*, *What ſaid he*? He ſaid, *that* which you *ask*; He ſaid, that which you *think*. O that any body could ha' *ſet* you *down* in that *ſecret* room at *that* time, *then* you had *ſeen* a *new* kind of *Torture*! I ſtood like an *Old Man*, begirt with *furies* of a monſtrous *fierceneſs*, my *hands* were *ſtretched* out, *one* was arm'd with *Fire*, t'*other* with *Laſh*; I ſtood upon the very *Face* and *Eyes* of him, as he lay along on the *ground*, and *cry'd* out, O thou *Furious*, O thou *Mad* Boy, *hold thy Peace*. And he on the *other* ſide was aſmuch *amaz'd*, and even beſide *himſelf*, as if all the *paſſages* had been quite

burnt

burnt up, or elſe *cut* off, by which Mens *Grief paſſes out* into *words*. How *often*, when I put the *burning Coals* and *Red-hot-irons* to any part of his *body*, would he offer *to me* his very *breaſt*? O how *greedily*, and how *widely* did he *gape*, to take in the very *Flames*, that *ſo* he *might ſtop* his, *almoſt pronounced*, words? And now when all his *natural* heat, being *driven* out by the *Laſh*, did *break* forth by the *power* of his *laſt pain*, his *ſpirit* was a *little* collected to fetch a *deep* ſigh from the *bottom* of his *heart*, ſo that the laſt *Rattle*, that carries away *life*, was like to *one* that wou'd have ſaid *ſomething*, I know not *what*, and this perhaps you ſhould have heard too. But I confeſs, I *prevented* him, and *ſummoning* in all my *ſtrength*, which was even *ſpent* before, I did my *utmoſt* with *hand*, *weapon*, and my *whole* body altogether, and ſo I *ſlew* him, before he could tell out a *lying* word. *Woful* is the *remembrance* of *that* time. I beheld *my Son fainting* under my hands, I *ſaw* his *wan* face, his breath was *Key-Cold*, his *ſighs* were *interrupted*, and his *Soul* was *quitting* his *body* with a great *deal* of *ſilence*, and yet I did not *abate* his *Torments*, I did not *withdraw*, no nor *quench*, the *Flames*. Have *pity* upon me, O *Woman*, ask me *no more* for a *word* of this *affectionate* nature, I *ſlew my Son* that was a *dying*. And yet I did not *loſe*, I ſay, I did not *loſe* the *death* of my *only* Son, I did not *loſe* the fortunate *Iſſue* of it, for now *no* body can *interrogate* me, but the *Mother* only: Go too, then, *Woman*, ſet thy *ſelf* in *my* place, and as if thou were *accoutred* with a *like* fury, as my *Paternal* one was, bring hither the *Equuleus*, bring hither the *Whips*, and the *Red-hot-irons*. I *proteſt* and *declare* that without them I am not *able* to *ſpeak*, and without *them* no body

body living can *believe* me. Thô, O thou *miserable Youth*, for *now* let me *address myself* to thy *Ghost*; no *pain* shall ever make me *open* my *mouth*, let her *lance* me as *much* as she will, yea, thô she *kill* me at *last*: Thou hast *taught* me, how to *conquer Torments*. And yet if it be *lawful* for me to *ponder*, in my *mindful* thoughts, the *words* of that *woful Torturing*, why would you have me *questioned* in *publick* and before all the *People*? *Good Wife*, let us *rather* go into *that* desolate part of the *House*, into that *room*, which may *now* be call'd the *Fathers privy-Closet*, and the *Sons* both, *there Question* me just by the *Rack*, *there*, where I *Tortured*, where I *slew*, my Son and where perhaps his wandring *Ghost* yet *walks* about the *Mournful Chamber*. Let some body there present me, with the *picture* of my *Son* that I *slew*, let him lay those *Garments* in his *Mothers* lap, that she, *poor Woman*, was wont to *dress* and *kemb* the *Youth* in. Let's go *both* to his *Tomb*, let's *mingle* our *Tears* over his *Monument*. *There* we'le either be *silent* together, or *confess* together. *Now*, poor Man, *now*, I am *able* to *dye*. O natural *Piety*, now *care* and *grief* have discharged thee: I make no *Will*, I trust not my last words to my *last Testament*, for I myself will dye too, under my *Torture* aswell as my *Son*. Only I *humbly prefer this*, as the *last request* to *you*, my *dear City*, for the sake of all my *Fellow-denizons*, and also for the sake of all *Wives* and *Children* whatever; & I intreat the *same* of *you* too, *Wife*, for the *Ghosts* sake of my *murthered* Child who came out of your *own* Bowels; that you *ask* me no *more Questions*, that so *you yourself* may not *thereby occasion* the *divulging* the *sad disgrace* of our *House* and *Family*.

F I N I S.